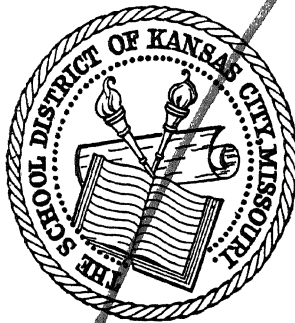


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12,000 PHRASES AND IDEAS
THAT ARE
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DESIGNED AS AN AID  
TO GIVE VIGOR AND VARIETY OF PHRASEOLOGY  
IN CONVERSATION, WRITING, AND SPEAKING

~~~~~  
CLASSIFIED AND ARRANGED
IN CATEGORIES FOR READY REFERENCE



By Wendell Ware



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By The Author



James I. Wagner - Los Alamitos, California

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PREFACE

MANY YEARS AGO the late John James Ingalls, ex-senator of Kansas, suggested that anyone interested in increasing his vocabulary and stock of ideas could do nothing that would pay bigger dividends in proportion to the time spent, than to set down each day three new words, or words with which he was not thoroughly familiar, look them up in the dictionary and then make it a point to use them in writing and speaking. At first their use might somewhat startle the user, but soon their employment would involve not a trace of self-consciousness or constraint and shortly they would become valuable tools in the expression of ideas.

I began this practice as a hobby, and I soon extended the selection to include couplets and phrases. Gradually, I introduced striking words, phrases and ideas found in such relation that there was present the element of surprise, which is the chief component of wit. When these were encountered in the street, in the office, or in reading, as an aid to an ordinary memory, a mere memorandum was made of the idea or thought, except in those cases where the flavor would be lost unless given verbatim. These memoranda were extended, revised and revamped, and were later employed in writing and speaking.

In time the material thus accumulated became so voluminous it was obvious that some sort of classification was needed. As the work of classification progressed it became increasingly evident that the material was of such quality that it deserved preservation in a permanent form.

I had often found this disconnected assortment, unrelated and unclassified as it was, of much use in conversation, public speaking and literary composition. And believing that such a storehouse of ideas, of which I myself had experienced the advantage, might prove interesting and useful to others, I resolved to select the cream of this material and compile a book.

The purpose of a dictionary is to express the idea a word is intended to convey. The purpose of this book is to point out various ways in which a given idea may be expressed.

I have made a special effort to eliminate trite, commonplace and obvious phrases. This course has kept the work within reasonable limits.

The matter herein is primarily suggestive only. The investigator has an idea to be emphasized. He wishes to avoid the ordinary stereotyped expression and employ some felicity of diction, or some notable simile or metaphor. He reduces his idea to one or more single words, and then looks these up in the General Reference Index at the end of the book. No doubt he will soon find it sufficient to turn directly to the brief Index to Subjects, immediately following this preface, where the dominant key word in each category can be seen at a glance.

Mr. Albert Edward Wiggam, the columnist, has written: Question: Do the size and range of your vocabulary indicate your probable success as salesman, secretary, stenographer, executive, accountant and other human skills? Answer: It is the best single indication known.

An increase of one's stock of words carries with it a corresponding increase in his stock of ideas. New ideas call for new modes of expression. Words are not only vehicles for the communication of ideas, they provoke and promote thought. To avoid monotonous repetition and chloroforming dullness in conversation, writing and public speaking, the value of the use of the synonym is well known. It is just as desirable to have a stock of synonymous phrases, for the same reason.

Many words have in them special freshness, vigor and charm. Certain combinations of words have in them a sparkling purity, point or power, calculated to rouse or startle the human mind to an eager and delighted attention. The form of the expression has the same relation to thought as powder has to the bullet. Some verbal sophism, artful watchword, or felicitous turn of expression has been known to determine the course of an election.

There should be no patience with the idea that a thing is true merely because it is dull. Why shouldn't it be possible to state the truth in a jest as well as in a parable? Even a cartoon can preach a sermon as long as the moral law, and deliver a wallop more effective than a multitude of vegetarian words, diagrams, cross references and footnotes.

Some of these phrases were picked up in social groups, many are original, but most were found, suggested or expressed by writers, in my general reading from the newspapers to the classics. The circumstances under which they were obtained make it impossible to do other than to give general credit.

The task of cataloguing and indexing the matter thus accumulated having been completed, sketchy and imperfect as it is, I now send it forth with the hope that it may be as useful and interesting to others as it has been to me.

WENDELL WARE

1

MANKIND

MAN

WOMAN

HUMAN NATURE

Where there is smoke there are women.

All women are alike — except their names.

A woman hater is either demented, or a liar.

Did you say the fair sex, or the unfair sex?

Single and married men do not understand women.

There were women of all ages, shapes and sizes.

Did you say the opposite, or the obstinate sex?

The law of human nature has never been repealed.

Many women look like swans, but prove to be geese.

If gentlemen prefer blondes, then I'm no gentleman.

The more she sees of men the more she thinks of dogs.

The other day, entering a room adorned with the fair sex.

Woman is as old as the earth; man comes up green every spring.

Happiness is the poetry of woman, as the toilet is her tinsel.

That half of the human race which renders existence delightful.

Time and tide wait for no man, but anything will wait on a woman. Women, a subject that, however much you study it, is always new. For the happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history. Never contradict a woman — give her time, and she will do it herself. The happiest years of a woman's life are those between twenty-nine and thirty.

A word to the wise is sufficient, but a woman wants a more extended explanation.

When they are sure no man is listening, women quite often tell each other the truth.

It has been said that man is the noblest work of God, but nobody has said so but man.

Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but gentlewomen just shut their eyes and take what comes.

When a woman wants a man to listen to reason, she means she wants him to listen to her.

You can lead a girl to a mirror, but you can't make her see herself as others see her.

Was one of those women who is willing to remain in her own home, and mind her own business.

You can tell from the advertisements of labor-saving devices that women have an easy time of it.

It is hard to keep from losing confidence in people when we find out they are no better than we are.

The broad sameness of the human lot, which never alters — hunger and labor, seedtime and harvest, love and death.

For more than a million years man has walked upright, and used his hands and his brain. If he continues to hustle and use his brains, in another million years or so, he may get somewhere.

2

FOOD

APPETITE

Grazed greedily.
 A ravenous biped.
 A vacant stomach.
 A yawning musket.
 Annealed stomachs.
 A minute appetite.
 It's time to graze.
 A voracious insect.
 An elastic appetite.
 Snorty supper clubs.
 A scene of voracity.
 Tormented by hunger.
 A frontier appetite.
 Gastronomic perfumes.
 A fastidious epicure.
 A molecule of butter.
 As hungry as a hunter.
 We ate like picnickers.
 The ferocity of famine.
 A slap-bang restaurant.
 Sausage made of sawdust.
 What a delicious poison.
 Devoured rather than ate.
 It's time to be refueled.
 Shove that in your musket.
 The voracity of travelers.
 I eat only once at a time.
 I'm as hungry as a sawmill.
 He ate himself into a coma.
 Has the appetite of a wolf.
 As sleek as a miller's rat.
 The vastness of his appetite.
 That's as salty as the ocean.
 He was born with an appetite.
 Saying little and eating much.
 Has the stomach of an ostrich.
 I can eat anything I can bite.

HUNGER

My supper is backing up on me.
 The coffee was rather anaemic.
 He has the appetite of a shark.
 I could eat a long ton of that.
 His mouth opened like a tunnel.
 They made me eat to suffocation.
 One of those rapid fire lunches.
 Bring me a cord of French fries.
 Anything I eat looks good on me.
 Ate as if he were filling a silo.
 I'm going out to forage for food.
 We eat and drink whenever we can.
 Has the appetite of a canary bird.
 I have nothing else to do but eat.
 Gulpd down his food like a pill.
 I want a steak big enough to milk.
 He eats in two or three languages.
 As hungry as a shipwrecked sailor.
 Eating celery like Nebuchadnezzar.
 Food that would poison an ostrich.
 I was ready to perish with hunger.
 His stomach was screaming for food.
 Engaged in excavating a grapefruit.
 I came to see what you have to eat.
 His stomach seemed to be perforated.
 He eats soup with his snoring voice.
 He had a cavernous capacity for food.
 I never vote "no" on a motion to eat.
 As if he were eating out of a trough.
 They fed me as if I were a potentate.
 Ate with the voracity of a grist mill.
 Gave forth a rich and promising smell.

THIRST

- They had nothing to put between their teeth.
- He devours his food as if eating for renown.
- At meal time he is as urgent as a hungry pup.
- I'm an expert at pampering a robust appetite.
- So thirsty I could drink the Mississippi dry.
- Everything I eat goes straight to my stomach.
- Filled my teeth with corned-beef and cabbage.
- In less than three days I'll be hungry again.
- I can eat without first counting my calories.
- He could still chew, but he could not swallow.
- He ate like a man under some pressure of time.
- Many times have I eaten my morsel myself alone.
- He eats as if he would make a good brick mason.
- My egg sandwich back-fired over my shirt front.
- It makes you wonder if his teeth will hold out.
- They eat as if being fattened up ready to kill.
- I want to get outside of a few yards of sausage.
- Coffee for four; hamburger sandwiches for forty.
- He is always exact at the time fixed for dinner.
- Is there a fatted calf waiting for me somewhere?
- His stomach demands to be amused with something.
- I wouldn't take a contract to eat that in a week.
- Bacon and eggs — diluted with two cups of coffee.
- The doctor says I can eat anything I can pay for.
- If a man is hungry, you can't talk him out of it.
- An atom of ham in a forest of parsley.
- His wits had been sharpened by hunger.
- Gobbles her food like a hungry turkey.
- I can now eat whatever the law allows.
- He has no blemish beyond his appetite.
- That chili I ate is beginning to talk.
- All those faces, agitated with eating.
- I have been eating every day for years.
- His stomach was as empty as his pocket.
- I'm going out to get in the bread line.
- Happily unconscious of digestive organs.
- She's a first class ice cream destroyer.
- She eats like a bird — a peck at a time.
- The Romans never tasted anything as good.
- He is a good judge of culinary efficiency.
- He didn't eat enough to stain his stomach.
- Let's gargle our tonsils with a coca-cola.
- He began to agitate his nose and his jaws.
- Does he gargle, siphon, or yodel his soup?
- If I don't eat once a week, I'll get dizzy.
- He eats as if he had a hole in his stomach.
- Can bite anything that doesn't bite me first.
- I stopped to dine at a smiling little cafe.
- Eating with the appetite of a convalescent.
- I'm so thirsty I'm about to fall to staves.
- Dieting is the triumph of mind over platter.

He was smeared from his chin to his lowest button.

It burned the rafters out of the roof of my mouth.

Consumed their meal with devastating thoroughness.

All honor to the man who invented bacon and eggs.

Well, I'm here, and I brought my appetite with me.

He ate as if he were a descendant of a Roman Emperor.

He made his food disappear as if by sleight of hand.

It is easy to see they are after food and not facts.

I'm so thirsty, I'm afraid of spontaneous combustion.

He ate as if food and stomach had met by appointment.

He never misses a meal, but they are often postponed.

Give me some of those olives with the red tail lights.

I was hungry enough to eat anything that wears a hide.

She never opens her mouth at table except to fill it.

Has a first class receiving station for fried poultry.

He always goes to the table with the first contingent.

I'm always ready to shake hands with a knife and fork.

If she doesn't like the food, she can suck her thumbs.

Do you suppose I could live on what falls from heaven?

Could eat one of those steaks that sells for two dollars a copy.

The toughest stomach in the world would rise against it.

Please shuffle those sandwiches, and give me a new deal.

He takes his victuals much as if he were coaling a ship.

I want my coffee as strong as brandy and as hot as hell.

He ate as if he had been working all day on the railroad.

Had dishes which he had never

tasted except in his dreams.

I want a piece of onion resting on top, like a cornplaster.

When you have brain fag go to bed for two days, and starve.

Making as much noise with his jaws as horses over a manger.

With him, eating is like dropping letters into a mail slot.

I like to baptize my roast beef by drinking my coffee last.

He ate as if he did not know when he would get to eat again.

I feel as if I hadn't had anything to eat since I was young.

Stopped up a sigh with a very large piece of buttered toast.

Eggs on which the statute of limitations had long since expired.

Would make Belshazzar's feast look like a back door handout.

When I have meat, I gnaw the bone till it is highly polished.

It seems to me as if I were here like a goose being fattened.

I'll have to yield to the solicitations of hunger and thirst.

My floating ribs are ready to break loose from their moorings.

She gave me so little of her victuals, and so much of her mind.

Complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst.

He'll be in poor health so long as his mouth cannot be sewed up.

My salary stopped, but my habit of getting hungry kept right on.

Oleomargarine is something you have to take for butter or worse.

The light talk, and the heavy eatables, were not soon at an end.

I can do anything with a knife and fork that anybody else can do.

It may be dinner time for some, but it is only twelve o'clock for me.

Wields his knife and fork with the spirit and elasticity of youth.

Gravy is not only good as food, but also for splattering purposes.

His stomach had already given him certain tokens of its existence.

I have an aching void underneath the third button of my striped vest. The most effective way of telling my stomach I don't love it any more. Lying there in that parsley, it reminded me of Moses in the bulrushes. I like to sit, sip, dally over a cup of coffee, and talk about things.

Food that might be considered hospitality only by a shipwrecked sailor. He disliked to spoil a good dinner with manners imposed by civilization. Such a large mouthful that it required the exercise of both jaws at once. One swallow may not make a summer, but it will have to make a meal for me.

There was so much water in the soup I was afraid I might find a fish in it. My code of etiquette prescribes that I shall always be hungry at six o'clock. She found lots of things she couldn't eat, but nothing she couldn't drink. He eats each meal as if a famine were expected to set in before the next one. I took up my knife, fork and spoon, and other instruments of self-destruction. Her mincing at the table seems like the languid peckings of an invalid canary.

Bring me a sirloin, about the shape of Rhode Island, and about the size of Texas.

It is necessary to ballast myself with about the same amount of food every day.

The ham was cut so thin, I held it up to the light to admire its transparency. Our kitchen contains every electric appliance known to man, except an electric chair.

Large slices of toast were piled one upon the other, like siding in a lumber-yard.

Ham, sliced thin enough to pave the whole block in front of their place of business.

Booze is to blame for a lot of defeats, but most men dig their graves with their teeth.

I know of no happier sound than the crunching of bread, or the sounding board of a plate.

The few oysters floating around in the soup looked like small islands on the bosom of a vast lake.

When they surround the dinner table it is easy to see they have come for calories and not conversation.

The few oysters floating around in the soup seemed to me to be as far apart as the islands of an archipelago.

Her coffee must have been made in an old fashioned coffee pot — it wasn't strong enough to jump through a percolator.

Gentlemen: You have been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage; now, you will hear from a sage stuffed with turkey.

3

CLOTHES

DRESS

A pool hall vest.
Pneumonia clothes.
Candy-striped shirts.

SUIT

Dressed like a sinner.
As naked as a worm.
An animated rag bag.

NUDE

An animated scarecrow.
I can't endorse that check.
It was as smart as the deuce.
This was his clean-shirt day.
He is as seedy as a cucumber.
As nude as a newly laid egg.
Wearing a model T straw hat.
He wore a third term overcoat.
As bare as the back of my hand.
She is coming apart at the seams.
Clothes that speak right out loud.
Can dress as quick as Ghandi can.
Stripped down to her handkerchief.
He puts a bone head in a straw helmet.
She looks* like sunrise on the equator.
Her slacks have too much slack in them.
His clothes fit him like his own skin.
Her short skirt doesn't always behave.
Wears clothes that would shame a zebra.
She appears just to be pasted together.
Her clothes can be heard some distance.
Smartened up by the aid of a clean shirt.
Clothes make the woman, and break the man.
Her dress showed everything but good taste.
Looks as if she had been kept in a bandbox.
His suit was not a fit; it was a convulsion.
Her garments would have disgraced a scarecrow.
His suit fits him as the shell fits the walnut.
Stockings which a breath would have blown away.
Clothes proclaim the man, and reveal the woman.
She is the best dressed woman in the bread line.

Her evening gown has no visible means of support.
Trousers as smooth and tight as a sail in a gale.
Her hat looks as if it had made a forced landing.
She had a rig on that made her look like a bonfire.
My first impulse was to call the fire department.
Give a girl an inch, and she'll make a dress of it.
Designed to make the beautiful even more beautiful.
She left her clothes in silken puddles on the floor.
Her clothes fit her as if she had been born in them.
Her clothes seemed to have been grown rather than made.
His suit is too short, or he was shoved too far into it.
She can be seen as far as a pickaninny can see a parade.
Her dress fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion.
Your brown suit harmonizes nicely with the color of gravy.
That kind of a dress goes exceedingly well with dark meat.
She wears scarcely enough clothes to conceal a poker chip.
Clothes that can be seen as far as Halley's comet, anyhow.
The common man's idea of dressing up is to button his vest.
She wore a rig that had as much color as the Aurora Borealis.
A pair of pants that has already done better than 20,000 miles.
She's like a photo that has been overexposed and underdeveloped.
She has on so few clothes, I don't see how she can keep a secret.
When you see a man in his nightcap, you lose all respect for him.
She was wearing a nice fur coat — I wonder if she shot it herself.
If that style originated in Paris, it should have remained at home.

Her clothes always look as if they had seen service on the end of a mop. When he got dressed up, he looked like a cured ham wrapped in cellophane. With her new clothes on, she looked like a scarecrow in prosperous circumstances.

Undies, which a gust of wind would have carried off as if it had been a pigeon's feather.

If old rags are a fire hazard, it's a wonder he hasn't been cremated long before now.

His coat was threadbare, and his trousers seemed to have been at least its contemporary.

Trousers so big, they looked as if they had been made for a pair of bodies instead of a pair of legs.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man." Even in Shakespeare's day clothes were evidently loud enough to make proclamations.

4

SHELTER

HOUSE

HOME

ROOM

APARTMENT

Tumbling tenements.

In my own little wigwam.

Wedged into a small room.

Where do you hide at night?

As homeless as a poker chip.

Went home to the family hole.

This beats sleeping in a tree.

My home is where I pay my rent.

As homeless as cigarette smoke.

Of what lion was this the lair?

Living in the most decayed hovel.

Living in cabbage scented lodgings.

A bedroom that looked like a vault.

A room about as big as a sentry box.

A room about the size of a coal bin.

He lives out at 93rd and plowed ground.

A home about as big as a squirrel cage.

The gloomy mansion was like a mausoleum.

A house teetering on the edge of a bluff.

He lives in a house as large as a castle.

That house might do as a club for tomcats.

Was like a nightingale's nest in a thicket.

An old house as bleak as a skull in winter.

I would rather be here than to be in Florida.

A chair so magnificent it resembles a throne.

The house is like a cave for beasts without her.

I sauntered forth from my heavily mortgaged home.

A stairway that seemed little more than a ladder.

A small room that looked like a cage for crickets.

There is hardly room in this place for a man to die.

Houses are like the human beings who inhabit them.

He said he had no home, and I offered to dig him one.

It might be a good den for a squirrel, but not for me.

A house perched out of harm's way on a rocky eminence.

Where you do not need any bed-clothes except the clouds.

A house big enough for the king of the giants to live in.

There was enough room, if they stood erect and motionless.

There was nothing left but to walk the earth as a vagabond.
 He raised a modest rampart against the wind and the weather.
 A home so beautiful it might have been mistaken for paradise.
 A kitchen so small, if I bend over traffic gets the red light.
 He lives at —, unless the city directory is a work of fiction.

The empty house looked as if it had been deserted for centuries.
 An old house whose only occupants had been generations of flies.
 A habitation fit only to shelter an individual of the canine race.
 In a room as narrow as a lieutenant's cabin on board a man-of-war.

A lodging so small they have to open the windows to let you breathe.
 No gentleman would live at such a height, and in such a pigeon hole.
 Life in a modern kitchenette is just one canned thing after another.
 A man's home is his castle, the rain may enter, but the king cannot.
 She talks as if the home belonged to her, instead of the loan company.
 Every man's house is his castle, even if his wife makes a dog kennel of it.
 The house was tenanted only by spiders — and you can't collect rent from them.

They were always cramped for room, and yet always had room enough to lose everything in.

Doors, made for the express purpose of letting people in and never letting them out again.

A house that is partly modern — it has electric lights, and running water, when it rains.

A home, with vines growing over the door, and plastered with two or three mortgages, or infested with termites.

5

FEATURES

LOOK	FACE	FIGURE	APPEARANCE
Gimlet eyes.			A handlebar mustache.
A bovine gaze.			A hoot owl expression.
Flopping ears.			A jaundiced expression.
Ponderous feet.			Has a torrid complexion.
Ducoed eyelids.			With parenthetical legs.
A classic head.			A rough-hewn countenance.
A bulldog chin.			He has eyes like a viper.
An apostolic look.			He is as bald as a friar.
Calclimined cheeks.			A little idiotic mustache.
An undershot chin.			She looks like a bean pod.
A streamline chin.			He has legs like a spider.
Frowning features.			A threatening countenance.
A poison ivy look.			As popeyed as a bullfrog.
A calm sunset air.			With an interrogative nose.
Scrambled features.			His shoes looked like skis.
A boulder-like face.			He has a mouth like a cave.
A longhorn mustache.			A round vulture-shaped head.

Lean and talon-like fingers.
She has a mouth like a trap.
A nose as sharp as a gimlet.
As freckled as a tiger lily.
With a face like a full moon.
His mouth looked like a scar.
He has a chest like a barrel.
She has a mouth like a cavern.
He ought to pin his ears back.
She has a shape like a pumpkin.
His ears look like coach doors.
He has a nose like a kingfisher.
You could hang a hat on his ears.
He had a face like a knife blade.
As blond as fresh aluminum paint.
A receding, serpent-like forehead.
His face was sodded with whiskers.
He is as bow-legged as a wishbone.
His nose was a topographical error.
He has a nose like a double funnel.
He has the beard of a Jewish Rabbi.
Had the appearance of an old sheep.
He was all eyes, like a young crow.
He's as bald as a concrete pavement.
Her skin was as brown as a hazelnut.
A head as bald as a new-born pelican.
As straight shouldered as a sergeant.
Her legs were straight and bird-like.
Her lips, painted with red barn paint.
He has a nose like the prow of a ship.
His freckles stood out like dice marks.
Her eyes looked as large as my glasses.
He has a head on him like a ground hog.
A face not quite as long as it is broad.
He has a fist like a shoulder of mutton.
He's not eating a banana — that's a nose.
Her face was as expressive as a wax doll.

A nose curved like the beak of a vulture.
Her hair was as glossy as a raven's wings.
His bald pate shone like a globe of ivory.
His nose projected over a cascade of hair.
He has a jolly red face, like a beef-eater.
Hair that hadn't been combed since January.
She has a figure as trim as a radiator cap.
Her hair is red enough to read by at night.
Her eyes remind me of a pair of fried eggs.
He has as much hair on his chest as an ape.
A sharp hooked nose, like that of a buzzard.
I do not like the way he landscapes his lip.
He looks like the original comic supplement.
That man ought to get a haircut or a violin.
His eyes were mere pinpoints in his big face.
Her dark blue eyes certified a delicate mind.
Her eyes were shining like skies after a rain.
His teeth were more vigorous than a cannibal's.
He was so bald you could almost see his brains.
His eye, sharp and piercing as that of an eagle.
He wears a white mustache, like hanging gardens.
She has a thin, pointed face, like that of a mole.
Her arms are as small as the rounds of this chair.
Her face looked as if it were made of three bones.
That round bit of putty that served her for a nose.

High cheekbones, the index of cunning and cupidity.

His whiskers would have clogged a mowing machine.

Showing her teeth as if she were just ready to bite.

Be true to your teeth, or they will be false to you.

Her nose came down till it almost rested on her chin.

Her eyes looked like holes in the walls of a furnace.

It looked more like an eagle's beak than a human nose.

His ears seemed to be propping up the brim of his hat.

She has a face slightly dished, like a huge lima bean.

A pointed chin, the index of acuteness and perseverance.

Her hair looks as though a family of birds were nesting in it.

He brushes his hair back so slick that it keeps his mouth open.

The baby had no more than the usual indication of a future nose.

He has a little mustache — I've seen more hair on a side of bacon.

Take a handle from his nose to judge of the size of his intellect.

Various expressions passed over her face, like clouds over the sky.

His short nose and scrawny beard gave him the appearance of a goat.

His nose resembled the Ace of Clubs, and was awfully long and knobby.

A pair of self-willed shoes that never wanted to go where his feet went.

His nose was at a great distance from his mouth, a sure sign of stupidity.

He had such a long chin his mouth appeared to be in the middle of his face.

A look at his feet will convince you the British do not own all the gunboats.

If her eyes had no expression, it is probably because they had nothing to express.

Blinking over his glasses in a way that had I seen him in an aviary I should have taken him for an owl.

His square jaw, and flat nose, and low forehead made his face look as if it had been crushed down ready for packing.

6

SIZE

BIG

LITTLE

FAT

THIN

TALL

SLENDER

LONG

SHORT

Treetop tall.

As fat as lard.

His ample wife.

As thin as a lath.

Deeper than a well.

As long as an epic.

As tall as a tower.

She's a rangy girl.

His garlic-fed wife.

As light as a vapor.

A projecting paunch.

A microscopic speck.

A bloated stoutness.

As thin as a blotter.

A wholesome leanness.

As light as a bubble.

As tall as a steeple.

As big as a dove-cote.

As steep as a ladder.

As tall as a cypress.

As thin as a bookmark.

Herculean proportions.

Longer than a lawsuit.

He has a long chassis.

A balloon-shaped front.

As tall as a grenadier.

Stood up like a cupola.
As thin as an old goat.
As wide as a barn door.
As long as a well rope.
As big as a moving van.
As thin as a scarecrow.
As straight as a poplar.
As gaunt as a greyhound.
She is a pocket edition.
He's as broad as a door.
Has a waist like a wasp.
She is fat and shapeless.
She's as round as a ball.
As lean as a consumptive.
She's as fat as a bubble.
As long as a cat's ankle.
She was worn to a shadow.
As long as a rubber mile.
She grew like pole beans.
She was stout and stupid.
How she has thickened up.
As thin as a homeless cat.
It reaches 'way up to here.
As broad as a mantlepiece.
As huge as a hippopotamus.
About as big as a molecule.
As long as a circus parade.
She looks like a flag pole.
She's too wide in the beams.
She is as plump as a pillow.
As slender as a bee's waist.
A sawed-off amoeba of a man.
Peaks that seemed star high.
As fat and round as a cheese.
She was as tiny as an insect.
She reminds me of a Holstein.
She is as round as a pumpkin.
The biggest one in captivity.
With a paunch like a prelate.
She is as wide as she is high.
He looks like a short circuit.
She looks like a half portion.
She is bigger than a haystack.
She is as big as a battleship.
She is big enough for triplets.
About as tall as a wine bottle.
As long and slender as a snake.
As small as a homeopathic pill.
She was greasy rather than fat.
She's so big she's conspicuous.
He hasn't much of a wheel base.

They are as thin as lamp-posts.
She wasn't big enough to button.
She is as big as a flour barrel.
A parched and wiry constitution.
She represents a lot of tonnage.
She sure has a large coast line.
As long as a steeple on a church.
A great fat blowsy country woman.
As long as a moving picture film.
She struggled to rise to her feet.
As slender as a Russian wolfhound.
That sure would hold a lot of hay.
Was big enough to be incorporated.
He is just a great lump of tallow.
It's as thin as a cigarette paper.
Goes about perched upon long legs
His skin sticks close to his bones.
She had dried up, just like a bone.
As tall and as straight as a lance.
A diminutive specimen of mortality.
Ornamented with an additional
chin.
As long as a hook and ladder
truck.
He is an inconspicuous little runt.
She never grew big enough to
spank.
He is 44 inches around the equator.
A lady of square dance proportions.
He sat there, blown out big and fat.
She's no bigger than a soft whisper.
A little roundabout, stout creature.
She was an armful of skin and
bones.
Her food never seems to take effect.
He has an aircraft carrier physique.
As big as the mouth of a rhinoceros.
She is about as big as a firecracker.
As small as a dime's worth of
radium.
He looks like a withered grass-
hopper.
As slender and graceful as a
swallow.
She weighs about 95 pounds with-
out her gum.
She is not a person, but a syn-
dicate.
She was a mountain of noise and
flesh.

- He carries a spare tire under his chin.
- Whenever I see her I think of inflation.
- About as big as the yolk of a fly's egg.
- She might weigh 125 pounds, carrying an anvil.
- Not so much a young man as a swelled boy.
- It was big enough to hold a horse race in.
- She is so fat she is almost ready to kill.
- Would have to shake the sheet to find her.
- If she ever let go of his arm, she'd sink.
- She fits rather comfortably into her skin.
- As broad as a house and as long as a river.
- She looks like a pole decked out with flags.
- She is about as big as a fair-sized codfish.
- He arose, unfolding like a carpenter's rule.
- She's not tall or short either, she's round.
- Such an astonishing assemblage of avoirdupois.
- She reminds me of the rotunda at the capitol.
- His ribs showed like the ribs of a bird cage.
- She is so emaciated her bones rattle together.
- Loomed up like a tall tower in a flat country.
- She has long thin legs, like those of a camel.
- She looks just like a garment hung on a pole.
- She is so big she looks like a captive balloon.
- It wouldn't take many like her to make a dozen.
- So big he had to be surveyed, and not measured.
- He has to fold himself up when he gets into bed.
- I found her improved, and considerably enlarged.
- He'll never die now, because he's so well dried.
- He is so big he needs a field to turn around in.
- Just tall enough to be seen by an inquiring eye.
- So small she could keep house in a bureau drawer.
- He is a big success, if measured with a tapeline.
- When she sits down she takes a load off her feet.
- His bones seemed to be breaking through his skin.
- She seemed to have grown without design or reason.
- So small it could be covered with a postage stamp.
- She bears a striking resemblance to a laundry bag.
- So small it was visible only under the microscope.
- What she wanted in height, she made up in breadth.
- I was accumulating too much suet around the middle.
- He would make a good center pole for a circus tent.
- She's scarcely big enough to know right from wrong.
- I don't like them overstuffed, nor underfed either.
- With the form of a giantess and the mind of a child.
- She looks like a cask dressed up in a gown and belt.
- She is about big enough to be a nice widower's mite.
- When she sits down she spreads out like batter-cake.
- She bulges as if suffering from a new form of dropsy.
- Her tonnage is subject to no world court limitations.
- She seemed to fill the whole room with her immensity.

I found she was hardly improved
in anything but bulk.

There is not a chair in town large
enough to hold her.

This flimsy little fellow, with his
small gnat's voice.

He couldn't get in an ordinary
chair without a ladder.

She is so tall she must have been
trained on a trellis.

She ought just to give up, and get
herself a new girdle.

She has hardly enough body to
convey the thought of sex.

She may be little, but she has feet
as big as anybody's.

Some women keep their girlish
figure, others double it.

She has arms and legs about the
size of telephone poles.

She is so big she must have been
built when meat was cheap.

A woman of around 300 pounds
displacement, and two decks of
chins.

She is so big her husband has to
use an elephant hook on her.

A woman's fondest wish is to be
weighed — and found wanting.

She would be beautiful, if beauty
were appraised by the ton.

She is very much out of proportion
to the house they occupy.

I always thought 44 was a cart-
ridge, and not a waist measure.

If she took off her belt, she would
bulge out of the window.

She has entirely too much bulk
and tonnage to be called cute.

She looked as though she were
held together by adhesive tape.

Physically and mentally he has a
rather low center of gravity.

Dimensions so small they have to
be ascertained with calipers.

She sat down in a chair like a
giant dirigible coming to anchor.

Even a pig will take on weight as
he grows in age and experience.

If you picked a quarter out of his
pocket, he'd fall off balance.

She must have been intended for quintuplets, but was never divided.

She looked like an over-fattened pig for which there was no market.

He has a figure that fits him to stand at the entrance of a palace.

He is well built — built is not the word, one should say constructed.

He had quit growing at both ends, and had begun to bulge in the middle.

He was so big and his house so small, one wondered how he could enter it.

She is so fat, the adipose tissue sticks out, hangs over, bulges and swells.

She is so thin, she doesn't take up any more room than a dime set up
edgeways.

When he puts down his weight, it looks like the coal he bought for the
season.

He had such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of some-
body else.

Her clothes were as much too little for her as she was too big for the
premises.

A state so small it has two counties when the tide is in, and three when
it is out.

He was short and fat; he didn't walk; he trotted and pattered, looking as
if he rolled along.

She was pinched in, and swelled out, and got up, and strapped down,
as much as she could possibly bear.

Measuring from the center button of his waistcoat in front, to the orna-
mental buttons of his coat behind.

If she ever turns to a pillar of salt, like Lot's wife, the bottom will sure drop out of the salt market.
 She is so thin, you marvel that she can still hold together in spite of everything.

7

TIME

PAST

PRESENT

FUTURE

END

The slumbering past.
 The revolving years.
 As time wears away.
 Time will let us know.
 In the sweet by and by.
 And time skedaddled on.
 It was a young eternity.
 The broad wings of time.
 Every day that God makes.
 Would end like a precipice.
 From his birth to this day.
 Not since the sea was built.
 Time has stolen on unobserved.
 Another week has came and went.
 Centuries have sifted their dust.
 After such a revolution of time.
 A pause like a chunk of eternity.
 Before you could say Mesopotamia.
 The bisected interval of a minute.
 Not since Sitting Bull was a calf.
 The corroding breath of centuries.
 From this moment to the end of time.
 Ceased as suddenly as cut-off steam.
 The future is guaranteed by the past.
 The sun was taking leave for the day.
 The sands of the hour had all run out.
 As long as the water drains downhill.
 Since long before the station was built.
 The world turned on in the lathe of time.
 As long as there are gulls upon the wing.

Give me a minute—I'll give you a decade.
 While the sun is on this side the horizon.
 Time devours both man, and the works of man.
 The sun was traveling on toward dinner time.
 Before you could read the dictionary through.
 Away back yonder when Heinz had only one pickle.
 Dates back to the time butchers gave liver away.
 This is the sixth sun that has shone upon me here.
 Your future will be here almost before you know it.
 Time has wings, and shakes many things out of them.
 It ended just as if it had been cut off with a knife.
 Between incidents which lie widely separated in time.
 She'll carry it to her grave, if she ever gets in one.
 In times past, in times present, and in times to come.
 Which dates back to the time Saint Paul was a small boy.
 The clock struck, exhorting us of the departure of time.
 The time which had flown by had passed him like the wind.
 Like all those things that, having once been, must ever be.
 It was stretched out like the minutes of our morning dreams.
 The duration of the world is uncalculated, and incalculable.

It has already gone off at a tangent, and tumbled into space.

A lot of water has gone under the bridge in twenty-five years.

The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine.

The years add so rapidly, and leave so little trace behind them.

Six days — just the time which God required to create the world.

I am so impatient, I should like to push the hands of the clock.

Since that time plenty of water has flowed under his bridgework.

Christmas came, as Christmas will, right on the 25th of December.

The days were long in the aggregate, though short as they went by.

Every history has its commencement, its middle, and its termination.

As fast as time wears away, man's appetite to something future remains.

The present alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead.

Away back yonder when bacon and eggs were considered a poor man's breakfast.

Don't worry about the past — the most important time of life is from now on.

The interval between the two events seemed little more than a long winter evening.

Like all other things in this world, after having had a beginning it had an end.

Time has such a peculiar characteristic of flying by in one way, and dragging in another.

Time is to be measured, not by its duration, but by the events which have occurred.

Away back yonder when everybody thought the world was shaped like a phonograph record.

At that hour when most folks, who have anything to eat at home, are going home to eat it.

I could not have believed there were so many minutes in an hour, or so many hours in a day.

Twelve years are such a little thing in a man's existence; one scarcely feels them pass.

The veil which hides from us our future is the only real good which God has vouchsafed to man.

They go on, one after another, these years, gently and quickly, each long, but so soon finished.

The two incidents appeared so close that the one event seemed to tread upon the heels of the other.

Away back yonder when Nebuchadnezzar's sentries watched the corn harvest from the walls of Babylon.

Troubled as the future was, it was the unknown future, and in its obscurity there was ignorant hope.

Every man lives only this present time, which is an indivisible point, and all the rest of his life is either past, or it is uncertain.

Time, because it is so fleeting, time, because it is so soon beyond recall, is the most precious of human things.

8

PERMANENT

IMMORTAL
LASTING

Lasting or secure.
 As elusive as smoke.
 Every time the wind blows.
 As unstable as smoke rings.
 As unstable as ocean waves.
 Is more enduring than granite.
 As permanent as the Palisades.
 So uncertain are human things.

TRANSITORY
TEMPORARY

As evanescent as the lightning.
 As temporary as a permanent wave.
 As lasting as anything of mine
 can be.
 As temporary as a movie star's
 husband.
 As lasting as a sky-written adver-
 tisement.

BRIEF
UNSTABLE

Heaven and earth may perhaps change one day, but these things never.
 Everything is only for a day, both that which remembers, and that which
 is remembered.

Think how many physicians are dead, after having contracted their eye-
 brows over the sick.

For all things soon pass away, and become a mere tale, and complete
 oblivion soon buries them.

Will last as long as the sun and the moon, and perish only in the general
 wreck of nature.

9

PUNCTUAL

LATE

As punctual as the sun.
 A model of punctuality.
 As punctual as noonday.
 An habitual punctuality.
 As punctual as the tides.
 With timetable precision.
 With military punctuality.
 As punctual as the almanac.
 He'd be late at his own inquest.
 I'm due at the next station now.
 He was as punctual as a merchant.

EARLY

I'm afraid she will miss her train.
 I shall not fail, though the sun
 should.
 So late he was ashamed to look
 the clock in the face.
 He may get it done some time be-
 tween now and judgment.
 You ought to go in before you get
 run over by the milkman.
 The early bird catches the worm —
 the others get the wormwood!

Spoiled children come home to roost, but frequently not till morning.
 The hands of your timepiece will not be more punctual than I shall be.
 Was in the habit of greeting the dawn from the wrong end of the day.
 The modern flapper keeps hours that would scandalize a well brought-up
 owl.

10

REGULAR

FREQUENT INFREQUENT NOVEL PERIODICAL

Military regularity.	Comes back with the regularity of hunger.
Monastic regularity.	As rare as generosity in a money lender.
Scrupulous regularity.	As rare and precious as dew in the desert.
As regular as the tide.	Falling with the frequency of autumn leaves.
As rare as a total eclipse.	There was a time for everything all around the dial of the clock, and everything was done at its appointed moment.
Nobody can say that once is often.	
Novelty is such an attractive thing.	
With the regularity of a clock pendulum.	
Now so rare as to constitute a sensation.	

11

AGE

AGE	NEW	MODERN.	OBSOLETE
YOUTH	OLD	ANCIENT	OLD-FASHIONED

A sun-dried face.	The rich, too, are never old.
Lisping children.	She is in the upper brackets.
This young spark.	Wearing a rack of store teeth.
A slobbering youth.	She looks like a museum piece.
A frisky octogenarian.	The gilded and insolent youth.
He has begun to curl.	I'm older now than I ever was.
As old as the Crusades.	She is now old, and toothless.
Bent toward the grave.	An old man is a thinking ruin.
He's an old flintlock.	Suggestive of the Middle Ages.
Forty is the deadline.	I began to detect signs of age.
Was a last year's model.	He is tottering into the grave.
Were just pickled curios.	Looks like a relic of antiquity.
He looked older and drier.	As old-fashioned as a valentine.
Old enough to sleep alone.	It's so old it antedates Genesis.
Not since Noah put to sea.	He looks like an old dried-up pod.
Has grown as gray as a cat.	His soul must be glued to his body.
As old as the Roman Empire.	The repulsive dryness of antiquity.
As old and dried as a root.	What antediluvian notions you have.
In his withered wintry age.	Back in the britches-and-gallus age.
She was ready to fall apart.	He is just waiting for the embalmer.
Not since the Dead Sea died.	Had begun to have parleys with death.
As old as McGuffey's Reader.	
That's older than gunpowder.	
The banked fires of maturity.	

As new as the next tick of the clock.
Back in the days of the Old Testament.
What a superannuated opinion that is.
I've always been younger than I am now.
Reached the ranks of the superannuated.
As dried and yellowed as an ape's hand.
He is just waiting for the end of time.
How young you are still — you can weep.
So old it made you think of the deluge.
He seemed to dry up rather than to age.
Here's to women: Noted for untold ages.
May I call you girls, or am I too late?
Sometimes death seems^o to forget old men.
Lived on and on, as if he were immortal.
Ever since the world has been the world.
Already standing knee-deep in the grave.
Women ever cling closely to twenty-nine.
She looks like a withered century plant.
As she walked she swayed like a pendulum.
In spite of the admonition of gray hairs.
In youth, when the blood runs so swiftly.
They found her sitting in her high-chair.
As modern as tomorrow morning's breakfast.
Encrusted deep with the rust of antiquity.
Was as withered and pale as an old pauper.
At a time when his beard was not yet born.

I want to warm myself at your bright fire.
Her skin is now puckered up with wrinkles.
He hadn't yet learned to wash his own ears.
She is just at that age when she won't tell.
At an age when my nurse had to wipe my nose.
An inconsistent fear of wrinkles and old age.
His soul must stick pretty tight to his body.
She's headed for the Smithsonian Institution.
They have grown wrinkled right under my eyes.
I couldn't be as smart as I am and be only 40.
He seems to have taken out a patent for living.
Balanced precariously on the edge of the grave.
Where centenarians are regarded as young folks.
The lachrymose gaze of doddering octogenarians.
Was hardly old enough to know right from wrong.
So old they have to be pushed around on casters.
A face that seemed to defy the outrages of time.
She was a chicken when Pocahontas was a papoose.
Ever since Noah's brood shoved off from the Ark.
If he lives much longer he may become anthracite.
He gives promise of living till Jesus comes again.
At that age when she was still tutoring her dolls.
Trying to hold back the hands on the clock of time.
The specter of advancing age gives her the jitters.
He had grown up, and was already growing down again.

I can remember when wickedness
was considered wicked.

So old a man, it seemed improbable
he ever was a boy.

Just like the world did in the days
before the flood.

Ever since the year One Thousand
Nine Hundred and One.

Grief and poverty, the third and
fourth wings of time.

She looked like one of those whom
death has forgotten.

That lamp consuming its last drop
of oil in obscurity.

If he is 80 years old, he is old
enough to know better.

On which the statute of limita-
tions had long since expired.

The sun had already passed the
greater part of the sky.

Forty—an age at which there is
no dallying with life.

She was as near forty as a single
lady ever gets to be.

He seemed to be hanging on to
mortality only by a hair.

I haven't an enemy in the world —
I've outlived 'em all.

Ever since the days when the gos-
pels were first preached.

The beauty grows wrinkled while
we are yet gazing at her.

People don't become good and wise
merely by growing older.

I have corrected the testiness of old
age with philosophy.

She said she was 25, but I think she
reversed the figures.

Her face is crossed by elevated, sub-
way, and surface lines.

Was forty years of age, and in a
bad state of preservation.

She is somewhere between the ages
of consent and collapse.

What is the month in which you
used to have your birthday?

It looks as if nothing had altered it
since the Middle Ages.

If she is just past 20, she must have
passed it coming back.

He is so old they may have to

shoot him on the Judgment Day.

No man with a conscience has any
business to live beyond 90.

When she puts down her age, it
looks like a motor car number.

Have ceased to recognize my birth-
day even with a passing nod.

She had passed her prime, and got
on the wrong side of thirty.

Among those who think that mod-
ern humbug surpasses everything.

The more you roast the younger
generation, the rawer they get.

Time has left its traces on her face,
as well as on her house.

He could pass for thirty; his wife
couldn't pass for anything.

The years had changed her dan-
gerous curves to extended detours.

Such things are fit only for those
who lived before the flood.

Yielded to the pressure of new cus-
toms with a kind of contempt.

It's a little difficult for him to move
one leg past the other.

Perpetually employed, that he might
not see himself grow older.

Hair, which time had neither thin-
ned, nor mingled with silver.

Whether judged by his looks or his
mind, he seemed to be young.

At a time when he was still making
paper boats with his sisters.

Still young enough to be foolish,
and old enough to know better.

She was just old enough to put her
hair up, and her skirts down.

It looks as if it might have been
made in the days of the flood.

He is no longer engaged in either
amorous or ambitious pursuits.

The age that suggests tight braids,
gingham aprons, and adenoids.

Every old man has been young, and
every young one hopes to be old.

I feel as youthful as I did when I
first learned right from wrong.

He had become a curiosity, simply
because he had lived a long time.

One of those moderns who thinks
that the light of the moon is stale.

When most little girls were not only unheard, but practically unseen. Changed into a bent-down old man, with red nose, and eyes that water. You only need the future as a text to become attractive to the young. She's had a full life — all she's got to do now is to go hang herself. A man quiets down as he grows older — he has more to keep quiet about. She reached the age of twenty-nine, and there she stuck for many years. Growing old is the only way that's yet been found of living a long time. She must be over 20 — nobody could get as dumb as that in twenty years. At a time when he was still galloping around the nursery on a stick horse. There is nothing new, but some things are so old they have been forgotten. There may not be anything new but there's plenty of variety in the old stuff. She looks as if she had been hanging around ever since the 15th century at least.

She was old enough to know where she wanted to go, and with whom, and until when.

Go and have your fun, and don't hang around me — for old age might be catching.

For ten years she had been looking upon the world through a pair of spectacles.

She is struggling under a double burden — not only feeling her age, but looking it.

Which after many millions of years will be still new, and still in its beginning.

He recognized with a mixture of surprise and vexation that age was stealing upon him.

A wise husband never forgets his wife's birthday — he merely forgets which one it is.

The sun is antiquated also, and yet we have not invented any better means of seeing.

It seems it was but yesterday that she was a baby, bawling out on the stairs for her bottle.

He is too old to be bossed by his parents, and still young enough to be supported by them.

Those modern youths who assume that all who were but five years before them in the world are either antediluvian or deceased.

He looks like he might have been similarly employed for the last two centuries at least.

Kids used to run away from home and get married — now they get married and run back home.

Time had made little impression, either by wrinkles in her face, or convolutions in her brain.

Looking as if the gravedigger and the spade had both been commissioned, and would soon be digging.

It is not as old as the hills, to be sure, but as old as the people who walk up and down them.

Never tell a woman she carries her age well, and, as you value your life, never tell her she doesn't.

She already was viewing with alarm the drawing nigh of that fortieth year, beyond which there is so little for a woman.

His age had no effect on him, other than to tinge his demeanor with gravity, and temper his words with forethought.

When they have opened their mouths wide enough to utter the words "modern", they think they have said everything.
 To be young, with an unfurrowed brow, under which the brain is void of everything, but women, love, and good intentions.
 As life steals on toward its final close, the last short remnant, worthless as it may appear to all beside, is dearer to its possessor than all the years that have gone before.
 He said he isn't going to study to be an octogenarian, because it takes too long to get to be one.
 She's always attempting to retard the fleeting years by the mild deception of misstating her age.
 For many years now she has been looking at the world through plate glass set on both sides of her nose.
 Every person ought to learn to grow old gracefully — that is, in the usual way, without getting sore about it.
 She has some small wrinkles, but they are not noticeable — they are hidden by the bigger ones.

12

STRENGTH

STRONG

WEAK

FRAGILE

HELPLESS

Bending power.
 Radiates energy.
 Cyclonic energy.
 Resistless might.
 As frail as frost.
 Omnipotent forces.
 As weak as a pigeon.
 Congenital infirmity.
 Rolled-steel muscles.
 Singularly energetic.
 As strong as rawhide.
 As fragile as a shadow.
 As limp as a cow's tail.
 As sturdy as a fire plug.
 As brittle as spun glass.
 As fragile as a gas mantle.
 As strong as a vine branch.
 He stood there like a tower.
 He would break you like glass.
 As helpless as a fallen statue.
 He's a fine, tall, stout animal.
 Violence is a proof of weakness.
 He's as hard as a block all over.
 He can't stand up without a prop.
 As fragile as a butterfly's wings.
 He has the grip of a boiler maker.

As helpless as a turtle on its back.
 He is fit to keep a castle or a fort.
 He looks like a blacksmith in retirement.
 He could have crushed him with his thumb.
 He has the constitution of a rhinoceros.
 So healthy and strong it made him stagger.
 He could kill an ox with a blow of his fist.
 It was as strong and supple as a beef tendon.
 With that imposing majesty of things immovable.
 Insignificant beginnings are not to be trusted.
 She wasn't strong enough to break peanut brittle.
 He is so dainty and pretty he ought to be perfumed.
 He could easily be knocked down by a backhanded blow.
 As helpless as if he lay imprisoned under a tombstone.

A little activity makes him puff and
blow like a seal.
He has a handshake that amounts
to assault and battery.
The blow of his fist would break
in the deck of a vessel.

The muscular framework of his
chest seemed indestructible.
If I could just combine my intellect
with his horsepower.
His wrists and hands are hairy
clear down to the fingernails.

When he shakes hands it makes you think you have been caught in a trap.
If he had a little more hair on his chest he would feel at home in a tree.
To hit him would be an expression of neither good manners, nor good
judgment.

He is another one of those fellows with broad shoulders, and a narrow
mind.

Constituting a singular exception to that eternal rule which ordains that
force as well as beauty shall result from harmony.

13

LIFE

BIRTH

DEATH

HANG

SUICIDE

A sugary epitaph.
A covey of spooks.
As dead as Pharaoh.
Dead men don't bite.
I'm not indestructible.
As dead as cold mutton.
A tremendous adventure.
The mausoleums of the dead.
He adjourned life *sine die*.
Death, disappearance, gone.
Lamented, but soon forgotten.
He got shot into kingdom come.
He picked a sorry time to die.
He who awaits death dies twice.
When his body was laid in ashes.
Man dies tomorrow, if not today.
He is as dead as Pontius Pilate.
He is not such a fool as to die.
My success story begins in Ohio.
Her father was killed, like meat.
He got a ton of sod piled on him.
The dead are not agreeable com-
pany.
Life races along like a mill stream.
Were killed like the cubs of a wolf.
A minute fragment of human ex-
istence.

He went the way appointed for
us all.
This dying without touching the
ground.
Never believe me dead, till I
admit it.
He's dead — or at least they buried
him.
He may walk again, but it won't
be by day.
There is no disgrace in having
been born.
His hobby seems to be self-ex-
termination.
I expect to live as long as I can
breathe.
Whose eyes were closed for the
last time.
All that could perish of her was
now gone.
He got buried feet first in the briny
deep.
Among both beasts and men life
is a battle.
The hair's-breadth of time assigned
to thee.
The tombstones stood in a row like
dominoes.

Death brings all persons back to an equality.

They left him kicking at the end of a halter.

And soon they were all in the presence of God.

He punched his own ticket to the promised land.

When the clouds of the valley shut me from view.

Shuffling off to an engagement in the cemetery.

Those who have been long since in their graves.

How silent the passage, how private the journey.

His name was erased from the list of the living.

I saw him after he was dead, but not to speak to.

The hearse came, and he was shoveled under ground.

A man dies; he disappears; and that is the finish.

I preferred the dangers I knew to those I knew not.

He put a period to his existence with a pistol shot.

There are many ways to die, and all of them are bad.

The deceased had no business to die in such a manner.

The earth takes them back, and oblivion effaces them.

Whose bodies will carpet the floors of the seven seas.

It is not life that is sweet, but death that is awful.

His dying was the wisest thing he ever did in his life.

He put an end to himself, and so gave his woes the slip.

The worms will settle his business in double-quick time.

The time will come when I shall jest and be gay no more.

The best prison is that which is made by the gravedigger.

He had gone to see whether God improves upon acquaintance.

The End — Finis — Total Liquidation — The Vanishing Point.

Went down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust.

If I am to die tomorrow, that is what I am to do tomorrow.

They are now sleeping among the cypresses in some cemetery.

I would say he ceased to breathe than he died at that hour.

We are born; we respire, aspire, perspire, and then expire.

He got a passport to a world from which no one ever returns.

Many a tombstone inscription is entirely too good to be true.

The dead may call you over a trumpet, but never over a phone.

I don't like to deal with ghosts — I want flesh on their bones.

I know people I would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing.

Died, without having given any notice whatever of his intention.

To get placed in such a mausoleum, a man ought to be glad to die.

With most people, death is a mere passing from little to nothing.

He has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such.

I am not dead; I'm not prepared to die; I don't even want to die.

He made the sage observation that a person must either live or die.

She is fragile looking, but is as tough as a young sapling.

No more does he hear the wild birds sing, nor walk the shady lanes.

The perfection of happiness — neither fearing nor wishing for death. Was consigned to the cradle of the deep and the communion of the sea. Several citizens were hanging around, but they will never vote again. What was yesterday a little mucus, tomorrow will be a mummy or ashes. I haven't the slightest intention of dying — I get paid more if I live. He ate so many fish, it were but justice that the fish should eat him.

They used a full sized coffin though there was so little to put in it.
 If you write him, it will have to be addressed to the Dead Letter Office.
 I provided a little sarcophagus into which I might creep when I was dead.
 The cost of living is decreasing, but the cost of dying remains the same.
 When the dark portal opens ajar, belief is difficult, unbelief impossible.
 When infinity opens to us, terrible indeed is the closing of the gate behind.
 The child seemed too small and poor a thing for death to be in earnest with.
 Who have carried out many to be buried, and then were carried out themselves.

Thou hast embarked, thou hast made the voyage, thou art come to shore;
 get out.

Where the present and eternity are no farther apart than a snap of the
 fingers.

A grove of yew-trees, which love to overshadow tombs and flourish in
 graveyards.

If the paltry pressure of this paltry thing makes the wise man and the
 fool equal.

Suicide is the last folly to be committed — the only one for which there is
 no remedy.

I do not hurry, neither shall I loiter; I shall merely try to be joyful to the end.
 The blind, inexorable guillotine of the years that changes men into cadavers,
 and all things into memories.

When people quit talking, and quit perspiring, and quit breathing, I quit
 associating with them.

There is an old man with a scythe and an hourglass stealthily marching
 up and down the land.

When the time comes for me to do the last thing that's to be done by
 anybody in the known world.

No escaping it; no volition to enter it, or to avoid it; no prospect of
 defeating it, or solving it.

Mysterious and hapless arrival, tremendous and mysterious passage, mys-
 terious and alarming departure.

But it is not known whether the deceased felt any joy in the oration that
 was delivered in his praise.

Why be afraid of ghosts? Not as much harm has been done by the dead
 in six thousand years as is wrought by the living in one single day.

How small this city is, in comparison with the other, the city in which
 we live — and yet, how much more numerous the dead are than the
 living.

14

INTELLECT

MIND

A fixed idea.
 A jerky mind.
 A sapling mind.
 A roomy forehead.

THOUGHT

Reflecting minds.
 A razor-edge mind.
 A steel-trap mind.
 A tormenting idea.

SOUL

Accomplished minds.
A hair-trigger mind.
A shapeless thought.
Nature hates a vacuum.
Intellectual equipment.
A lurking afterthought.
Thinking about nothing.
Mechanical deliberation.
An intellectual pastime.
He has a skip-stop mind.
He's as hollow as a jug.
Do you grasp the scenario?
A giant-domed intellectual.
Has been thinking overtime.
Incapable of lucid thinking.
The thought just grazed him.
Thought boiled in his brain.
He got his ideas into focus.
A faint glimmering of reason.
His mind never works on high.
He is still mentally malleable.
Does little original thinking.
Within his mental limitations.
Roll this thought in your mind.
The twilight of the intellect.
Their confused way of thinking.
He has the outlook of a rabbit.
To grapple with immense objects.
A thought floated into his mind.
It's a long time between thinks.
He is a man of but one dimension.
She has no more soul than a bird.
Her brain was busy with thoughts.
Teetering on the brink of insanity.
His brain seems to float in a haze.
His brain works like cold molasses.
His brow was corrugated by thought.
He has not enough range of thought.
But thoughtfulness begets wrinkles.
A person of the deepest penetration.
A long head is as good as short-hand.
Some have open minds — others vacant.
His short sight extended to his mind.
He mistakes the headache for an idea.
You're too young to attempt thinking.
Of so hypothetic a thing as the soul.
On the surface of his mind he noted.
Holds certain loose atoms of an idea.
People who are not given to reflection.
While we are eating, ideas flow easily.
Ideas just floating around in the mind.
Distinguished by the luster of her mind.
With only a trace of human intelligence.
No thought is beautiful which is not just.
It set him to thinking with all his might.
That subtle essence which we call thought.
Poor men with ideas are merely ridiculous.
He has never fatigued himself by thinking.
He hasn't brains enough to grease a gimlet.
He hasn't as much reason as a good pointer.
He has a genial and eminently balanced mind.
What, by courtesy, may be called his brains.
He whistled as he went, for want of thought.
A lot of words, but of an idea only a trace.
Abstruse speculations are full of headaches.
He has more money than brains, and he's broke.
It came into his head like the sting of a wasp.
Where there is no judgment, there is no choice.
Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts.

He has a strong voice, but a weak understanding.

I felt my soul getting into my head at the idea.

It being certain that hardly two men think alike.

Half shutting his eyes, like a person reflecting.

Short, transient, intermittent starts of thought.

When I sit in my great chair, and begin to ponder.

He is as sound and well balanced as a steam roller.

He doesn't have two consecutive thoughts in a year.

It was a matter of instinct rather than of thought.

Not a ray of intellect beamed from his countenance.

An echo of the sentiments that filled my own breast.

Minds that tune in only on the longest wave-lengths.

If some people stop to think they do the wrong thing.

And I'll postpone reflection till tomorrow — if I can.

I could not help revolving the subject in my thoughts.

The boundaries of their little world are close at hand.

His head just keeps his spinal column from unraveling.

Relieve themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking.

He has something more than a rattle behind his forehead.

Without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense.

A thought that deserves to shine in a blaze of eloquence.

All the mental exercise he gets is jumping at conclusions.

He has a lot of lost motion in his intellectual processes.

Once upon a time in her charming head an idea found a home.

An intellectual woman — with a soul too large for her body.

I wouldn't go to him to get inspiration for noble thoughts.

If he is ever buried in thought, it will be a shallow grave.

He never uses the gray matter heaven put under his bald spot.

This thought entered his head after the fashion of a bullet.

If he has anything on his mind what keeps it from sliding off?

You will never succeed in separating the soul from the senses.

If she can't learn it in ten easy lessons she is a hospital case.

Just then there passed through his mind something untranslatable.

The ready way to be thought mad is to contend that you are not so.

If you have an idea treat it kindly, for it is in a strange place.

It was a feeling in his stomach, rather than an idea in his brain.

He is endowed with brains — and given a chance, he will use them.

Where there are many mouths that speak, and but few heads that think. Employed his thoughts about nothing — that is to say, about everything. If he inherited his father's brains they must be held in trust by somebody. Whose intellectual urge is fully satisfied with nobody but Fido for company.

Whose intellectual urge is completely satisfied with ball scores and bed-time stories.

A girl whose brains are manifestly a little disordered with romances and novels.

You can't take a handle from a man's nose to judge of the size of his intellect.

He had that negligence of person which is remarkable of those who are careful of their minds.

A woman of intellect is one who listens when you speak to her, and does not speak before having listened.

You see in their countenances they are at home, and in the quiet possession of the present instant.

There is as much difference between the learned and the unlearned as there is between the living and the dead.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind, for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.

In the world of thought he may ride upon the surface cars, but the elevated and the subway are absolutely unknown to him.

The thought always precedes the act, as lightning precedes the thunder. Dignity to the classic mind does not involve great wealth, or much territory.

Since there was only one mind between us, I had to do the thinking for both of us.

15

ATTENTION

CONSIDERATION

An exact observer.

Strained attention.

Wandering attention.

Suspended attention.

An examining glance.

A glancing reference.

Concentrated attention.

A quick, observing eye.

Attentive consideration.

I sparred with the idea.

He nudged me with a wink.

Attention held them mute.

I want you to tune in on this.

All but my attention was dead.

Take a bird's eye view of this.

Her eyes came coasting round to me.

Observing it with a religious attention.

OBSERVATION

Observes us, even to the marrow of our bones.

If you listen only to one bell, you hear only one sound.

He scrutinized me like a pawnbroker examining a \$2 watch.

The soul has its curiosity more than ordinarily awakened.

My mind glanced off that subject, and I turned to another.

He looked with all his eyes, and listened with all his ears.

She never has attention enough to hear her friends commended.

You have one fault, that having good eyes you do not use them.

Her careless eye diverting itself with the objects around her.

With no more premeditation than it takes to let your hair grow.

Sinners are so; forgetful beforehand, and scrupulous when it is too late. She couldn't keep her little mind on a subject any longer than a bird could stay on a twig.

CURIOSITY

LISTEN

SPY

WATCH

INQUISITIVE

Listless curiosity.
 A gaping curiosity.
 Attentive curiosity.
 Listen yet one time.
 Frenzied curiosity.
 A yearning curiosity.
 Listened attentively.
 An endless curiosity.
 Outwatched the stars.
 My inquisitive temper.
 Impertinent curiosity.
 Intelligent curiosity.
 Unwinking watchfulness.
 Burning with curiosity.
 Tormented by curiosity.
 An investigating gaze.
 Inquisitive inspection.
 Stimulated her curiosity.
 Her espionage department.
 Were greedily listened to.
 To the ears of the curios.
 She kept watch like a lamp.
 As curious as an old woman.
 Watching me like an audience.
 I watched him like a sentinel.
 He listened with all his ears.
 With the watchfulness of a spy.
 With an ear slanting toward me.
 She mounted guard upon her post.
 She remained in her observatory.
 They see all and hear everything.
 She is as inquisitive as an X-ray.
 I gathered from my listening post.
 She is a congenital cross-examiner.
 Curiosity prevailed over prudence.
 Summon your attention, and listen.
 Possessed by a lingering curiosity.
 I listened till my ears became sore.
 Death is the penalty for such curiosity.
 He watched me like a snooping detective.
 She keeps a stop watch on all his actions.

All his questions I answered triumphantly.
 She was an unscrupulous spy and listener.
 She had found out, or thought she found out.
 Curiosity, urging with its irresistible spur.
 Watched me as a physician watches a patient.
 She maintained her watch with unwinking eyes.
 They listened with open eyes and open mouths.
 Keep on being curious — it is a useful thing.
 Open your beautiful eyes, and your large ears.
 That requires as much watching as a powdermill.
 I hear nothing but what is cried in my very ears.
 He began to look at everything like an auctioneer.
 With an ear sloped to catch all that was being said.
 She has hardly enough curiosity to listen to scandal.
 She discovered that listening is the best way to hear.
 I caught her listening in on our broadcasting station.
 She again degenerated into the spider, and lay in wait.
 She willingly submits herself to the drudgery of a spy.
 By poking my nose into other people's business I've found out.
 She's too nearsighted when it comes to other people's affairs.
 She was intently surveying my meditations through the keyhole.
 Here is something that will make you peer over your bifocals.

Watching him like a cat, and studying him like a mathematician. salt, when she turned to rubber.
Remember, Lot's wife turned to He opened his mouth, as if to signify that his ears were also open.

I wished to have the testimony of my ears as well as that of my eyes.
The little town, which watches with all its eyes from all its windows.
As jealous ears always hear double, so he heard enough to make him mad.
He gave a short truce to the movement of his jaws, in order to hear the better.

I was too well trained to be guilty of the grievous error of putting questions.

They were talking about something that was none of my business, and so I listened.

Her head, in the attitude of a bird listening on the edge of its nest to the sounds of the grove.

Those who take more delight in acquainting themselves with other people's business than their own.

Curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting appetites implanted in us.

17

INDIFFERENCE

UNCONCERN NEGLECT DISREGARD CARELESSNESS

Cool unconcern.

Mute indifference.

Silent neutrality.

Callous unconcern.

Languid unconcern.

I have no hay down.

Awkwardly attentive.

Viciously uninterested.

As heedless as a gypsy.

Heartless indifference.

A folded-arms attitude.

Hereditary indifference.

Philosophical indifference.

Where is your wandering mind tonight?

He concerns himself with no one breathing.

He was looking at me and not seeing me.

She does everything by guess, and by golly.

She gave me her usual patient inattention.

She heard nothing but the sound of my voice.

Ignored it just as the sun ignores the candle.

The thing had become only a drone in my ears.

Close our mouths and chloroform our consciences.

Let her fly away on a high wind on a broomstick.

That concerns me about as much as withered leaves.

She took no more notice of it than a pig of a cathedral.

Went right along, as the sun did when the dog barked at it.

A man who is but a mere spectator of what passes around him.

I have no concern about who will bury the last man on earth.

Things looked as if they had been dropped out of an airplane.

She heeded no more what was said than if she had had no ears.

He had a look of thinking of something else, or nothing at all.

He doesn't care which way the water runs so it doesn't touch him. Those whose minds and bodies never keep company with one another. Without taking any thought for the past, the present, or the future. I have no more interest in that than I have in the nearest fixed star. As much ignored as if I had been a ticket holder trying to get my money back.

She listened to my words, and then placed them in such order as pleased her best.

Had a curious habit of seeming to look a long way off, as if she could see nothing nearer than Africa.

18

DISCRETION

CARE

CAUTION

PRUDENCE

PRECAUTION

Hawklike care.

Diplomatic discretion.

He laid it down like a baby.

Elementary prudence demands.

I want to keep my skin whole.

He sees all, and knows nothing.

A thing he industriously avoided.

I never see what I do not wish to see.

Her good sense readily instructed her.

Laying plans to keep out of the morgue.

The best armor is to keep out of gunshot.

Holding it as if it were a baby or a bomb.

Moved like a reptile entering his retreat.

I will not let my life run away in a dream.

Good sense and good nature always go together.

Never leave important details to a straw boss.

If it is my business to see nothing, I never do.

I have the greatest respect for my own epidermis.

My head is my own, and I mean to take care of it.

If I die, it isn't going to be from poor judgment.

Never put your feet where you can't see the ground.

When he did speak it was with a calculated caution.

He carries a cargo of discretion and fine common sense.

He thinks people queer who love order and live by rule.

A serpent issues from its hole with similar precautions.

She keeps her ears and her eyes open, and her mouth shut.

The first lesson a diplomat learns is how to be discreet.

It was said more as a measure of prudence than politeness.

Entered with the gait of a cat that smells milk in the pantry.

I'm too smart to volunteer to put my head on the chopping block.

Made a survey, like a cat about to venture forth from the house.

When it blows up, I wish to be out of the way of the splinters.

Most people call the doctor after the arrival of the undertaker.

I have no treasure that can be taken from me, but I have my skin.

One of those shrewd persons who knows nothing but what they should know.
 I can't be soft-soaped into doing what cold calculation does not recommend.
 My head stands too straight upon my shoulders to have it twisted for that sort of thing.
 I entertain a ridiculous partiality for my head; it seems to suit my shoulders so admirably.
 Of course she thinks of the future—she was telling me about a dance she is going to next week.
 With most folks the age of discretion, or accountability, is contemporaneous with the downfall of the teeth.
 She had reached the age of discretion—I mean that age when she began to snap her fingers at her mother.

19

INDISCRETION

FOOLISH

He is nobody's enemy but his own.
 Her tongue outruns her discretion.
 He's always leading with his chin.
 He was afraid to go home and think.
 Don't be silly, if you can help it.
 It has in it quite a dash of folly.
 Has reached the frontier of prudence.
 He was a little too fast for his feet.
 He seemed in a hurry to cut his throat.
 She is a very injudicious silly animal.
 He's continually speaking out of his turn.
 That would be like sending wolves for sheep.
 He lives on thin air, and skates on thin ice.
 That is but another term for their ignorance.
 A course as false and fatal as it is foolish.
 You have said either too much, or too little.
 And carries on it a particular stamp of folly.
 In doing that he certainly compounded a felony.

IMPRUDENT

He is just building a guillotine over his door.
 She helps to swell the army of foolish virgins.
 She's always saying what should be left unsaid.
 He never sees the blood till his throat is cut.
 She came to make a fool of herself, and she did it.
 Without the least apprehension of a future reckoning.
 He often plays a trump, even when it's not necessary.
 Don't stick your neck out — somebody might chop on it.
 It is a degree of folly to delight to see it in others.
 It was done without the aid of design, reason, or logic.
 That would be unpardonable in anyone who is past sixteen.
 That would be like running the ship with the ship's barbers.
 He is a likely candidate for the out-standing sap of the month.
 The second act of the comedy will not be long after the first.
 Unfortunate and imprudent are but two words for the same thing.

One of those who are perpetually laughing about nothing at all.	He may be cunning to his father, but he is just plain silly to me.
He made a left hand turn, and was told to get back in his place.	He acts as if he had made a bet that he could get silly every night.

As foolish as for an angleworm to try to bite off the nose of a swordfish.
His one weakness is to speak first, and consult the established facts later.
Modern flappers deliberately shut their eyes and open their mouths till
they lose their gum.

It gives me a shooting pain in the neck to see a beautiful girl like you
deliberately butt her classic, her delicate-formed head against a stone
wall.

20

EXAMINATION

QUESTION

ANSWER

INQUEST

Must I tell?	I now summon you to declare your- self.
A clinching answer.	He looked at me with a question mark.
A relentless grilling.	I went all through her with a lantern.
Relentless inquisition.	I was in no mood for cross-ex- amination.
Yet one question.	What is the object of this post- mortem?
He pursued his inquest.	That is a question we prefer to ignore.
A withering examination.	Like a hunting dog following up a scent.
Tell me without thinking.	She shot out questions like an examiner.
Left him dry of information.	His only rebuttal was physical violence.
Superfluous interrogatories.	It would surprise me if I could remember.
I'll limit my reply to this.	I gave him only one word back for answer.
His answers are very sketchy.	I can't tell you without using pro- fanity.
She opened her mouth no more.	We put the question without an- swering it.
That was a radiant response.	Nobody replied to him — not even an echo.
Is this another Quiz Program?	A cold-blooded and anatomical examination.
Without staying for my answer.	
Have I been properly sworn in?	
What probing questions you ask.	
I politely ignored the question.	
She bombarded me with questions.	
Silences the loud and clamorous.	
Is that an hypothetical question?	
Put him through a rigid catechism.	
That sounds like a trick question.	
Broken-down by cross-examinations	
He made his questions like bullets.	
I have the answer to that one, too.	
He was shut up like a family vault.	
You shall know it—when I tell you.	
That's what I call a military secret.	

Am I supposed to be the Book of Knowledge?
 Can any bright little boy or girl tell me?
 Questions were thrown at me just like flak.
 Will you quit answering your own questions?
 She punctuates her life with question marks.
 I do not wish to be accuser and judge myself.
 That's what you might call a leading question.
 States his question in 57 different varieties.
 Made a microscopic examination of the question.
 I want you to answer me, as if you spoke to God.
 Never ask a woman questions with figures in them.
 Your name teaches me your name, but nothing more.
 I answered as if I had heard all she was thinking.
 Well, Judge, I'll tell you how the trouble started.
 I don't expect you to divulge any military secrets.
 You sound as if you were cross-examining a witness.
 A sort of gag seemed to close these jeering mouths.
 You are questioning me like a prosecuting attorney.
 Will give you an unabridged answer to the question.
 I refer you to my questions and answers department.
 I don't know, and I don't know anyone who does know.
 Tell me in your own words — no matter how it sounds.
 As if there could be two answers to such a question.
 Will answer the inquiry, not by retort, but by facts.

You ask, how come? I don't know
 Mr. Bones, how come?
 She subjected me to as much questioning as a criminal.
 I withdraw the question — the witness need not answer.
 Answer me, without acting as if you were on the stage.
 I then put question number two of the catechism to him.
 What are you trying to do, get my horoscope out of me?
 Began to insult me with his questions like a constable.
 His answer was a foreclosure of all possible questions.
 Dropped a few questions like plummets, into his story.
 At the risk of being annoying, impudent, or impertinent.
 Asking questions, not for information, but for exercise.
 To save time, I adopted the system of questions and answers.
 He has an answer before the question mark can be dotted.
 A shrug of his shoulders was his only answer and rebuttal.
 Though she asked questions, she did not expect any answers.
 He began to cross-examine me just as if it were an inquest.
 Will have to refer you to the Bureau of Scientific Research.
 Can ask more questions than a civil service examining board.
 We shall walk around the subject, and regard it on all sides.
 Finally, everything being weighed, turned over and examined.
 When a writer asks a question, he has the answer ready first.
 I wish you would close your mouth, and try to look intelligent.
 If anyone here can answer that question, raise your right hand.
 For answer I must refer you to time, which discovers all things.

Asked questions which it would have puzzled a Solomon to answer.
 You should not question me, if you do not wish to hear my answers.

The examination went on; questions and answers clashed like swords. You answer my question by another, which is not answering me at all. Fools ask questions more often than do men of really searching minds. If a woman has so much intuition, why does she ask so many questions? I don't know any more about that than I do about the anatomy of a penguin.

The subject, which at first seemed exhausted, had only been slightly glanced at.

If I could tell you that, I could predict the winners of the Irish Sweepstakes.

I shall not separate this farrago into parts, and examine and answer its components.

I'll answer your question by asking you one—how many whales are there in the ocean?

If you can tell me that, then you can tell me what to give Aunt Tessie for Christmas.

I'd like to know, if it's any of my business—if it isn't I'm all the more curious.

I go on the theory that if I ask everything, it is singular if I don't find out some thing.

I have observed when a witness is through, he is always subject to cross-examination.

When she gets to heaven, I hope St. Peter doesn't ask her any questions involving directions.

Looked her steadily in the face, as if he were convinced that she could not answer the question.

An inquiry so exhaustive, and an examination so complete, that nothing was left to be exposed, even on the day of judgment.

21

CERTAINTY

POSITIVE
UNCERTAIN

Aching suspense.
Disturbing doubt.
Airblown chances.
As sure as taxes.
Definite finality.
A glittering guess.
I'll bet my bootware.
As certain as sunrise.
A vanishing opportunity.
You can win a bet on that.
As final as a dropped egg.
The question is debatable.
As final as the guillotine.
As impenetrable as futurity.
It is as fixed as Christmas.

SURE
GUESS

A mathematical inevitability.
As reliable as the North Star.
With plenty of ifs and maybes.
It's coming as sure as rent day.
As sure as the world looks level.
I'll bet a million against a fig.
I'm not more than 50% infallible.
To do that is to proceed by guess.
I'll bet you in cash, or in drinks.
I am as sure as history can make me.
As I grow older, and less infallible.
I am willing to bet anything up to 30c.

CHANCE
FINALITY

You take a guess — I'm all guessed out.

It's as apparent as the face of a clock.

I'll be on the limited if the engineer is.

I'll bet my head against a head of cabbage.

Nothing now remains but the official count.

Even the sun would as soon forget to shine.

Success depended upon this cast of the dice.

I'm not sure enough to be dogmatic about it.

Am willing to bet the price of a ton of coal.

It had the finality of the closing of a door.

It's the sure thing on which a man goes broke.

Unlikely to the degree of practical certainty.

It's as conclusive as a Supreme Court decision.

Catching at the opportunity as it drifted past.

I know it as well as if a trumpet had spoken it.

About as dependable as the smoke of a cigarette.

He says something for sure, when he ought to say maybe.

The future used to be uncertain, but it is certain now.

He finally admitted he got it straight from a fortune teller.

I'm as sure of it as the seashore is of the tide.

It's as certain as it is to rain on Easter Sunday.

Concerning that I can frame but wandering guesses.

Smiled like a man who has an answer for everything.

As improbable as for a man to read his own memoirs.

She was doing more than remembering, she was guessing.

She is so small, I don't see how she can be so positive.

That conclusion places the matter beyond further dispute.

You reach a degree of probability bordering on certainty.

She states her conclusions with the finality of an axiom.

These three things are certain — morning, noon, and night.

As certain of its truth as I am of the law of gravitation.

This idea rests upon a slender substratum of plausibility.

About as much chance as I have of divorcing Joan Crawford.

Waited, without too much assurance, but without too much humility. That has about as much chance as I have of being elected President. Chance did more for him than he would have dared to ask of providence. In the midst of all the dust and noise, this one thing is perfectly clear. There would be little talking if one only said things one was sure of. I made a New Year's Resolution to be a little less positive when I am wrong.

A matter that lies in the misty mid-region between statistics and guess-work.

How do you contrive to be always right, when so many people are so often wrong?

We don't know that the earth will last another hundred years, but we think it highly probable.

Delay is always injurious, and there is no circumstance entirely favorable in any undertaking.

ARGUMENT

DISPUTE

Wrangled amicably.
 Let me be referee.
 Bawling disputants.
 Combustible themes.
 Soap-box exhortations.
 An argumentative mind.
 I make it my first position.
 I felt an argument coming on.
 It was disputed inch by inch.
 I'm feeling too bad to argue.
 I closed him up like a shutter.
 There's a subject full of talk.
 I knocked his argument lop-sided.
 We discussed the for and against.
 I cut him down to his right size.
 He opened an argument; I closed it.
 I broke the neck of his absurdities.
 You can't fight coyotes with an army.
 Discharging his opinions into the air.
 Discussing it as though he understood it.
 A little light, and a good deal of uproar.
 They are always defending the indefensible.
 This was the theme of their daily dialogue.
 He exploded another one of his stink bombs.
 They used revolvers to enforce an argument.
 She threw her tonsils out of joint arguing.
 His statements conveyed more heat than light.
 Violently convinced.
 Battered into consent.
 Excruciating contention.
 Wrangle from June to January.
 Let's kick it around some more.
 An argument that has a fishy smell
 I don't want to get shrill about it.

DISCUSSION

SUBJECT

As complicated as a dish of spaghetti.
 Close reasoning and handsome argumentation.
 Uses a multitude of words to prove that it is now day.
 I wish you would specify what, in what amount, and when.
 She sings that stuff as if it were the National Anthem.
 It sounds like a plan somebody thought up while shaving.
 The only way to expostulate with him is to use your fists.
 That leaves nothing to talk about but chips and whetstones.
 His argument is sound — and nothing but sound.
 It proved to be an argument opened by mistake.
 Those are first principles granted by all men.
 She can't lose an argument, looking like that.
 Discuss it, for out of discussion is born light.
 They were arguing with ballbats and tire-irons.
 The narrower the mind, the broader the statement.
 I'll go with you to the forks of the creek on that.
 A subject they ponder and discuss, but never settle.
 He is manifestly covering up something that smells.
 That was the pistol shot that started the discussion.
 He who utters thought has more thought to be uttered.
 He is always swinging out into space with his opinions.
 There is nothing so thin that it hasn't two sides.

His argument proceeded in all directions at the same time.	would to keep from going to jail.
It was a mystery how he contrived always to be in the right.	The usual topics of people of little wit and no understanding.
He made as many excuses as he	That is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world.

There are two sides to every question — my side and the wrong side. He took the absurd position that he knew what he was talking about. Let's change the subject — for the sake of novelty, if nothing else. There are two sides to every question — then there is also the truth. Arguing as if they had been retained as attorneys — one for each side. Rehashing what is right or wrong with people and the world in general. It looked as if his friends were about to take his home for a battlefield. These are my reasons, as nearly as I can take an inventory at short notice. An argument that reached a new low in facts, and a new high in ambiguity.

The discussion reached such a tempo that it sounded like a disarmament conference.

As soon as he had named his text, and had opened a little the drift of his discourse.

According to the conversational manner, logic, and technique of these nestors.

He was laying these facts together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority.

There are two sides to every question, but generally one is not big enough to notice.

I expected that any minute something would be said that would solve all questions forever.

I am willing to let statesmen do my thinking for me, but I refuse to let anybody do my arguing.

Arguments that invariably degenerate into a simple contest as to which one can talk the loudest.

With that restraint and command of temper as befitted a man of intelligence, and yet with that spirit as sufficiently expressed my indignation.

Listening to some mildewed nestor explaining things I don't understand — things he doesn't understand either.

Reversing himself with the speed and the mechanical exactitude of a piston.

23

REASON

LOGIC	CONCLUSION	HYPOTHESIS	SUPPOSITION
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With a lawyer's logic.

A tottering postulate.

Irritatingly logical.

Sleight-of-hand logic.

That is ice cold logic.

Inescapable conclusion.

A crumbling hypothesis.

The remote consequences.

Can't see plain daylight.

Crammed with conjectures.

Cracker-barrel philosophy.
 You reason like Pythagoras.
 That general way of loose thinking.
 A sufficient and compelling reason.
 Without being imposed upon by words.
 I have one general key to such matters.
 He cannot see to the end of his nose.
 He speaks after the manner of a logician.
 Accidents are accidents only to ignorance.
 He kept to the safe ground of generalities.
 Can neither dodge nor deny this conclusion.
 By measuring the toe we estimate the giant.
 We will assume, for the sake of conversation.
 It sounded like the conclusion of an amateur.

Upon laying my reasons together in the balance.
 Against the contention of all the jazz logicians.
 That's just as natural as a center is to a circle.
 To bring these observations to some useful purpose.
 What reason did not dictate, reason cannot explain.
 As the presence of a kennel presupposes that of a dog.
 If that isn't logic, then a new saxophone isn't shiny.
 Most people won't listen to reason — or anything else.
 A conclusion eminently fair and justified by the facts.
 There's a reason for everything — or almost everything.
 That is logic, metaphysics and mathematics in perfection.
 His qualification indicated he was staying near a loophole.

We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the conclusion.
 Counseled by reason and instinct, which are much wiser than the rules of evidence.
 Some are reasoned, some flattered, some teased, and some intimidated into a thing.
 From the many reasons, which I have abridged in my own thoughts and reduced to a couple only.
 There may be a reason for it, but we will never live long enough to find out what it is.
 You must establish the truth of your first proposition, before drawing inferences from it.
 One after the other, passed in review all the suppositions which presented themselves to her mind.

24

NONSENSE

ABSURDITY

Gaudy nonsense.
 Fancy rigmarole.
 Solemn nonsense.
 Bottomless bosh.
 A dizzy dreamer.

FANTASTIC

Pagan gibberish.
 Blatant nonsense.
 What a fine dream.
 Ornamental palaver.
 Adolescent buffoons.

SOPHISTRY

Coppery platitudes.
 Harmonized nonsense.
 In a demented state.
 An easy-chair dream.
 An iridescent dream.
 Arguments in E-Flat.
 Four-horse speeches.
 Impertinent nonsense.
 Inimitable emptiness.
 Ingenious sophistries.
 He's full of termites.
 Went into a tail spin.
 Resounding rottenness.
 A rhapsody of nonsense.
 A fantastic brainstorm.
 A fish peddler's dream.
 In a state of delirium.
 Immune to common sense.
 Turkey gobbler gibberish.
 He is only mildly insane.
 They reason like children.
 A tart piece of buffoonery.
 There isn't no sanity claus.
 He's crazier than a pet coon.
 He's full of counterfeit talk.
 As fantastic as an opium dream.
 Answers argument with anecdote.
 More fantastic than reasonable.
 He never gets funny on purpose.
 His talk is big with absurdity.
 Veering slightly toward insanity.
 Sounds like rain upon a skylight.
 In a state of partial derangement.
 His mind is stuffed with nonsense.
 He lost the remnant of his reason.
 He is as wild as mountain scenery.
 Based on rumor, gossip and opinion.
 Have you been inspected for termites?
 Left a loophole in it to creep out at.
 He's as shallow as the Canadian River.
 I don't want to sound like a sophomore.
 It was either insanity, or intoxication.
 A miscellaneous aggregation of dreamers.
 His mind is clogged with frivolous ideas.

Nonsense can be defended but by nonsense.
 Made one of his hit-and-run observations.
 Such levities as emanate from dull minds.
 He is the victim of some sort of delusion.
 Has no existence save in his heated fancy.
 He kept up the visible supply of nonsense.
 A fine mixture of tripe, hash and boloney.
 He makes a noise like a chattering savage.
 There seemed to be a whizzing in his brain.
 You build your pyramids upon needle points.
 What has that to do with the price of eggs?
 As trifling as hobbyhorses and mock battles.
 His talk was a mere blowing of soap bubbles.
 Involves but little strain on the intellect.
 Is hardly any better than speaking nonsense.
 When I first saw him, his head had a tenant.
 He tried to dose me with his fluent nonsense.
 It sounds like the gibbering of a chimpanzee.
 Talking sense and nonsense with all his might.
 Put them all together and you have — apoplexy.
 Multitudes are busy in the pursuit of bubbles.
 It very much improves the sound of nonsense.
 You sound like the wind blowing through a crack.
 It smelled like the incense from the catfish market.
 I let him go ahead, enjoying his own empty laughter.

Ought to be examined by the commissioners of lunacy.

You sound like the wind blowing through the shutters.

I could not but ascribe to it some touch of insanity.

I left, so I wouldn't have to listen to such barking.

If that isn't nonsense, then I need a new dictionary.

He is filled to the neck with strange hallucinations.

Every time he opens his mouth, hollow brains are seen.

He's not up in the air—he is up in the stratosphere.

He doesn't know whether he is taking off, or landing.

Irresponsible agitators with wheels between their ears.

Their mental I.Q. seemed to be

very near the standard of geese.

Which is just another way of saying that the sea is wet.

He can say more foolish things in passing a given point.

Things that would pass upon no creature that had reason.

Made me very much in doubt as to the state of his reason.

Whose mind is so empty, and at the same time so sparkling.

Such ideas savor more of the burlesque than of the sublime.

Trying to prove that a horsefly can do the work of a horse.

I felt as if I had fallen through a skylight into a nursery.

There are few who exhibit even momentary flashes of sanity.

Indulges a vast volume of verbose eloquence of the jazz brand.

With unrivalled eloquence he sawed off the limb on which he sat.

Alloys the truth of his statements with a good deal of nonsense.

Picked up that information at a night school or a barber college.

Had the language of a master, and the reasoning of a hod carrier.

You sound just like a tobacco auctioneer's bleating on the radio.

I'll admit I'm getting along in years, and don't know what fun is.

You might as well give me a lecture on the evils of righteousness.

Talking the most on those subjects about which they know the least.

That qualifying word "but" is generally the herald of some loophole.

He sounds like a gust of wind through a forest of gooseberry bushes.

Act as if they had not been more than five years out of the nursery.

Such frolicsome behavior may be better performed by other animals than men.

It's like the moon in a bucket of water—you see it, but it is not there.

Actions unbecoming any part of our life after we are out of our nurse's arms.

Trying to isolate two things which have never been separated from each other.

As inspiring and appropriate as fiddling the Arkansas Traveler in a mausoleum.

No sort of oratorical legerdemain can possibly alter this vast sovereign fact.

Whose pretensions to notice and fame are solely that they are noisy and frolicsome.

After having talked reason with older heads, one loves to talk nonsense with youth.

The most extraordinary compound of humors and fancies ever packed into a human skin.

Like interrupting the argument for the purpose of calling attention to a misspelled word.

Where those creatures get sun enough to make them such lively animals, and dull men, is beyond me.
 There are new wits who think they see things more truly because they stand on their heads to look at them.
 Those who do not know, and those who are rather careless of their speech, have been heard to state, affirm, publish and declare.
 It is but a specious and fantastic arrangement of words, by which he hopes to prove that a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse are one and the same thing.
 He has some fantastic scheme to change the tides of the ocean, and re-route the rivers, so they will run uphill instead of down to the sea.

25

ERROR

MISTAKE

WRONG

BLUNDER

DELUSION

Squint-eyed error.
 You are exactly wrong.
 Stop me, if I'm wrong.
 If I am wrong, sue me.
 If that is right, what is wrong?
 He is a bureau of misinformation.
 He is in for a lot of explaining.
 He is not only wrong, but wicked.
 He is sometimes right by accident.
 It is a favorite fiction with him.
 No one but the Pope is infallible.
 Contrary to what simpletons imagine.
 A beautiful woman can't make a mistake.
 He was just one hundred per cent wrong.
 She promptly stepped off in the deep end.
 Be sure you are wrong before you back up.
 Every man can be wrong, and he often is.
 Having so long continued in a known error.
 According to the light of his dark lantern.
 Went to a lot of trouble to be misinformed.
 How can they be blind to what is so obvious?
 I never found those facts in my encyclopædia.
 Opinions which have been contra-

dicted by the voice of the world.
 If I am wrong, it's the first time in my life.
 He has a habit of making a bad matter no better.
 He gets his information from men on soap boxes.
 He is always running the wrong way with the ball.
 Your fortune telling science is at fault for once.
 Whatever he is doing, you can bet he is doing it wrong.
 Error beats a sucking pig for creeping into tight places.
 That does not chime with history or contemporary evidence.
 I told him that once in his life he had been in the right.
 And so I suffered him to enjoy an uninterrupted ignorance.
 Ideas as twisted and corroded as an old piece of baling wire.
 He is always putting this and that together by the wrong end.
 Another fantastic scheme that cannot be sufficiently exposed.
 He may not have had his heart in it, but he got his foot in it.
 Revise their theories as fast as they are contradicted by facts.
 Made pleas of confession and avoidance, and especially avoidance.

His alibi was that it was the custom of all men that live in the world. You are not so wrong as he for the reason you haven't said as much. He gets his information at the Townsend Club, instead of getting it from me.

A man ought to be able to hug a delusion without becoming engaged to it. As a clock that stands still is sure to point right once every twelve hours.

26

PROOF

EVIDENCE

Luminous proof.
 Keep to the record.
 And the evidence is.
 An astonishing proof.
 Decisive corroboration.
 Incontestable evidence.
 Overwhelmed with proof.
 As irresistible as truth.
 Proved to a demonstration.
 Indisputable authenticity.
 He was shut up like a bite.
 An impressive demonstration.
 Forced its proof on skeptics.
 It is now being made manifest.
 Defied me to prove it legally.
 Proceed with the demonstration.
 Your testimony is inadmissible.
 History is replete with proofs of.
 Spun her thread of evidence double.
 The record is well nigh proof that.
 To convince is more than to conquer.
 For proof I refer you to exhibit "A".
 A calm perusal of the evidence shows.
 There are proverbs made for everybody.
 Those who mistake prejudice for evidence.
 It is impossible not to yield to evidence.
 Testimony of the same honorable character.
 An imposing mass of circumstantial evidence.

WITNESS

Falls far below the degree of proof required.
 It will not answer to take unbelief for proof.
 Gave 'em book, chapter, and verse for it all.
 Strong circumstantial evidence tending to show.
 Quoting history, law, and the constitution on me.
 Sneering detractors are stricken dumb by evidence.
 Probability is the chief corner stone of evidence.
 Satisfied the doubtful, and informed the ignorant.
 In wishing to prove everything, you prove nothing.
 Knocked a hole in his argument as big as Mt. Vesuvius.
 All who could observe or bear testimony on the subject.
 It is as evident as demonstration can make truth appear.
 If I were to be put on the witness stand I could prove.
 Will take something more persuasive than mere assertion.
 The proof of the fact lies upon the person who alleges it.
 I'll regard not what you shall say, but what you shall prove.
 I haven't made a statement that I can't go into court and prove.

REFUTE

To whom reasons light as air are confirmation strong as Holy Writ. Preeminently qualified to become competent witnesses in the matter. By this analysis he proves (to his own satisfaction, at any rate) that. Proof that is founded on no less than the evidence of a demonstration. The same incorrigible forefinger pointed out another passage in the evidence. If any further evidence were needed to show —, it would be found in this. If history were not at hand to prove this observation, it would be incredible that.

You could never convince me, for I tell you beforehand I do not wish to be convinced.

But the evidence was not so uniform in favor of these conclusions as to exclude any other.

If there are any such under the earth, or in the clouds, I wish they would come up, or come down, and testify.

She tried to persuade me that to believe one's eyes is a sure way to be deceived, and by no means to trust anything so fallible as my senses.

27

JUDGMENT

OPINION

NARROW

PREJUDICE

A fixed obsession.

A judicial opinion.

A digested opinion.

A shadowy impression.

Home-grown prejudices.

Invincible prejudices.

Being in bondage to prejudice.

Let's hear your two cents' worth.

There is no refuge from this result.

Too timid to stand up and be counted.

Let me be weighed in an even balance.

Exercises the finest discrimination.

You judge with your usual penetration.

Weighed in the nice scale of interest.

Through either incapacity or prejudice.

He spoke of it as a thing already decided.

I lean almost horizontally to the belief.

The opinion which I am about to pronounce.

Whose vision is not obscured by prejudice.

He has the perspective of a barn-yard fowl.

His convictions wobble from side to side.

A judgment formed in the eclipse of reason.

That's sound judgment and noticeable sense.

A thing he cherished as he did his own eyes.

He remained as firm and unmoved as a column.

So far as a man can be judged from a glimpse.

Those who form opinions without consideration.

Offhand, sight unseen, I had set him down as.

His opinions were as hardened as his arteries.

He is as unprejudiced as it is given men to be.

There's another man that has but one dimension.

The subject of which you ask my mighty opinion.

We might despair of knowing, but not of judging.

- From that judgment there is no court of appeals.
- My convictions were shaken to their foundations.
- Some minds are so open they can't hold anything.
- A prejudice too firmly rooted to be exterminated.
- That sounds like the reasonings of the prejudiced.
- Everyone made his guess, everyone gave his opinion.
- This always was, and this at present is, my judgment.
- Disposed of it, like a judge overruling an objection.
- Decide who shall go where, and which shall have what.
- The motion being made and the question put, we decided.
- It wouldn't take a blood test to tell what side he is on.
- In every circumstance we can be judged only by our equals.
- Since you make the whole thing depend upon my single voice.
- He thinks the holes in doughnuts are the wide open spaces.
- He feels what he doesn't want himself, nobody ought to want.
- I desire your opinion whether, upon the evidence before you, . . .
- His vision was obscured by the mists of sordid self-interest.
- Have you official proof of that, or is it just your opinion?
- He has concrete opinions — thoroughly mixed and permanently set.
- Everything would be all right if everyone would see things my way.
- Will have to be argued before the tribunal of other generations.
- If you will permit an amateur to express an opinion on the subject.
- Too well fixed in the popular mind to be removed by reason or appeal.

An opinion formed on the authority of a hod carrier, or a taxicab driver. When scientists disagree, the layman should hold no positive opinion at all.

Can no more hide their prejudices than a dog can hide the natural tone of his bark.

We will have to submit this cause in an atmosphere more suited to the discovery of truth.

The world isn't really against you — it doesn't have time to take sides in such struggles.

If I were to express my unexpurgated opinion of that, I fear you might think me a fanatic.

Among those tempted into a loose way of letting bad things alone, to take their own bad course.

He ought to put his opinion down in writing so posterity would have an accurate gauge of the disaster.

It is no small satisfaction to have the authority of the wise and the great for my opinions and practices.

Among those who have a loose belief that if the world is wrong, it was, in some offhand manner, never meant to go right.

The statement of his opinion had in it much emotion, but little citation or argument.

Her mind was cramped within a few axioms and prejudices and content to rest there.

28

BELIEF

ASSURANCE

UNBELIEF

DOUBT

CREDULITY

A dim doubt.
 Begets doubt.
 Uneasy doubts.
 A robust doubt.
 Lingered doubts.
 Gnawed by doubts.
 Suffocating doubt.
 Fragile assurance.
 Trustful credulity.
 An abiding reliance.
 Honest, where was I?
 Indulge with caution.
 Interrogate appearances.
 Those eager to be fooled.
 Faltered with misgivings.
 I don't believe it, quite.
 I tried to look convinced.
 We may take leave to doubt.
 I came, I saw, I concurred.
 As suspicious as a blackbird.
 Tell that again, more slowly.
 And how will that come to pass?
 Am willing to go to sleep on it.
 Doubts were lurking in his mind.
 With a noticeable show of doubt.
 All seemed unanimous in doubting.
 For downright idiotic superstition.
 I will never be brought to believe.
 He seemed in an obvious state of doubt.
 I have my private reasons for believing.
 He often said, and perhaps even believed.
 She was arguing rather than asserting it.
 If you believe that, you'll believe anything.
 Laudable distrust is the attribute of wisdom.
 I told him I was sorry I couldn't believe him.

Her face drained white with shock and disbelief.
 Can you bring a credible witness of your exploit?
 Have you any amendments to offer to that statement?
 There was a shadow of a suspicion in her countenance.
 All argument is against it, but all belief is for it.
 And to think I couldn't find that out, it is so simple.
 He is so given to suspicion he distrusts his own mother.
 If anyone believes that I do not know where he is hiding.
 Isn't that a departure from the ordinary course of nature?
 Swallowing like a starved pickarel the glittering lure of.
 He believes nothing but what it is his interest to believe.
 He is one of those skeptics who doesn't believe in anything.
 One of those men who believes nothing, and weighs everything.
 I am quite an infidel about it, and shall never be converted.
 He was suspected of not believing anything from the roof upward.
 She has to argue it constantly in order to keep herself convinced.
 He spoke of his conviction, without giving the date of his execution.
 They believe everything that is impossible, and nothing that is true.
 Faith is like the law of gravitation — you can't see it, but it works.
 I'll not believe it till a thousand people start saying the same thing.

As fantastic as a Hans C. Anderson story, which, as you know, was meant for children.

With your hand upon your conscience, tell me, how did this come to pass? I was in a state of confusion, and oscillating between two points, touched neither.

He doubted everything in a superior way, which is a great strength in the eyes of the weak.

To believe that requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense.

Without dreaming that it had a traceable origin any more than the solar system or the fixed stars.

It is impossible for him to admit the existence of any fact that has not come under his observation.

Having adopted the doctrine, like most men with a hobby, he was always looking for illustrations to support it.

We believe in ground hog day, the gold standard, and the Einstein Theory, but don't know much about any of them.

29

PESSIMIST

PESSIMIST

The forebodings of the gloomy.

It is always morning somewhere.

He is an incorrigible optimist.

They are burglar-alarm experts.

She is always a bird of ill omen.

He is always ringing the burglar alarm.

An optimist carried to the point of delirium.

Praises everybody for everything and nothing.

OPTIMIST

Always painted things in somber shades of gray.

Comments favorably on everybody and everything.

He calls himself an optimist; others call him a sucker.

I have a feeling that the world isn't going to dissolve.

He's an optimist— even the sky doesn't look blue to him.

He thinks the world is the lunatic asylum of the planets.

He thinks it would have been better if Columbus had never discovered America.

The optimist says his glass is half full; the pessimist says his is half empty.

A pessimist is a man who, when given the choice of two evils, takes both of them.

He is one of those men that would worry about the shortage of sand on the Sahara.

The pessimist can see the blow coming, but the optimist just feels it when it lands.

An optimist is a person that begins building a garage as soon as he buys a ticket in an auto raffle.

He thinks all the troublesome matters in the universe can be got rid of merely by saying, "phooie."

The world is sinking, and we might as well fold our arms, and listen to the band play "Nearer My God to Thee."

The pessimist believes that all women are bad; the optimist hopes that the pessimist is right.

I am an optimist — I dwell little on what I have missed, and more on what I have escaped.

The foolish optimist enjoys what he isn't going to get, while we smart pessimists can't enjoy what we already have.

30

KNOWLEDGE

WISDOM EDUCATION EXPERIENCE UNDERSTANDING

As keen as a gimlet.

I understand fluently.

He's as wise as Plato.

Stuffed with knowledge.

My, but you are a gulf.

You speak like Socrates.

Educated to a razor-edge.

Trying to look omniscient.

Even a bat could see that.

With age comes philosophy.

Feather-brained sophomores.

She is a desperate scholar.

Was like a candle in a cave.

Looking as wise as he could.

You almost know what I mean.

His head is screwed on tight.

A wide-glancing intelligence.

What you say is full of sense.

You talk like an encyclopædia.

He is a ready-made philosopher.

Imparts information painlessly.

Has the perspective of an eagle.

I caught it on the first bounce.

Let's hear from the brain trust.

With the wisdom of the Sanhedrin.

Wiser in speech than in practice.

I see it as plainly as I see you.

I didn't see, but I didn't say so.

I would recognize that wrapped up.

Finding them going out of my depth.

Gorged themselves with the subject.

He's as deep as the Atlantic Ocean.

He had just been let out of college.

Had codicils added to her education.

Shows an erudition beyond his years.

The sage lives contented with little.

Instructed by what she saw and heard.

Solomon could not have done it better.

It had been a distinct shock to learn.

He'll never wear his brain to the bone.

He has more degrees than a thermometer.

Got a diploma with a red necktie on it.

Every man's experience will inform him.

He has no dangerous amount of intellect.

Her wisdom had not grown with her years.

Even a spud could absorb some information.

A scholar whose phrases have blood in them.

My experience has put it beyond all dispute.

I'll listen to you as if you were an oracle.

I know it as well as I do the Lord's Prayer.

He knows all the stars by their first names.

He knows his cabbage from seed to sauerkraut.

He'll never carry a net out to catch the wind.

- He has a microscopic knowledge of the subject.
- Some people call it depth; I call it thickness.
- Remarks as refreshing as they are illuminating.
- She had been educated only as an object of sight.
- Your tutor doesn't know what he is tooting about.
- He can read and write on the very smallest scale.
- She is improving her mind — and it sure needs it.
- Has only a nodding acquaintance with the subject.
- When he was young he must have been bit by a fox.
- A head is reckoned none the wiser for being bald.
- I know that better than I do the Ten Commandments.
- That is what you think; now tell us what you know.
- He got his BA and MA, and now his PA supports him.
- He has a habit of insulting me with his knowledge.
- He was duly tinctured with the learning of his age.
- Understanding everything at the slightest reference.
- We do not grow wise as we grow old; we grow careful.
- Every one who thinks must have made this observation.
- He had the cunning advantages of a formal education.
- Information comes to his mind as easily as the light.
- A man whose wits have been sharpened on the classics.
- When the final coat of shellac has been administered.
- Wise men profit more by fools, than fools by wise men.
- Others may know their onions — she is chummy with hers.
- How, when, and where he could have acquired all he knows.
- There is something in his head besides sockets for teeth.
- This is a depth not to be sounded by human understanding.
- They sent him to college, trying to pry genius out of him.
- She is simple enough to believe that sense grows with age.
- Anybody with even a slight trace of brains, ought to know.
- A people can't think or reach God till they learn to read.
- Those who keep reason and authority over all their actions.
- Experience is what you get when looking for something else.
- Getting "A - plus" in calculus is easier than getting a job.
- She is a member of one of those Sigma High Fly Fraternities.
- His knowledge was a sort of veneer laid on by patient work.
- It did no more than diffuse a slight fog through his brain.
- I don't understand it. Nobody expects you to understand it.
- If he is a self-made man, he ought to be ashamed of himself.
- He is so narrow he thinks words can be spelled only his way.
- You can lead an ass to college, but you can't make him think.
- She is a member of one of those Epsilon Alfalfa Fraternities.
- Tell me what you learned in college — it'll take only a minute.
- The poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.
- Too many students are carrying two subjects, and dragging three.
- He got marks at school, but they were where they would not show.
- The man who couldn't see that couldn't see the holes in a ladder.
- They have changed the spelling of that word since I went to school.
- A rarefied intellect.
- Experience has told us.
- The knowledge of books and men.
- My shallow storehouse of learning.

He went to college, and then to the dogs.	in the earth, and in the sea.
One should take care not to grow too wise.	Well, I try to learn each day as much as I forget.
She is hardly improved in anything but bulk.	You ought to be able to learn when a dog can learn tricks.
Everything that was done in heaven,	A person who was long incarcerated in a college.

In his four years' detention in college, he saw much and read little. I shall ask no one to explain matters that I know better than anyone. He has just about as much intelligence as is needed at a given moment. He went to school just enough to learn how to stick labels on jam jars. Debating the old question, whether a man learns more by doing, or being done.

Good judgment comes from experience, and experience — well, that comes from poor judgment.

Here's something not generally recognized by the gum chewers of the nation.

I refuse to believe that a man is deep just because he is unintelligible. When in school he never learned his lessons, if he could possibly help it. It is impossible for those who have ears to hear and eyes to see, not to know.

He was so old before he got through school, visitors thought he was the janitor.

If he had five times as much education it would only add so much to his weight.

Pursuing that middle course which, according to Aristotle, is the path of wisdom.

If there is anything in the boy that makes the football team, they'll kick it out.

They let nothing deter them from learning something, so long as it is not educational.

Many a fellow who goes into college a smart alec, comes out a public nuisance.

There is a great deal of writing, a small amount of thinking, and almost no seeing at all.

They think if they can sign their names, that puts them in the class with the intellectuals.

He has just enough education to be too good to work, and not enough to get by without work.

He can tell the cause of the dark spots on the sun, but can't tell the cause of them on a blotter.

I cannot be persuaded into believing that it is something which my five senses tell me it is not.

Here's something that ought to be engraved deeply between the eyes, under the vault of the cranium.

A philosopher is a man who is trying to jolly himself into the belief that he is happy, though poor.

He will drop all further investigation here, on the ground that what he knows already is sufficient.

He discoursed about the mechanism of the universe with as much assurance as if he had created it.

It is a ridiculous education which does not qualify a man to make his best appearance before the greatest man and the finest woman.

Those whom the study and love of wisdom had fitted for divine conversation.

The soul is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labor and time to polish.

She should improve her mind, so she will have something left when she loses her shape.

31

SOPHISTICATION

A raw unthinking girl.

She knows her way about.

He is greener than an olive.

Say, do you play with blocks?

Technically, she's a good girl.

She, certainly, is nobody's relic.

He soon got his corners rubbed down.

I'm not yet old enough to be a fool.

She wears the enamel of sophistication.

He looked as if he had just come to town.

You should keep your illusions — if you can.

She seemed born with a full knowledge of life.

He got all his knowledge of women from hearsay.

She knows a lot more than her name and address.

Her mind was filled with unmatched pearls of wisdom.

Those who would not be thought ignorant of anything.

Can distinguish between a bird's nest and a bear trap.

At the time he thought celery was a floral decoration.

He got his spavin cured and his harness marks washed off.

She knew everything, and understood everything at a wink.

One of those who thinks walls are held together with honey.

He never gets out of sight of his mother, whose darling he is.

Has never been away from home further than just hollering distance.

He knew no more of the world than what a view of the map taught him.

Back in those times when I thought The Ukraine was a musical instrument.

If she is really no more than eighteen, she is the most knowing infant I have yet seen.

32

ODD

He's an odd number.

As eccentric as a comet.

Eccentric almost to insanity.

He has always been an odd fish.

He's funny — without being humorous.

And all because I do not hoot and
hollow and make a noise.
He was eccentric; he seemed to

love books better than pretty girls.
Every man must be singular, to be
what one would desire him.

33

SKILL

ABILITY

Fancied ability.
Unbearably smart.
As sharp as a trap.
Consummate finesse.
Shining endowments.
Feats of dexterity.
Inspired shrewdness.
Feats of legerdemain.
Dreary, fumbling duds.
Incomparable dexterity.
He's a deep-sea pirate.
As ingenious as a thief.
She's crazy — like a fox.
Flashed like a lighthouse.
As bright as a flashlight.
What a lot the child knows.
His talent borders on genius.
She is as bright as a button.
With the dexterity of a juggler.
The fox has discovered the snare.
He's as bright as a new milk pan.
She is neither beautiful nor dumb.
She begins where others leave off.
Most folks must swim with the
tide.
He has an I.Q. higher than Ein-
stein.
His ability requires a lot of space.
With no more initiative than an
echo.
Many mistake brazenness for
shrewdness.
He has the shrewdness of a wild
animal.
He hasn't the ingenuity of a cock-
roach.
If you're so smart, why aren't you
rich?
As smooth as oil flowing out of a
vessel.

TALENTS

SMART

BRIGHT

That's an exploit of the first mag-
nitude.
She has the general air of being
competent.
The fertilizing influence of mind
on mind.
I'll bet he couldn't set the house
on fire.
Can tell the world where, when,
what and how.
With the elegance of the master of
ceremonies.
If such are clever men, I'd rather
be an ass.
If she is half smart, or smart, say
as a goose.
One does not catch a fox twice in
the same hole.
Made two cockleburrs grow where
none grew before.
She has something in her head
besides dirty jokes.
My little friend, you are very smart
for your age.
An expert is someone who can
complicate simplicity.
If she is wild, I could wish my own
friends wilder.
He's not lucky, but skillful, which
is almost as good.
The longer you associate with me
the smarter you get.
He had the ability to make mole-
hills out of mountains.
He is the metropolitan replica of
the village smart Alec.
She did it, as if she had done noth-
ing else all her life.
If you should put him on his feet,
he'd just stand still.

He managed by his coolness and wit to keep himself afloat.	The bird that can sing, and won't sing, must be made to sing.
He is my equal before the law but not in any other respect.	She is an angel for sense, and the very reverse for cleverness.
She entertains the magnificent illusion that she is clever.	When I associate with fossils, I am sure to become a fossil too.
There are men of good sense and wit among all orders of men.	No man can come within ten feet of her without catching a spark.

He took the lemons of fate handed him, and started a lemonade stand. Rose as gracefully to the occasion as a goldfish to a bread crumb. The people of France are smart—even the children can speak French. He can name the presidents from Washington on down, without thinking. Not with the finesse of an artist, but with the barbarity of a butcher. She can read between the lines, but she can't read the lines themselves. Her reputation led me to anticipate something in the nature of a conjuror. He is a man who doesn't begin cutting before feeling the edge of his tools. I have noted one thing, when a man is among the clever he grows clever himself.

For genius and talent, at their birth, come into this world lean and shabby. No one is satisfied with his fortune, but every one is satisfied with his wit. It ought to be a misdemeanor to mention his name on the same day of the week.

A smart man is one who hasn't let a woman pin anything on him since he was a baby.

There is no need to spend money on fortune tellers, for you know things before they happen.

It's better to learn misconduct from a master than science and statistics from a hod carrier.

It was not the phosphorus from a glowworm—it was the spark from the torch of genius.

It's a marvel how so much genius could be corked down in such a little bottle as her body.

I thought it unlikely he should have such talent at twenty, which he affirmed his age to be.

One of those figures for whom the world instinctively makes way, as it would for a battering-ram.

If a thing is difficult to be accomplished by thyself, do not think that it is impossible for man.

At first I thought myself a fool for not seeing his ability, but later I decided that he was the fool.

To win without work, to score without effort, and to amaze and delight without premeditation, is given to few.

If he is a talented man, he conceals it so well that you would suppose him to be one of the stupidest dogs alive.

When anyone, be he a college graduate or otherwise, begins to introduce evidence intended to show that he is smarter than I am, then both of us are wasting time.

34

IGNORANCE

DUMB

Feeble ignition.
A limping brain.
A mental torpor.
He's a dim bulb.
Notoriously dumb.
An ossified brain.
Callous ignorance.
Ostrich stupidity.
Offhand stupidity.
Refreshingly dumb.
A leaden ignominious.
Unheeding dumbness.
Intellectual palsy.
Ponderous ignorance.
Incurable stupidity.
Impenetrably obtuse.
Delightfully stupid.
Promising stupidity.
A halting mentality.
A misinformed idiot.
A lifeless blockhead.
Prematurely ignorant.
Lamentable ignorance.
An undeveloped skull.
Slender intelligence.
Desolating stupidity.
A wavering intellect.
A well-meaning idiot.
Diversified ignorance.
Undisputed blockheads.
A self-ignorant person.
Casehardened stupidity.
A paragon of stupidity.
He's a blank cartridge.
Living in a mental fog.
Bursting with ignorance.
Slumbering intelligence.
A self-taught ignoramus.
An impenetrable blockhead.
Rudimentary intelligence.
As ignorant as an infant.
Scatterbrained ignorance.
He's as hollow as a drum.
Such an appalling vacancy.
Returned to consciousness.

STUPID

He is gum from his chin up.
He's as hollow as a coffin.
As stupid as an honest man.
He is as blind as an umpire.
She has the brain of a bird.
He has a muscle-bound brain.
He's little more than an animal.
He is as stupid as a rhinoceros.
Once a dumbbell, always a dumbbell.
He has a head like a billiard ball.
He can't say much without repeating.
As empty as a homeward-bound hearse.
She hasn't the sense of a guinea hen.
As empty-headed as the Liberty Bell.
A dazed mind in his whole head of hair.
He knows his business, but that is all.
He knows no more than the dead about it.
He knows hardly enough to blow his nose.
He may learn how, by the time he is 108.
She has a sharp nose and an obtuse mind.
He could scarce tell a horse from a mule.
He couldn't tell how many feet a cat has.
Living in a state of voluntary ignorance.
A head taller, and several heads thicker.
He has to be told at least once every day.
Required so much room to catch an idea in.
I found him nothing more than a mere echo.

- How can they tell when he is unconscious?
- He can't see the point, without a diagram.
- He doesn't know straight-up from sideways.
- It's so simple, even you can understand it.
- Scorning everything they do not understand.
- In perfect satisfaction with his ignorance.
- Utterly ignorant of Plato and the Pleiades.
- He looks dumb, and it is not a pose, either.
- He has to repeat everything over to himself.
- He couldn't tell who wrote Scott's Emulsion.
- That's another case of arrested development.
- He has but one idea, and that is a wrong one.
- He knows no more about it than a clairvoyant.
- He hasn't brains enough to misunderstand you.
- He knows just enough to get out of your road.
- You don't look it, but possibly you can read.
- I would say he is something short of Socrates.
- He acts as if he were studying to be an idiot.
- Was exposed to education, but it did not take.
- A deplorable degree of stupidity and ignorance.
- Of what use is ignorance, if you can't show it?
- He didn't know who Jehovah was, or what he did.
- Talking to him is like talking to an empty hall.
- I know less about it than I do about Santa Claus.
- He can't tell a flywheel from one standing still.
- His education, like radio, is still in its infancy.
- I wonder whether he is still fat, dumb, and happy.
- His head was closed up; no ideas circulated in it.
- He can see no farther than a man in a rumble seat.
- Nothing ever passes through his head but a breeze.
- He is so dumb he thinks Sing Sing is a bird house.
- One of those who is smarter at five than ever after.
- Trying to teach him is like beating on an empty tub.
- Knows as little about it as of the Kingdom of Heaven.
- He has a marvelous way of concealing his intelligence.
- So dumb, he couldn't tell the answer by looking at it.
- She couldn't tell what state Hoboken, New Jersey, is in.
- His mind is not to be impressed without much repetition.
- He has no more idea of that than I have of trigonometry.
- When he gets money, he does not know what to do with it.
- It takes an operation to get information to some people.
- He is so dumb, he thinks a silo is a musical instrument.
- He doesn't know enough to ache when kicked on the shins.
- I guess I will have to write you a letter explaining it.
- He calls everything odd that is beyond his comprehension.
- He is so dumb, he thinks alfalfa is a new kind of breakfast food.
- Ordinarily it would take two people to be as dumb as he is.
- Nature has done for her more than she has done for herself.
- He has a forehead about half as high as his teeth are long.
- He could not tell whether to spell bull with two b's or one.

A man who resembles an echo—
repeating simply what he hears.

She seems not to know how many
fingers she's got on her hand.

He is one of those who knows least,
and thinks he knows most.

He is so ignorant you can't talk to
him without an interpreter.

He thinks a philanderer is a person
who gives money to charity.

He is so dumb he thinks Alpha and
Omega is the style of a firm.

He thinks inflation refers to the
science of filling a balloon.

He has one of those heads to which
all fermentation is unknown.

He is so dumb he could not tell
how many feet went in one boot.

Listening to him is like being slain
with the jawbone of an ass.

It doesn't take long to squeeze all
the juice out of that lemon.

Why does he waste his time study-
ing something that takes brains?

They do it just to relieve themselves
of the fatigue of thinking.

He couldn't make a grade of 50 in
a mental I.Q. without cheating.

A mild goofiness.

Knee-deep in ignorance.

Such polarized illiteracy.

This long fit of stupidity.

He has the outlook of a mole.

Such an inflexible stupidity.

As dumb as a dish of kraut.

It isn't easy to be so stupid.

Another case of delayed
adolescence.

About as smart as a bunch of
penguins.

He has a great unrecognized in-
capacity.

He is as open as sunlight, and as
empty.

He never takes any intellectual
vitamins.

He is dumb, almost to the point of
numbness.

He is so ignorant that he thinks he
is good.

I'd have to give her time to decode
what I say.

He couldn't tell when the War of
1812 was fought.

One lovable trait about him is that
he never learns.

He doesn't know which Roosevelt
carried a big stick.

She is so dumb she thinks a cri-sis
is a weeping sister.

He went to the university — not to
study, but to be studied.

He has a vocabulary of One Thou-
sand words, and one idea.

When in the fifth grade he was
voted the most likely to stay there.

She is so dumb, she thinks Sodom and Gomorrah were husband and wife.
You have to talk to him in words of one syllable so he can understand.
He has a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one.
The only way to get information under his hide is to use an hypodermic.
He is so dumb, he can't read a timetable without sending for an expert.
A kind of vegetable happiness, without mental exertion or responsibility.
He doesn't know the difference between an hydraulic ram and an Angora
Goat.

She is so dumb, she thinks a revenue cutter is another name for a
Democrat.

He'd have to think awhile before he could decide whether it was night
or day.

He never had been taught much more than to know his right hand from
his left.

She has too many wrinkles in her face, and too few convolutions in her
brain.

I thoroughly explored his mind, and I give you my word — there is nothing there.
 He does not see more clearly into the present than others do into the future.
 He has to hold his finger over one ear so the thought doesn't blow on through.
 A forehead so narrow as to convey the impression that there was not much in it.
 He is so dumb, Binet wouldn't consider it worth while to give him an intelligence test.
 She didn't know whether to remain silent and seem dumb, or to speak out and remove all doubt.
 He doesn't know anything more about that than about what Mahatma Ghandi is trying to do.
 He doesn't know the difference between the Sextette from Lucia and the Quintuplets from Canada.
 He couldn't tell the name of the man who betrayed Jesus without referring to an encyclopaedia.
 A blood test would be needed to determine whether he belonged to the animal or the vegetable kingdom.
 He is so dumb, if he were sent out to plant corn he wouldn't know which end of the ear to put in the ground.
 Those who scarce show the first glimmerings of reason, and seem to have few ideas above those of sense and appetite.
 When he dies they should send his head to a surgical clinic so that the students might learn, from actual measurement, just how thick a skull can actually become.
 It would be a waste of time and money for him to hire a stenographer to take down his thoughts, so that his wisdom might be preserved for the edification of posterity.
 He can't count blocks, or tell a square from a circle, or tell which way an arrow is pointing.
 She can't hear well, she can't speak much, and she can't think at all.
 It's a matter of great curiosity to me how he went about it to get so dumb.
 He never opens his mouth without subtracting from the sum of human knowledge.
 As soon as she got through high school, she quit trying to develop her mind.
 He does not know the difference between the League of Nations and Half a League Onward.
 He was dressed like a gentleman, and had a hard name that sounded something like stupidity.

35

FOOL

BLOCKHEAD

GREENHORN

GOOSE

SUCKER

A marathon sucker.

A registered bonehead.

A stately simpleton.

An accredited damphool.

She sure was a gosling.
 This idiot born of idiots.
 Swallowed it hook and ladder.
 The wittings come in clusters.
 As batty as a barn at twilight.
 He was taken in like a schoolboy.
 He is sure no relation of Solomon.
 I wonder where he got shellshocked.
 Was blindfolded and backed into it.
 I was a stranger, and he took me in.
 She has no more brains than a
 goose.
 Wise men hesitate; fools are certain.
 His warm coat covers the hide of
 an ass.
 It was just a form of insanity, I
 guess.
 The door was open, and I walked
 right in.
 He's nothing but a sheep for the
 shearers.
 He felt as if he had been trimmed
 with an ax.
 The poor fish swallowed the bait on
 the hook.
 Grabbed one of those fly-by-night
 propositions.
 You can't sell me a gold brick —
 I've bought mine.
 A few degrees above the mind of
 a congenital idiot.
 The fools are not all dead — some
 are not even sick.
 Always ready to come into the trap
 for their cheese.

At best that game is a gamble; at
 the worst a swindle.
 She brought it down on her own
 head and permanent wave.
 He is always going to, or coming
 from, a wild goose chase.
 Man is the only animal that can be
 skinned more than once.
 He soon found he had placed his
 money in the sinking fund.
 I am an old wolf, and a sheep shall
 not make a fool of me.
 Both had wings — one like an an-
 gel, the other like a goose.
 She has a pretty big dash of the
 donkey in her composition.
 He is one of those birds you could
 sell the Lincoln Highway.
 There is a bird who is always feed-
 ing his money to wildcats.
 You can't learn much listening to
 an old crocodile like him.
 If he had twice as much sense he'd
 be no more than a half-wit.
 When I came for my cheese I found
 it was only bait for a trap.
 No one ever made a fool out of him
 — he did it all by himself.
 A fool has one advantage of a wise
 man — he has such a thick hide.
 He didn't make a sucker out of me
 — he just proved it, that's all.
 He did not expand his fortune this
 way, but he did his experience.
 He'll never get to the bottom of
 things till he gets in his grave.

A fool may happen to know more on a particular subject than a wise man.
 Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a jackass is of a man's own making.
 The wicked and fools both get paid in the end, but fools get paid first.
 You can fool even me, if I'm far enough away from the hat and the rabbit.
 Suppose I did make an ass of myself, are there not others that heehaw too?
 For if it is possible to do a foolish thing, and it generally is, he is sure
 to do it.

He is one of those yokels who could be induced to make a down payment
 on the Union Station.
 The difference between a Smart Alec and a Damphool is that the former
 hasn't made the discovery yet.
 Many who get in on the ground floor later find it would have been better
 had they got in a little higher up.

Now, a baby is born in this country every thirty seconds — this fact shows how the country has grown since Barnum's day.

Some people are always trying to get something for nothing, and the investments we have made convince us they are often successful.

I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and suckers, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food.

36

MEMORY

REMEMBER

RECOLLECTION

FORGET

A lazy memory.

Scratch it out.

Prompt memories.

A haunting memory.

Dim recollections.

An abiding memory.

A corrosive memory.

A tenacious memory.

An irritating memory.

Blurred recollections.

Harrowing recollections.

Indelible recollections.

Slumbering recollections.

Noted it down in my memory.

His memory is photographic.

Probes the deeps of memory.

Hordes of unlovely memories.

Dwell strongly upon my imagination.

He has a memory like a phonograph.

That stuck like a burr in my mind.

The memory of it distilled a tear.

Preserved religiously in my memory.

Your memory is what you forget with.

He has no more memory than a mirror.

Memories of those long vanished days.

Is not easily worn out of the memory.

I can remember just like an elephant.

Has long since faded out of my memory.

Fast perishing out of my recollection.

Forgetting, or perhaps not forgetting.

His words left no residue in my memory.

Men who are oppressed do not look back.

I cannot without pleasure call to mind.

I shall dismiss from my mind that memory.

It will be in my memory to the last hour.

Forgets it, like a woman forgets her age.

Have been pretty well worn out of the mind.

It has been running in my head like a tune.

These are the wings that brought them back.

That memory was blown away without a trace.

I'll never forget it while my life remains.

Since then it has been laid up in my memory.

Throw your memory in reverse, and forget it.

Recollections that still stick in my memory.

Recollecting what I did not want to remember.

The whole affair shall be buried in oblivion.

Reviewing memories amassed in that long time.	I remember it as clearly as what happened only yesterday.
Anyone with a memory of more than a few hours.	Disturbed the slumbering echoes in the caverns of memory.
Stuck in my memory like a sand burr to a sheep.	Calling those things to mind, and ranging them in a row.
I'll not forget you — I'll make a memorandum of it.	My mind could not go by and leave it, like my body did.
I will give it to you, as it dwells upon my memory.	A thousand memories that had been effaced came back to me.
Such vague memories hang about the mind like cobwebs.	I had not forgotten it, only I re- membered nothing about it.
Memory was busy opening doors I thought I had locked.	Such an impression as it was im- possible for time to efface.
I'll remember that as long as I re- member the daylight.	She employs her fingers so as to keep her brains from working.

Those impressions long remained fresh, and working in my memory.
 Nothing that would come back to you as you're climbing into bed.
 The voice, the words, the looks of our friends, now out of sight.
 That incident was gone from my memory, as if it had put on skates.
 She had set down in her memory observations which I had forgotten.
 Then I saw, as though all the intervening time had been cancelled.
 I remember that beautiful action, as fresh as if it were yesterday.
 Recalling everything, even to the minutest trace left in my memory.
 One of the chief qualities in a diplomat is to know when to forget.
 Let me remember how it used to be, and bring one morning back again.
 I do not recall it, but see it done; for it happens again before me.
 He was silent for a few moments, as if to classify his recollections.
 I again see and hear, rather than remember, so vivid is the recollection.
 Looking back through the intervening years as if I were looking at a fire.
 She was not thinking; her mind was not wandering through either mem-
 ories or hopes.
 I often call upon memory to relate the several incidents and circumstances
 I then enjoyed.

37

FORESIGHT

PROPHECY HOPE EXPECTATION FOREBODINGS

Dim forebodings.	Saucer-eyed expectation.
An evergreen hope.	Goggle-eyed expectation.
Somber forebodings.	The inexplicable sunrise of hope.
I'm not a Jeremiah.	Declared by one set of astrologers.
Cat-like expectancy.	Her verbs deal only with the future.
A somber presentiment.	Coming events cast their shadows before.
Intangible forebodings.	When you lose your hope that is the end.
Dreary prognostications.	

He sees the handwriting on the bill-Though he wears glasses, he can't
board. see one minute ahead.
He zigzags between hope and ap- Like all who expect too much, he
prehension. is revolted too easily.
Prophecies filled with leaden pre- Hope is the last thing extinguished
monitions. in the heart of man.
But always hope runs in advance of Most of us look no further ahead
expectation. than next Saturday night.
I'm not a crystal gazer, nor a minor I'm not a prophet — in fact, my wife
prophet, either. says I'm a total loss.
Neither palmist nor astrologer can see the coming man.

The knowledge of the future might perhaps only embitter the present.
We hope, because hope exists in man, and never abandons him till he dies.

We accomplish little without thought, less without work, and nothing without hope.

Many get a thing as history; some get it as news; a few see it coming in the distance.

He can cut the veil of the future as easily as the rest of the world cuts cheese.
cheese.

36

IMAGINATION

DREAM

FANCY

REVERIE

AIR CASTLE

An idle fancy.		A mere shadow melting into thin air.
Formless dreams.		One of my vague and fugitive projects.
A frenzied dream.		Dreams are the moonshine of the brain.
On wings of gauze.		Have I called you down from the stars?
A thick imagination.		I bid farewell to my beautiful reveries.
A fertile imagination.		A dream may mean whatever comes after it.
A working imagination.		It had been no more than a faint rainbow.
A spawning imagination.		I cannot, by any stretch of fancy, imagine.
Haunts her imagination.		Projects lost in the distance of the future.
I had a dream in English.		He is a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake.
The extravagance of dreams.		You can't live on mush and look for strong teeth.
A Shakespearian imagination.		
Like the marvels of a dream.		
Were still dreams undreamed.		
He's all sail and no ballast.		
He has a fruitful imagination.		
He rode his imagination bare-backed.		
The luminous architecture of dreams.		
It was a specter in his imagination.		

Pulling on his spectacles to assist his imagination.	Paid more attention to the clouds than passing events.
Has such wild, unaccountable ravings of imagination.	An idea that floated as yet in the limbo of things unborn.
To know is nothing at all; to imagine is everything.	I dreamed, without the previous ceremony of going to sleep.
My books become blank paper and my friends intruders.	He lives in a castle—not a baronial castle, but an air castle.
Those airy dreams of youth, incapable of realization.	He was either thinking, dreaming, or sleeping with his eyes open.

So rapid is the progress of our dreams upon the wings of imagination. What is more charming than to dream while walking over a lonely road? He was always planning to excavate the gold at the end of the rainbow. With the air of an absent man, listening to the murmuring of a cascade. And with closed eyes, he commenced the construction of an air castle of his own.

They have taken the fairy stuff out of my construction, and traded me the truth for it.

Save your nickels, so you'll have something to eat when you get to the end of the rainbow.

His book, he kept open before him at one place, as if he were learning something by heart.

It was the idlest of fancies, and soon rose out of my reach and sight, like gossamer floating in the air.

Whose imagination could travel over the fertile plains of India, soar on the wings of demons above desert spaces, or skim the surface of the seas.

39

SIGHT

LOOK

EYE

STARE

GLANCE

A roving glance.

A poisonous look.

A searing glance.

A furtive glance.

A piercing glance.

An unfocused stare.

A lingering glance.

Leering at me like a mask.

His glance was like a gimlet.

She has an eye like a needle.

I can see like an astronomer.

A sight that will amuse the eye.

He has an eye like a new potato.

With a look keener than a javelin.

Lurking behind a pair of spectacles.

I'll see it if I have to see it on stilts.

With that peculiar glance which

God has given to eagles and to kings.

Her glance was as cold and sharp as a sword.

Had an eye that would turn your pockets inside out.

He seemed to be looking at something through the wall.

Her eyes betrayed serenades, ambuscades, and escapades.

I was not looking your way, but I was thinking your way.

As an auctioneer might look at it to appraise its value.

Looking into the distance as if the eye were measuring it.

A glance that flashed and died out like the sparkle of a diamond.

40

SMELL

ODOR

FRAGRANT

PERFUME

Filthy perfumes.
 Dewy fragrance.
 Inquiring nostrils.
 Reeking of mould and manure.
 A rose by any name would smell.
 When a camel smells, it smells.
 Stank like a dead fish in August.
 It smelled as strong as limburger.
 As pungent as the odor of sandal-wood.
 It smelled like a ten horsepower pipe.

The Arab smells bad, and likes to smell that way.
 A perfume arose to salute his nostrils.
 An odor beside which apple blossoms would stink.
 A duck pond you could smell from the railroad tracks.
 You cut out garlic — I can chin myself on your breath.
 Eating onions will give a glow to the skin — and also to the breath.

41

TOUCH

HOT

COLD

HARD

SOFT

The noontide heat.
 As cool as a fountain.
 I'm as hot as a flame.
 I'm as hot as mustard.
 It is as hot as an oven.
 As hot as a prairie fire.
 As hard as a cannon ball.
 It was as cold as a well.
 I'm as hot as a pepper pod.
 As impenetrable as granite.
 I'm so hot I'm burning down.

As soft as a green crab apple.
 My feet are as cold as a dog's.
 They had a fire fit to roast an ox.
 The heat was enough to annoy a stoker.
 Enough of frost to set the breath a-smoking.
 Harder than if it had been made of mortar.
 I'm so hot I'm about to disintegrate into a puddle.

42

SHINE

FLASH

BRIGHT

GLARE

Shone like a meteor.
 Flashed like a lighthouse.
 As radiant as a carbuncle.
 Shines like a trained seal.
 More sparkling than a mirror.
 Gleamed like a Christmas tree.
 Shone like ripples in the sun.
 Glistened like a summer night.

Glittered like fish in the net.
 Glared like a forge in the dark.
 Glittered like the morning star.
 The place was lit up like Coney Island.
 It was lit up like a church on Christmas Eve.

43

COLOR

Artillery red.
 Band-wagon gold.
 Fire-engine red.
 Butcher shop reds.
 As rosy as the sunrise.
 As black as a mulberry.
 A beautiful sirloin red.

It was as red as a tomato
 As brown as a parched coffee berry.
 It had as much color as the Aurora
 Borealis.
 Colors, as delicate as the rainbow
 on the melting clouds.
 The architect of the universe splash-
 ing the landscape with color.

44

SOUND

HEAR

LOUD

NOISE

ECHOES

A giddy uproar.
 Riotous clamor.
 Deafening echoes.
 Impetuous clamor.
 A diabolical noise.
 Voices cut the tumult.
 As stormy as a multitude.
 Flaming, roaring, crashing.
 Like the clang of sheet iron.
 As noisy as a boiler factory.
 I can hear like an Osage Indian.
 It sounded like a drunkard's snore.
 It sounded like a whoop from hell.
 The clashing, joyous peals of bells.
 She is as deaf as a sack of charcoal.
 The noise they made wasn't a
 whisper.
 Loud enough to be heard in the
 skies.
 It sounded like somebody filing
 glass.
 He could be heard nine precincts
 away.
 It was like the voice of a great
 organ.
 Could be heard, like rain in the
 night.
 On his ear boomed the murmur of
 thousands.
 A bang that sounded like the end
 of the world.

The first impulse of nature is to
 utter a cry.
 As noisy as a train coming into
 Union Station.
 It sounds as if London Bridge were
 falling down.
 Blowing his nose till it sounded
 like a trumpet.
 He could hardly hear himself with-
 out a megaphone.
 A noise that was louder than the
 burst of a cannon.
 A crash as though the gods had
 shattered the heavens.
 It was like an explosion of hell in
 the midst of dawn.
 It was so noisy you couldn't hear
 a coupling pin drop.
 Sounded as terrible as the trumpet
 of the Judgment Day.
 It could be heard as far away as
 the Continental Divide.
 A blast that would shake the
 wrinkles out of the Rockies.
 We never make so much noise as
 when we wish to be silent.
 Like the dull tapping of a wood-
 pecker, boring for his prey.
 It sounded like a dray horse pulling
 his feet out of the mud.
 Like the vague intermittent clatter
 of a dilatory typewriter.

Like the cries of shipwrecked men
amid the tumult of a tempest.
Amidst an uproar that would make

the Speaker of Congress giddy.
Take me to a boiler factory so I can
get a little rest and quiet.

A tumult that would have made the battle of the Marne sound like a
popgun.

It sounded like the branches of the forest when the winds of heaven
penetrate it.

A noise, compared with which the roaring of cannon would be an ordinary
lullaby.

He shut his eyes that he might not see, but he had forgotten to shut his
ears that he might not hear.

I have often lamented that I cannot close my ears with as much ease as
I can my eyes.

45

SILENCE

QUIET

A thin whisper.

As mum as a fish.

A midnight stillness.

A haunting stillness.

As silent as a shadow.

As silent as a convent.

As quiet as a sepulcher.

As quiet as a monastery.

As still as a mausoleum.

As silent as a graveyard.

As quiet as closing your eyes.

As silent as the night is dark.

Moving as noiselessly as a ghost.

As silent as holding your breath.

As quiet as a convention of
mummies.

As quiet as a sleigh bell in August.

She came in as silently as a shadow.

As quietly as a thermometer goes
up.

As silent as a sunset in a clear day.

As quietly as the sunshine comes
out.

Moves about as silently as the light.

Silence had re-established its
empire.

STILL

Holding her breath and walking on
tiptoe.

As quiet as an old rat asleep in his
hole.

He walked as softly as the ghost
in Hamlet.

Fearful lest her step should awaken
an echo.

Without making any more noise
than a breath.

The absolute silence of the inter-
stellar space.

The room became as still as though
it had been empty.

It is so quiet and silent I can hear
the dust settling.

Without making more noise than a
dry leaf in the autumn.

With as little noise as a butterfly
alighting upon a flower.

He lives there as quietly as if he
were a hundred miles off.

Whoever was in the house kept
deadly still, and must have held
his breath.

46

MUSIC

HARMONY

DISCORD

SING

JAZZ

Jass maniacs.
 Leprous lyrics.
 Mangy melodies.
 Choirs of birds.
 Poisonous rhythm.
 Slobbering songs.
 A jingling piano.
 A ghastly refrain.
 A tuneless concert.
 A gruesome melody.
 A tumult of bells.
 Transporting airs.
 A moonlight sonata.
 Bing-bango melodies.
 Captivating strains.
 Spavined syncopation.
 A nocturnal serenade.
 A whang-bang orchestra.
 Inexpressibly melodious.
 She sings like an oriole.
 An aviary of nightingales.
 She's a yell known soprano.
 He'd make a good train caller.
 Her squeaky voice needs oiling.
 She has a throat like a thrush.
 It was a Saint Vitus jazz band.
 The whine of the cafe orchestra.
 Has a voice like a Kansas coyote.
 They were seesawing on jazz music.
 Those bang, bang, oink, oink noises.
 He could charm a bird out of a tree.
 If that is music, then what is noise?
 Sounds like a lost soul in a tree top.
 He molests a piano in a scandalous way.
 It ought to be made a felony to yodel.
 It was a popular song, until she sang it.
 I would rather listen to hounds barking.
 Adds to the animation if not the harmony.
 One of those sobbing, braying orchestras.

I would sing, only you all look so happy.
 The musician who invented swing ought to.
 It sounds just like a large scale cat-fight.
 Sounded like tin trumpets and untuned banjos.
 It was like the evening clang of church bells.
 He has that worn out trick of singing off key.
 A miserable concatenation of noise and nonsense.
 She ought not to sing without warning the public.
 It sounds like two cats yodeling in the moonlight.
 If her voice is a gift, she ought to give it back.
 She thinks the whole city is still when she sings.
 It sounded like a fingernail scraping on rusty tin.
 People don't marry crooners — they just divorce them.
 It sounded like the caterwauling of a cat in a gutter.
 The murmur of a country brook is more agreeable music.
 Gives the same effect as six pigs caught under a fence.
 He played the piano as a good piano wants to be played.
 I never learned to play anything except tunes on a comb.
 He became a saxophone player — no harm meant, of course.
 She sings like a sailor — she strikes so many high seas.
 Her voice sounds like the elevated going around a curve.
 He can't distinguish between adaptation and annihilation.

It is very difficult to make an honest woman out of jazz.

If she is a finished singer, I'd like to know who did it.

The worst singer that ever pumped air through his larynx.

If she has a voice like a bird, then it must be a buzzard.

Music is the language of the soul, and jazz its profanity.

I'd rather listen to a cricket obligato on a summer night.

Jazz music is just a series of toots, tinkles and crashes.

One of those to whom music is a mere matter of horsepower.

That may have been played by re-

They were singing a duet—I guess they were hurrying to get through. Before she reaches high C her voice invariably goes into a tail spin. I can scarcely refrain from howling like a dog when I hear that stuff. It resembled nothing so much as the singing of bullfrogs in the spring. The worst music that ever tortured the ears and jangled the nerves of man. Which raises the mind above itself, and makes the sounds more than human.

If a donkey sets to work to sing, you're pretty sure what the tune will be. He plays the saxophone for his own amusement, and the neighbors' amazement.

To find out what hell is like all you have to do is to listen to her sing. The harmony was increased now and then by the rattle of a passing street car.

If you ask me what I think of the singer's execution, I'll say, I'm in favor of it.

A kind of music that affords an entertainment very little above the rattles of children.

They seem to think that nothing is capable of being well set to music that is not nonsense.

He reminds me of the countryman who described his nightingale as a sound, and nothing but a sound.

The trouble with a jazz orchestra is, you can't tell when it changes tunes, except by the length of the rest.

Another thing I marvel at—why singers in Grand Opera finish at the same time when they have been singing different tunes.

Like those musical vibrations which take possession of us with a rhythmic empire that no sooner ceases than we desire it to begin again.

quest, but it wasn't my request.

I would rather listen to the noise that comes from the clouds.

He didn't play The One Man Band — and that surely is something.

I would rather hear my wife growl than to hear that woman sing.

A blaring finale, sufficient to give one concussion of the brain.

If that is a concert, then why shouldn't what I say be a lecture?

When she sings, her voice reminds you of a peanut roaster whistle.

I would rather listen to someone keeping time on a row of skillets.

For the sake of novelty she ought to sing the notes he plays.

FEELINGS

EMOTION	ENTHUSIASM	TEMPER	DISPOSITION
UNEMOTIONAL	EXCITEMENT		TEMPERAMENT
	AFFECTIONS		

Subdue yourself.
 Radiantly willing.
 Emotional goulash.
 Frantic enthusiasm.
 Inflammatory minds.
 Theatrical emotion.
 Frenzied eagerness.
 Calloused feelings.
 An internal shiver.
 Bubbling eagerness.
 Feverish excitement.
 A heedless delirium.
 A flaming enthusiasm.
 Shallow excitability.
 Synthetic excitement.
 Breathless eagerness.
 A touch of dizziness.
 Blazing like a flame.
 Numb to all emotions.
 A hair-trigger temper.
 A lather of enthusiasm.
 Evangelical enthusiasm.
 A passionate readiness.
 An inflammatory female.
 Fiddle string tautness.
 Soft-shelled affections.
 Casehardened affections.
 An airedale disposition.
 She's as quick as powder.
 Electrified by pageantry.
 Enthusiasm is contagious.
 Lachrymose sentimentality.
 It gave me a racing pulse.
 His enthusiasm jelled.
 An unrestrained exhibition.
 In a flutter like a canary.
 A soul crowded with emotions.
 Declared with a divine fervor.
 As emotional as a roman candle.
 Vibrant with girlish freshness.
 A face as red as a ripe tomato.
 It made his heart beat out loud.

Almost staggered with agitation.
 His speech was like an eruption.
 She has an explosive personality.
 Who started ringing those bells?
 As enthusiastic as an evangelist.
 That's nothing to get drunk over.
 The impetuous enthusiasm of youth.
 My heart was beating like a clock.
 She trembled like a snared swallow.
 He caught fire like a thatched roof.
 Quivering with repressed excitement.
 He had to be put in a strait-jacket.
 Gesticulating with his hands and feet.
 She has a lot of pepper in her system.
 Trembled like the strings of a violin.
 It was not enthusiasm, it was delirium.
 An amusing display of delirium tremens.
 He is as hard and cold as a capitalist.
 That gave me a catch in the breast-bone.
 You had your heart disease for nothing.
 As exciting as a game of mumblety-peg.
 I'd just as soon go over to see grandma.
 It rings bells, and even fires off cannon.
 Excited as a rabbit in the hunting season.
 So completely did emotion eclipse thought.
 Where there is no heart there is no brain.
 Her veins seem to run cold with ice water.

As excited as if her clothes were
 on fire.
 He seemed to be suffering from
 hydrophobia.
 Sobbed over by soft-shelled senti-
 mentalists.
 She is made of bone, and buckskin,
 and fire.
 Her feelings were legible in her
 countenance.
 He is all fire and smoke, and noth-
 ing inside.
 Here's something that will quicken
 your pulse.
 Cannot escape the contagion of his
 confidence.
 She has a heart of dry-ice.
 She has the manner of a con-
 spirator.
 He ought to be ticketed for burial.
 She came in like an incendiary
 bomb.
 I wonder what vitamins she's
 taking.
 My enthusiasm sagged 'way down
 to here.
 As unemotional as a show window
 dummy.
 She has the secret of perpetual
 emotion.
 It would take a world war to sub-
 due him.
 She stands combustible and ready
 to flame.
 She has about as much expression
 as an Idaho potato.
 His breath was as short as his legs
 were long.
 Wherever she goes she takes a case
 of dynamite.
 An impassive countenance, inartic-
 ulate and dumb.
 Has a soul easy to move, but dif-
 ficult to break.
 The pulse of his temples beat like
 trip hammers.
 She should have more repose, and
 less Rigoletto.
 I suppose I talked—I heard my
 voice sometimes.
 She was little more than an in-
 offensive and industrious shadow.
 My heart beat till I thought it
 would break a rib.
 If you have a heart one degree
 softer than a stone.
 It was the worst outburst of delirium
 I ever heard.
 His heart beat till it wore a hole in
 his undershirt.
 He acted just as if he were going
 to have quintuplets.
 It will be long ere thought and
 fancy sink to rest again.
 What am I supposed to do—run
 a temperature, or something?
 My heart was beating like a drum
 in a collegiate orchestra.
 Fired up as if he were plunging
 into a congressional debate.
 Red hair and temper are as insepa-
 rable as the Siamese Twins.
 Peace is a word she can find in her
 dictionary, but nowhere else.
 No one ever felt, might, could
 would, or should feel, as I felt.
 With no other effect than that of
 increasing their blood pressure.
 Arrived at that degree of calmness
 at which it is possible to listen.
 Gave luster to her eyes, color to her
 cheeks, and vermillion to her lips.
 Quick sensibility is inseparable
 from a ready understanding.
 She has a wonderful personality,
 and everything to go with it.
 Overly demonstrative.
 With a crusading zeal.
 As steady as Gibraltar.
 She's alive and electric.
 A vibrant, bouncing individual.
 A wooden, unemotional counte-
 nance.
 With a fierce revolutionary fervor.
 He has the manners of a philos-
 opher.
 Juvenile enthusiasm and good in-
 tentions.
 She has no self-starter, and no
 gasoline.
 Personality cannot be measured by
 the yard.

It is a temperamental, constitutional and congenital characteristic of hers. Ladies, who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs.

He has no more sentiment in him than there is in a hind-quarter of dressed beef.

Now, my high blood pressure, temperature and respiration are all normal again.

The affections are as fully satisfied with the smallest circle as a vast circumference.

She was too good to feel any emotion at parting, but I was not so good, and wept bitterly.

Would take the wisdom of a Solomon, the self-sacrifice of an apostle, and the temper of an angel.

Something clicked in his throat, as if he had works in him, like a clock, and was going to strike.

Human suffering was little more to him than the far-off cry of some little suffering animal buried in the thicket.

48

SERENE

CALM PEACE GENTLE TRANQUIL PATIENCE

Unruffled calm.

Lofty tranquility.

Dignified calmness.

An unfurrowed brow.

Undisturbed repose.

As calm as a Quaker.

As bland as a bishop.

As cool as ice water.

Impenetrable calmness.

As serene as the dawn.

Undisturbed tranquility.

As gentle as a milkmaid.

As unemotional as a clam.

As romantic as a cookbook.

He was as calm as a coffin.

As unemotional as a turtle.

He was as calm as a church.

Fish are caught by waiting.

In a tone drier than sawdust.

As calm and milklike as nuns.

With an untroubled countenance.

As impersonal as a foreclosure.

As relaxed as a wet bath towel.

He has the patience of a chemist.

As soothing as a mush poultice.

As gently as a strawberry ripens.

Cooler than a pail of cracked ice.

With a gravity more than specific.

Waited with a fisherman's patience.

As self-contained as a graven image.

His demeanor was tinged with gravity.

Nothing happened, worse than morning.

As cool and calm as John the Baptist.

As complacent as a Supreme Court Judge.

As gentle as the moan of a wounded dove.

So solemnly august in speech and manner.

Far removed from the suggestion of panic.

Do you know what happened to me?—Nothin'.

As unemotional as the multiplication table.

He wasn't excited enough to ask a question.

As calm and stern as the figure of justice.

With a tranquility which almost seemed holy.	The music will be plenty slow when you are dead.
About as exciting as a man selling flytraps.	They can expect distant things without impatience.
They live one day after another the same way.	As complacent as a typewriter or an adding machine.
She is so gentle she wouldn't strike a match.	At ease with everyone, as every gentleman should be.
As peaceful as a country church on week days.	As calm as the deep waters of a pond on a frosty day.
Beyond the little noise and strife of tongues.	His life flowed soundless as the sands of an hourglass.
Disturbed, but as the swan disturbs the water.	Nothing ever happens there but morning, noon and night.
With a face as calm and untroubled as a nun's.	My life there was as unvaried as the note of the cuckoo.
He couldn't be prostrated with a sledge hammer.	He merely shrugs a shoulder, and turns in for the night.
I can discuss skunks without wrinkling my nose.	As patient as a god who has eternity behind and before him.

His coolness could be disturbed with nothing less than an earthquake. Health is not eaten up with cares nor pleasure interrupted by envy. He never did anything more exciting than standing off his grocery bill. The most exciting thing he ever did was to change from Horseshoe to Star. It had no more effect upon his iron self-possession than if I had told him somebody had stolen my dog. Tranquility of mind is, I believe, the next happiness to that of hereafter. He never lets coming or present events disturb him much. He would remain calm even if the earth were to have a collision with another planet.

49

SURPRISE

STARTLE

SHOCK

AMAZE

WONDER

Expire of shock.
 A galvanic shock.
 Visibly startled.
 Stupefied silence.
 Gaping with wonder.
 Prepare to shudder.
 A jack rabbit start.
 Guileless amazement.
 Hold on to your hats.
 Replete with wonders.
 A staggering surprise.
 My wondering thoughts.

A megaphone sensation.
 I almost had apoplexy.
 A devastating surprise.
 Mute with astonishment.
 As soon as you come to.
 An indelible sensation.
 Crammed with surprises.
 Stuffed with sensations.
 Raised a shocked eyebrow.
 Struck dumb with wonder.
 Staggered with the report.
 That beats four of a kind.

Reflected with astonishment.
 Listened with shuddering awe.
 The thing that stymies me is.
 The thunderstricken lie still.
 Gasp'd like a fish on dry land.
 Listened with suspended breath.
 Her eyes widened with surprise.
 In a high state of astonishment.
 Dazed as if struck by lightning.
 What incredible things you tell me.
 He has done nothing to pop the eye.
 It jarred him to his boot trimmings.
 His course of thought was suspended.
 So agitated that her rouge fell off.
 My mind was overturned by this news.
 He blew out his breath like a whale.
 He started like a frightened gazelle.
 He ought to get some shock absorbers.
 When he had recovered wind for speech.
 I got an idea that almost overturned me.
 Craning his neck like a startled animal.
 It took a pulmotor to get back his breath.
 It will shock you like a block-buster bomb.
 A sight that brought the eye to a full stop.
 He thought the thunders of Sinai had struck.
 Here's something that will make you whistle.
 Such a sight has never come within

the compass of my observation.
 Betrayed just the commencement of astonishment.
 You could have pushed me over with one finger.
 I felt as if I had been hit with a sash weight.
 Here's something that will make your hair curl.
 What happened next is too fantastic for fiction.
 A sight that would make anybody stand in the sun.
 Do you want me to die right here on the premises?
 I was as surprised as if I had witnessed a miracle.
 Here's something that will shake you to the center.
 Here's something that will make your hair fall out.
 I found out something that almost cracked my spine.
 Before I go further, get a good hold on your seats.
 Here's something that will knock you a bit off balance.
 Here's something that will almost suspend your respiration.
 I was so flabbergasted I had to lean out the window for air.
 It was a moment that was certainly hard on the blood pressure.
 As much surprised as to see the sun and the moon change places.
 Here is something that will widen those baby-blue eyes of yours.
 I suspended my coffee in mid-air, between my lips and right ear.
 I felt as if I had been knocked over with the Washington Monument.

Caused her eyes to dilate in a manner that threatened injury to them.
 About as startling as to announce the capture of Holland by the Dutch.
 It wouldn't amaze me any more if I were to see the moon fall out of the sky.
 I am prepared to astonish him for the whole remainder of his natural life.
 He looked as astounded as if he were suddenly summoned before a coroner's inquest.

Here's something that will bring you out of your trance, and cause you to open at least one eye.

I was so astonished it was some seconds before I could recover the use of either thought or speech.

50

EMBARRASSED

ASHAMED

The flush of embarrassment.
 As disgraceful as burglary.
 She became as red as a peony.
 It was an indelible disgrace.
 I felt as mean as a fishworm.
 With a hangdog sense of guilt.
 I felt something less than dust.
 She colored to the very temples.
 He colored to the tips of his ears.
 He seemed to wish himself invisible.
 His face got as red as an Italian sunset.

DISGRACED

She wished herself at the bottom of a lake.
 I felt like hiding under the water for shame.
 Slunk off like a puppy convicted of petty larceny.
 He always acts as if he were hunting a place to hide.
 He seemed to wish to be a hundred feet under ground.
 Looking very sheepish, like a thief who has forgotten his implements.

51

NERVOUS

RESTLESS

Feverish impatience.
 My nerves are backfiring.
 Keyed up like a banjo string.
 As restless as a caged tiger.
 He is as restless as a clock.
 As restless as a caged blue jay.
 As restless as a chipmunk's tail.

IMPATIENT

He ought to find out where he itches.
 Her nerves are always as taut as an E-string.
 It made me chew my fingernails down to the elbow.
 They acted like birds which see a scarecrow in a field.

52

PLEASURE

GAYETY

ANIMATION

Sham vivacity.
 Insipid mirth.
 Horribly jolly.

PASTIME

HAPPINESS

A hey-hey girl.
 Noisy enjoyment.
 Resonant gayety.

CHEERFUL

CONTENTMENT

Tepid happiness.
 Resounding mirth.
 Bubbling ecstasy.
 Prodigious gay.
 Wretched rapture.
 Frantic with joy.
 Feigned merriment.
 Galvanized gayety.
 Chortles of mirth.
 Synthetic whoopie.
 Frothy amusements.
 Juvenile vivacity.
 Childish amusement.
 Feverish animation.
 A tumult of gayety.
 Rapturous hosannas.
 Artificial hurrahs.
 Dizzy with delight.
 Sparkling animation.
 Hysterical giddiness.
 Censurable giddiness.
 Dazed with happiness.
 Radiant with delight.
 Unadulterated delight.
 Feasts and high jinks.
 A delirium of rapture.
 Backslapping whoopie.
 Miraculously pleasant.
 Gyration of amusement.
 In light jesting tones.
 Banquets and carousals.
 Let them laugh that win.
 A frolicsome fraternity.
 As gay as a wild canary.
 As happy as a kingfisher.
 He is happy, like a fool.
 One of those haw-haw boys.
 Jingled merrily on the ear.
 Almost fainted with delight.
 With unmingled satisfaction.
 With sparrow-like frivolity.
 As jolly as a Christmas card.
 As animated as a firecracker.
 My pleasure was without alloy.
 With a delicious shiver of joy.
 With the spirit of a young fawn.
 I'm happy, but I don't know why.
 The obstinacy of her good humor.
 So contented I feel like purring.
 As light-hearted as grasshoppers.
 His good humor was inexhaustible.

As animated as if he were inspired.
 She has been young a very long time.
 Came back like swallows on the wing.
 She entered the room like a sun-beam.
 Went with a little zing to her heart.
 Seemed to give life a holiday aspect.
 Has a happiness that seems ready-made.
 Her whole existence was a summer joke.
 Possessed of an obstinate cheerfulness.
 No shadow from the night rested on her.
 This is his morning and evening delight.
 Her face was as light as a summer cloud.
 Her countenance lit up like a cathedral.
 She was alight and flaming all the time.
 Turn on the swing—let joy be unrefined.
 To a contented mind a closet is a palace.
 The conventional antidotes to melancholy.
 That evening was like a halt in an oasis.
 Trotted about in a happy, grinning trance.
 A man is not a hypocrite in his pleasures.
 He does nothing with sourness or obstinacy.
 A pleasure that amounted almost to anguish.
 He was kicking his heels about like a colt.
 No scolding could interrupt his good humor.
 Without showing a single sign of suffering.
 Her countenance was as bright as a rainbow.
 A gay empty fellow.

A rainbow of cheer.
 Grinningly slappy happy.
 The gay, the loud, the vain.
 Gilded with perpetual sunshine.
 His face lit up like a bonfire.
 Felt a sullen sort of satisfaction.
 Bubbling with mirth and small talk.
 Finding enjoyment in their own minds.
 A morsel of satisfaction.
 The sounds of revelry by night.
 At the moment, I'm not mad at anybody.
 Scattered cheer like sunshine in a hymn book.
 That did me more good than pints of liniment.
 Joyous in spirit, though feeble in intellect.
 You know you have only one night for each day.
 She looks as if trouble had never touched her.
 Cheerfulness is a sort of daylight in the mind.
 There is no one so cheerful as a truly pious man.
 It was like riding in a rumble seat with Mae West.
 I have had a wonderful evening, but this isn't it.
 A diversion that clears away the rust of the mind.
 If you want to find happiness go to the dictionary.
 To make a human heart happy is a great achievement.
 Wherever she goes there is sunshine and summer air.
 I have counted neither the days, months, nor years.
 In youth, just to be alive is a rip-roaring jamboree.
 Ruin swept down upon their happiness like a vulture.
 The pursuit of giddy frivolities and empty nothings.
 Life was a perpetual seesaw between gravity and jest.
 A great enhancement of pleasure

arises from its being unexpected.
 I haven't had so much fun since the old parcheesi days.
 The mechanical amusement of crumbling bread to fishes.
 A brow upon which worry has never impressed a wrinkle.
 His idea of a holiday is to get drunk, and have a wreck.
 In night clubs they make hey, hey, while the moonshines.
 It gave her as much satisfaction as prying into a secret.
 The profane muscles of my face were in tune for laughter.
 It is not an attribute of humanity to be perfectly happy.
 The true pleasure of life is to live with your inferiors.
 It's a funny world — when the joke is on the other fellow.
 The only fun he gets in life is when he scratches himself.
 The same sort of happiness I can imagine the dead to feel.
 Everything that was tight in me, immediately became loose.
 These are their only recreations, and they require no more.
 What one was born to, one lived with, and made the best of.
 Vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.
 When she went away she seemed to take the daylight with her.
 I hope you are having somewhere near as good a time as I am.
 Age need not be without fun, and death can be without fear.
 I would prefer to be back in my room consorting with Dickens.
 As jovial as all people are who carry nothing in their heads.
 The only fun she gets in life is when she takes off her shoes.
 You may be quite sure that she is not now in a convent of nuns.
 He laughed like an absent man, and amused himself like a child.
 The chief kick they get out of life is watching their goldfish.

With whom the reason for living never takes the form of argument.	He cannot trust to the range of his own fancy to entertain himself.
Most of us get a kick out of life, but generally it's from behind.	Looking as self-satisfied and pleased as a man waiting to play his Ace.
She is always overarched by a rainbow.	A perfect picture of idiotic content- ment.
Patting the head of a senile hound dog.	Borne along more or less merrily on the current of events.
Where can I go today, and not spend any money?	I see nothing in the situation to warrant the firing of a cannon.

A face as far removed from excitability as from heaviness or gloom. Those who have their fun must be prepared to pay the amusement tax. Don't put off living too far in the future—you may not be here then. He never gets excited or enthusiastic, as far as the naked eye can see. She goes into a room like light and air, brightening and refreshing it. Without imagining that my life would change, or wishing that it should. These girls might have been taken for two boarders escaped from a convent. Among those who take their pleasures by suction rather than by expression. When a man is not amused he feels an involuntary disgust for those who are.

It would do me as much good as sulphur and molasses does kids in the spring.

The desperate army that seeks to escape the realities by high pitched merriment.

He seemed as pleased as a boy scout who has just lighted a fire without matches.

He no longer indulged in that pastime—he had neither taste nor teeth left for it.

Let's be happy now, and not refer our pleasures to distant times, or distant places.

She entertains her company with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak.

No one will deny that song and laughter are the great means by which man exhibits joy.

He went to a night club, and had the most charming and degrading evening he ever spent.

I was so happy I could have stopped the people in the streets and shaken hands with them.

Those who for want of thinking are forced to be ever exercising their feeling and tasting.

The pursuit of pleasure, and some means of killing time, were the sole end of her existence.

The way to be happy is to live; the time to be happy is now; and the place to be happy is here.

Never did the man healthy of body fail to find life light if he had something to engage his mind.

Gets the same kind of amusement out of it that a small boy gets out of sicking a dog on an alley cat.

When he had things he enjoyed them without ostentation, and when he had them not, he did not want them.

She is so contented, she could look Sears-Roebuck's Catalogue clear through, and not want a thing in it.

It is prudence to preserve a disposition in ourselves to receive a certain delight in all we hear and see.

That uniform complacency, which shines in his countenance, enlivens his wit, and seasons his conversation.

Some people are so simple they don't know enough to worry, so they get nothing out of life, except happiness.

The constitution guarantees to you only "the pursuit of happiness"—it doesn't undertake to catch it for you.

Almost as diverting and pleasant as the little sordid games which dirty schoolboys are so much delighted with.

Certain conditions had been imposed on him, which would hold him back from kicking up his heels at his pleasure.

They get the same kind of fun out of it that Halloween pranksters get in pushing over a country school outhouse.

If you haven't any money, and want a little fun, why don't you go down to the ten cent store and ride on the escalator?

The sweetest pleasures—those of converse with someone of a well-balanced and delicate mind, or dining out with a friend.

I should like to live a long time, if for no other reason than just to remember, review, and live over again, that delightful evening.

Those who seek their diversions at a beer garden, or some other crummy joint, where reason and good manners have no right to disturb them.

People would be better satisfied with what they have if they were to think how much worse off they would be if they got what they deserve.

Deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleeting shadows of happiness.

I haven't words in my vocabulary sufficient to describe its enchantments.

If she kept out of bad company she wouldn't get any pleasure out of life.

The man who enjoys something exclusively commonly excludes himself from the true enjoyment of it.

I have often reflected with astonishment on what a large per cent of the people can be entertained by hearing the explosion of dynamite.

With that comfortable feeling you have when a large roll of bills is in your pocket.

53

LAUGHTER

SMILE

GRIN

An icy smile.

A radiant smile.

A raucous laugh.

Bridled laughter.

Delirious mirth.

An engaging grin.

A tarnished smile.

Unbecoming levity.

Ironical laughter.

A bellowing laugh.

A soundless smile.

A swordfish smile.

A sonorous ha, ha.

A mechanical smile.

A corked-up giggle.

An abdominal laugh.

Unconfined merriment.

An artificial smile.

A broad-gauge smile.
Subdued twitterings.
She smiled sidewise.
Her starriest smile.
A Simple Simon smile.
The tonic of laughter.
Loud brays of laughter.
A corn on the cob grin.
A laugh so irresistible.
Convulsions of laughter.
She pelted me with smiles.
Incites gales of laughter.
With a smile like a shark.
A smile splitting his face.
Done only to drown thought.
They all laughed in concert.
He doubled up with a ha, ha.
The gay, the loud, the vain.
His laugh rang with triumph.
Thy mirth savoreth of folly.
This is no time for tittering.
Giving a sly wink to starboard.
He was grinning like a full moon.
With the vacant smile of a mummy.
A tooth paste advertisement smile.
His laugh carries as far as a gun.
He laughed then like a rhinoceros.
A smile that was all malice and ice.
A laugh is the same in any language.
Laughed in the most melodious manner.
A grin that spread from here to yonder.
Grinned till you could see his tonsils.
Has the caressing smile of a crocodile.
He kept his laughter for what was funny.
With the benevolent smile of an apostle.
Those little cacklings of mirth and folly.

He laughed as if somebody had tickled him.
A sort of cackle — her version of laughter.
It made him double up like a gate-leg table.
Her smile was as bright as a sun-lit ripple.
He has a smile like a Y.M.C.A. Secretary.
Fills the mind with a giddy kind of pleasure.
The kind of a smile that used to cause wars.
Those who resolve to be merry seldom are so.
He laughed as if he knew about some good farce.
The ungraceful mirth of a creature of half-wit.
He slowly carved a grin out of his wooden face.
A sonorous laugh served him instead of thought.
He has a smile like the brass plate on a coffin.
She flashes a smile like a locomotive headlight.
If you are a man, smile; if a dog, wag your tail.
Laughter — uncontrollable, contagious, universal.
The smile left her face as if it had been wiped off.
Too much laughter springing from trifles is great folly.
He opened his mouth from ear to ear in a roar of laughter.
Vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.
When we know what a man laughs at, we know what he really is.
A sickly smile that looks as if she turns it on with a button.
He soon reached his last sou; never his last burst of laughter.

They laughed and shouted loud enough to make the walls fall down.
His mouth flew open in a grin so wide it seemed to hide his face.
He laughed with the contented laugh of a man who has the best of it.

He laughed so heartily that his large stomach looked as if it were going to rise up and get on the table.

This jocular conceit will live in my remembrance, fresh and unfading, overtopping all possible jokes to the end of time.

Laughter is the property of reason, the excess of it is the mark of folly. Their mirth is the laughter of fools, and their admiration the wonder of idiots.

Those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it.

Man is the merriest species of creation, all above and below him are serious.

54

MOVIE

AMUSEMENT

ENTERTAINMENT

COMEDIAN

A sad comedian.

A pathetic wit.

Unfunny comedians.

A jaundiced buffoon.

A mournful humorist.

A bilious wisecracker.

Pelting them with puns.

It's all bull, and a smile wide.

He could make a tombstone laugh.

Made for laughing purposes only.

Too good to be mass entertainment.

There's a laugh in every split minute.

He unbends his mind at this diversion.

He made every face expand with laughter.

She left her flag-stop home for Broadway.

You'll get the kick of the month out of it.

A type of hokum that is plain moron fodder.

A horse couldn't have kept a straight face.

Does anybody get it? I don't even want it.

The only entertainment I had was from my eye.

The higher your appeal, the fewer will respond.

A show that promises to wear out the turnstiles.

Soap operas.

Idiotic buffoonery.

A fight-infested epic.

A night club comedian.

A gloomy piece of work.

Fabulous, incredible high jinks.

Scenes of slaughter and bloodshed.

Listening to cereal serials on the radio.

The hero is always up to his nose in blood.

Repeating the notable sayings of their heir.

Where the business is dark, horrid and bloody.

That show is nothing but a barnstorming holiday.

Just like a baby who finds enjoyment in a rattle.

Since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms.

I couldn't enjoy that show, even with laughing gas.

All his jokes have passed through several editions.

When he entered a place, they all laughed in advance.

That might appeal to the cooks in the hamburger stands.

She went to Hollywood to make a picture right out loud.

The imagination cannot form to itself a higher delight.

It will cause your sense of humor to get out of control.

Fit only to be the master of ceremonies in a beer garden.

It was neither good enough to cheer, nor bad enough to shoot.

To some it might be an entertainment, but to others a suffering.

It's entertaining, just as rattles are made for children's ears.

When you see that show, you don't have to take your brains along.

It is one of those shows that makes you cry—for your money back.

It will produce more wear and tear on your ribs than your cerebellum. Women see actresses for what they have on; men for what they have off. I'm neither young enough, nor old enough, to find amusement in playthings.

One of those comedians who comes in like a lion, and goes out like a ham. Which only proves one thing, which is that they are very easily satisfied. The publics of all past generations have shown a marked preference for tripe.

It might entertain that part of the audience who have no faculty above eyesight.

Anyone who goes there for entertainment ought to sue for the return of his money.

There are millions on the face of the globe who are amused at such monkey tricks.

Where a loose trivial song gains the affections, while a wise homily is not attended to.

One of those places where the seats are reserved, but the guests aren't. Any form of weak, anaemic, debilitated, insincere, or over-sentimental style of performance.

They don't care for fun that will make them laugh—they want excitement that will make them scream, stamp and whistle.

It will bring laughter and a lump in the throat to millions.

Those who can be entertained with trinkets, light wine, and heavy jokes. It used to be wine, women, and song, but now it's just beer, pin-up girls, and boogie-woogie.

The comedy is frantic, and occasionally funny.

The annual delirium of a Shriner's convention.

If we give an actor commanding words, he commands.

I began to fear they might splatter blood on the moon.

Sometimes you've got to do something else besides work.

They raise a new creation of monsters, dragons, and giants.

Their entertainment calls for corn, comedy and conviviality.

I am the toastmaster—the punk that sets off the fireworks.

55

SADNESS

SOLEMN

GRAVE

LAMENTATION

MELANCHOLY

Brooding sorrow.

A bilious story.

A steamboat sigh.

Gloomy reticence.

Somber philosophy.

Devastating gloom.

Repine in private.
 Jaundiced reveries.
 Endless complaints.
 A doleful narrative.
 A venerable gravity.
 A tear-jerking tale.
 As grave as a judge.
 Biliously depressing.
 Is this an execution?
 A cheerless existence.
 Rebellious murmurings.
 As solemn as a Quaker.
 She has the grunitis.
 A haunting melancholy.
 A desolate melancholy.
 A mournful countenance.
 As sober as an apostle.
 As solemn as a jackass.
 As solemn as a papoose.
 Murmuring lamentations.
 Pessimistic reflections.
 She looks like an elegy.
 As humorous as a statue.
 As grave as a dictionary.
 As merry as so many owls.
 Everlasting lamentations.
 Sang this depressing song.
 She was bluer than indigo.
 Wailings and lamentations.
 I felt all shut down inside.
 As grave as a father confessor.
 She put on her long face again.
 Like a procession of penitents.
 Had a sold-down-the-river look.
 Like the moan of a wounded dove.
 With a face as long as a horse's.
 As solemn as the ghost in Hamlet.
 My spirits struck absolute bottom.
 Marching solemnly as at a funeral.
 As grave as a pair of undertakers.
 Sucking at sadness like a lollypop.
 Drooping like a willow in the rain.
 As solemn as a graduation exercise.
 Cinders, ashes and dust to millions.
 As cheerful as a deserted graveyard.
 With the gravity of a sucking child.
 And the rain drizzles at the windows.
 She was holding her head in both hands, as if she felt it loose.

As mournful as a drizzle at day-break.
 His sense of the ludicrous was stunted.
 Their home is just a seven-room coffin.
 Smiling with a strong shade of sadness.
 He has a face like a pessimistic horse.
 They go through life, rather than live.
 She is an artist in drawing the long bow.
 He wore a long coat, and a face to match.
 Would not be indexed as cheerful looking.
 The bawling calf soon forgets its mother.
 As serious and grave as the angel Gabriel.
 Things have no shadow but in the sunshine.
 If she isn't happy she is a great actress.
 Without calling forth one accusing murmur.
 Joined the universal chorus of lamentation.
 He takes himself as seriously as a hoot owl.
 Who, while she smiled, seemed ready to weep.
 An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy.
 About as joyfully as a felon goes to be hung.
 Acted as if he were about to enter the ministry.
 We are seldom sadder, without being wiser men.
 A sigh that could be heard in the next county.
 Tearful, pathetic, and vociferous lamentations.
 They never laughed; no one ever heard them sing.
 As solemn as a monkey untying a piece of string.

Life for some people is rather a dull invention.
 With them every hour is heavy that is not joyful.
 Now reduced to think, and talk about the weather.
 Looked as happy as a rooster on a drizzly morning.
 He looks as solemn as Lincoln on a Five-Dollar Bill.
 Cast a tinge of melancholy over the tone of his mind.
 It leaves me sick and cold in mind, heart and stomach.
 Only one more tear will fall in the ocean of miseries.
 In a little while it will weigh lighter than a feather.
 The two great griefs of human life — absence and death.
 He always acted as if his note were just due at the bank.

Impregnated with that vague melancholy which life distills.
 Uttered lamentations enough to break the heart of a tiger.
 As grave as when he made his first appearance in the world.
 The voice of human nature is nothing but one prolonged cry.
 He has the gravity and the seriousness of a Prime Minister.
 In all ages the channel of deep grief flows hushed and still.
 He is impatient of the light heart and the careless tongue.
 A sort of forced gayety — an effort to shake off the shadows.
 They had often seen him smile, but had never heard him laugh.
 Every cloud may have a silver lining, but I haven't X-ray eyes.
 A face ordinarily couldn't collect that much grief in a lifetime.

A sense of humor would do him no good — he has nothing to laugh at. Where a laugh or a song is as rare as a meteor passing across the sky. He would not look out of place marching with professional pallbearers. If he experienced any sense of enjoyment, it never rose above his neck. You may tickle me with that straw a good long while before I shall laugh. He had very short legs, but, by way of indemnification, his face was long. Leading a dull, gray life, in which the absence of excitement is happiness. The thought came to me like a strain of sorrowful music faintly heard in the night.

Ugly — with deep lines — looking as if the plow and harrow had gone over her heart.

The hoot of an owl speaks of the end of the earth, of untouched desolation, of devastating misery.

Henceforth, all occurrences shall appear dreams, or short intervals of amusement.

Enough to start the hidden springs and sluices that feed her eyes with such ready supplies of moisture.

The professor was a dismal soul — he embalmed the subject and let us view the remains.

56

WEEP

CRY

Sobbed unseen.
 A grand boohoo.

SOB

Resounding sobs.
 Slobbering tears.

TEARS

One gush of tears.
 A glorious sobfest.
 Sob myself to sleep.
 Blubbered unobserved.
 She had a cloudburst.
 Pumped up a few tears.
 She wept like a gutter.
 A forerunner of weeping.
 Began to cry and slobber.
 She cried like a fountain.
 She shed barrels of tears.
 She cried like an imbecile.
 She didn't cry, she bellowed.
 She fell on my neck and wept.
 She then turned on her tears.
 Eyes made expressly for tears.
 She had a tidal wave of tears.
 Her tears poured forth like rain.
 She cried a little on my shoulder.
 She shed a flood of crystal tears.
 She began tuning up for a good cry.
 She added salty tears to her julep.
 She diluted her coffee with her tears.
 They all wept—it was quite a deluge.
 The cistern in which she kept her tears.
 Cried a little in a trickling quiet way.
 What is the motive behind the waterworks?

Her handkerchief was drenched with tears.
 She irrigated her handkerchief with tears.
 It would have taken a tank to hold her tears.
 She wept enough to extinguish a beacon light.
 When she cried her whole face went to pieces.
 Weeps by the pint on the smallest provocation.
 When she comes back she will rain all over me.
 Her tears had worn deep channels in her cheeks.
 What can it be that makes that young creature weep?
 She has a large distillery for the production of tears.
 She can, when she pleases, adorn those eyes with tears.
 A handkerchief wouldn't stanch the tears—it took a sheet.
 Cried till you would have thought she was running into a brook.
 Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and no one listens in.
 Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you get your way.
 It moved that sensitive fiber which closes the reservoir of tears.

She resolved to be inconsolable, and not to have her tears dried up.
 Her tears started from her eyes, flowed over her nose, and trickled into her mouth.
 Her tears burst forth from her eyelids, trickled down her cheeks, till they inundated her bosom.

57

WORRY

ANNOY

REGRET

DESPAIR

DISCONTENT

NUISANCE

UNHAPPY

SUFFERING

DISAPPOINT

Dogged by care.
 Crushing agony.
 Uneasy slumbers.

Repentant tears.
 A perennial pest.
 Sobs of distress.

A forlorn regret.
 A gnawing thought.
 Troubled slumbers.
 Stunned by despair.
 Galling bitterness.
 A shade of distress.
 Universal desolation.
 Panting with suffering.
 Wore me down to a stub.
 When it rains, it bores.
 The mutterings of agony.
 Despair has stout hands.
 As hilarious as hangnails.
 A little midget of misery.
 I felt I had been sold-out.
 She is a compound nuisance.
 The yawning jaws of misery.
 An insupportable affliction.
 Provokes censurable language.
 Visibly agitated with vexation.
 Pain is doubled by being foreseen.
 That's a sore place in his memory.
 What's pressing down on your mind?
 The corroding mildew of discontent.
 I am never idle enough to be uneasy.
 That's stabbing me in a tender spot.
 A man must take the fat with the lean.
 There's no use in both of us worrying.
 Do you expect me to give three cheers?
 I did not laugh myself hoarse about it.
 I was reduced to the verge of homicide.
 I felt as if I had a volcano in my head.
 Something that was awkward to laugh off.
 A life sentenced to be a scene of sorrow.
 I felt just a trifling twinge of remorse.
 Sighed like a furnace.
 My piercing affliction.
 To complete my sufferings.
 She has been warped by life.

He troubled me like a hangnail.
 Life is not a perpetual picnic.
 Sufficient cause for banishment.
 As contrite as a penitent apostle.
 This inward oppression upon the mind.
 A burden as heavy as the Swiss Alps.
 That deserves to be a finable offense.
 She was worn away into nothing but a voice.
 I was ready to hang myself with the thought.
 Misery is perhaps the strongest of all bonds.
 She would have fretted the flesh off her bones.
 I hope that it is the beginning of repentance.
 He is the bluest man in the Western Hemisphere.
 What cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.
 The news swept over me like a wind from the sea.
 I was as troubled as if I had committed a crime.
 He pumps my blood pressure up too much to suit me.
 Somewhere within her there was a pinpoint of pain.
 I can't whistle—I don't even feel like whistling.
 The pleasures of earth, that are so soon exhausted.
 She had begun to get vertical lines between her eyes.
 He threatened to hang himself upon the nearest bough.
 If I had been thirty years old, I might have got drunk.
 I've been done everything to, pretty well, except hanged.
 You give me as much trouble as though you were a relative.
 It is almost certain that Santa Claus is a ponderosa lemon.
 Which condemned him to a life of unhappiness without appeal.

No one can burden his heart, or his skin, with another's pain.	That sure brought the war home to him.
Even in the happiest life there are some terrible convulsions.	It helped me just like poison helps rats.
You are farther from your subject than January from Mulberries.	Before life's disillusionments close in on you.
He don't bother nobody, and he don't want nobody to bother him.	She wept hysterically over the collapse of her playhouse.
The episode left a scar—I'm talking of mine, not Al Capone's.	Those people who delight in being troublesome and vexatious.
I felt like going out in the street, and scaring little children.	She suffers all right—the trouble is she suffers out loud.
Don't take life too seriously—you'll never get out alive anyway.	No one gives another uneasiness without feeling some share of it.

She went threatening and grumbling, and I remained doing the same. At Christmas, they take what they get—and they take it lying down. To say I was annoyed was like singing the Star Spangled Banner in a whisper.

Say no more, it would only give you too many regrets, and me too much pain.

There is no use worrying—things will turn out bad enough without doing that.

She has had problems more pressing than keeping safety pins from showing.

It seems strange that other people worry over things that do not bother me at all.

I felt like a captured bird whose feathers were being plucked before its neck was wrung.

I experienced that same sense of pain as if I were to see blood on the wing of a wild canary.

I think it better to trouble others with my impertinence, than to be troubled myself with theirs.

Cries, such as are heard only in the skies in days of tempest, and on earth in the days of revolution.

For the angels of affliction spread their toils alike for the virtuous and the wicked, for the mighty and the mean.

And there you could read on her careworn features a whole history of secret griefs, written in each wrinkle planted by time.

It wouldn't cause the cream to rise upon the milk of human kindness.

Why be difficult, when with a little effort you could be impossible?

I would not lose her good-will, nor forfeit the reputation I have with her for wisdom.

Affronts, indignities and trespasses for which there are no remedies by any form of law.

It is awful tragic, or awful funny, depending on what you had for breakfast.

DESIRE

REQUEST

REFUSAL

OFFER

SUGGESTION

Imperative demands.
 Extorted by threats.
 Clamorously insisting.
 Rejected it with scorn.
 I am suffering to do it.
 I would sooner turn pirate.
 A nod from her would get it.
 We pursue what we are denied.
 I can't say no till I'm asked.
 Given under my hand, this the.
 Suppose you offer your motion.
 Being unknown, it is unmissed.
 Whatever she wishes must happen.
 The offer was merely rhetorical.
 I'd give \$5 of my own money, if.
 What have you on your want list?
 Injured her cause by importuning.
 What do you get? You get the air.
 Be a Boy Scout, and do me a favor.
 I recommend, urge, and insist upon.
 What shall I do with my conscience?
 Is that a request, or an ultimatum?
 It was done at her tyrannical behest.
 I want it just like a calf wants milk.
 I will do all my conscience will allow.
 I'd as soon take a lethal dose of lysol.
 That's all I ask, and more than I expect.
 I'd rather be run through a meat grinder.
 Birds are not caught with winking at them.
 He'd swallow a sword, if she asked him to.
 What can you add to the general confusion?
 He wants that just like a rat wants poison.

I'd just as soon take an intelligence test.
 I wouldn't do that for all the corn in Iowa.
 I wouldn't do that for all the rice in China.
 I'd rather you would fire a loaded gun at me.
 I needed no pushing, prodding, or exhortation.
 You will have to put your proposal in writing.
 I'm just as likely to take up playing marbles.
 You couldn't get me to do that with a big bribe.
 I wouldn't do that if you promised to marry me.
 I'd rather have that than a sky full of planets.
 He would have murdered the Pope for such a prize.
 For you, I will do anything, even the impossible.
 I would endure ten years of captivity to do that.
 If I were dying, I'd put it off to do it for you.
 Everything can be got by means of women and doors.
 Nothing was heard from the suggestion but an echo.
 It was more than a proposal — it was an ultimatum.
 He asked for nothing, and was sore when he got it.
 I wouldn't do that, if it were to save my country.
 Not if you talk till you rupture your vocal cords.
 With possession the vast poetry of desire must end.
 The thing possessed is seldom the thing dreamed of.

And she might whistle for that till
 she died of air.
 I may get twenty years for this, but
 it is worth it.
 I'll do anything for you — anything
 short of perjury.
 What we really desire is that which
 we cannot obtain.
 If you will do that, we will let
 you eat at the table.
 You have a full commission to do
 whatever you think fit.
 I would have signed over my in-
 surance for a deck of cards.
 Just open your window, clap your
 hands, and I shall come.
 If you want to escape from some-
 thing, here's your chance.
 Like the mutterings of agony ad-

dressed to a possible providence.
 For such a boon, he would waive
 his rights as an American.
 I wouldn't do that for all the treas-
 ures wrecked in the seas.
 It's very flattering to hear your
 allusions to my omnipotence.
 He greeted it as if it were a pro-
 posal to burn his house down.
 You don't want to see Santa Claus
 — you want to see a magician.
 I want you to pay up, and I don't
 want any marked bills either.
 For that, I'd be willing to go over
 Niagara, without the barrel.
 All I want of Santa Claus is to let
 me keep the things I've got.
 If you get it, you will have to set
 your request to music.

They seemed to be willing to do anything for me, short of suicide.
 I would as soon engage in a wrestling match with a starving tiger.
 I have no more intention of doing that than I have of flying a kite.
 I'll do it for \$1. if it's honest — otherwise it will cost you Five.
 You couldn't get me to do that by either threats, promises, or bribes.
 You have so persuasive a mode of asking, it does not even admit of a
 refusal.
 I would not do that for any consideration smaller than the national debt.
 When do you suppose my small voice would have been heard in that
 direction?
 If you want that you will have to render unto Caesar the things that
 are Caesar's.
 I want nothing, for that amounts to the same thing as if I asked you for
 something.
 Would you regard it as an invasion of your personal liberty if I were
 to ask you to.
 A woman lowers her voice when she asks for something, and raises it
 if she doesn't get it.
 I give you a blank Power of Attorney, authorizing you to write upon it
 your own terms.
 Your orders will be obeyed, with all the exactness of a soldier, and also
 with the courtesy of a gentleman.
 I offer it to you for what it is worth — if I were a real estate agent, I'd
 offer it to you for more than it is worth.
 A man who wouldn't give his wisdom teeth for that, has no use for
 wisdom teeth.
 I wouldn't say "no" when addressed by a man a lot bigger than I, par-
 ticularly when he speaks in a sufficiently loud voice.

59

AMBITION

LONGING

YEARNING

ASPIRATION

Venal ambition.
 Atrophied ambition.
 Felt a stir of ambition.
 As ambitious as Alexander.
 Anybody with a spark of spunk.
 He discovered that he had wings.
 As far out of reach as heaven is.
 It kindled the sparks of ambition.
 He has nursed two definite ambitions.
 He has a craving to astonish the human race.
 A man without ambition is only a chunk of meat.
 Opportunities don't look as bright as temptations.
 Presumptuous attempts to imitate the inimitable.

Those who are ambitious to excel in frivolous things.
 He was looking for an opening — but not in a cemetery.
 Longed for all the unreachable things of the universe.
 Those who hanker after being in the whisper of great men.
 Her hope and enterprise were overlaid with an eternal frost.
 His ambition was so vaulting that his pinions beat the stars.
 Bees will go after honey, and buzzards will go after carrion.
 Have a good aim in life — but don't forget to pull the trigger.
 The grave lies unseen between us and the object we reach after.

The trouble is, it takes too much harness to hitch your wagon to a star.
 If the door of opportunity does not open to polite knocks, kick it in.
 That old desire to leave lasting footprints on the fast whirling earth.
 No matter where you are going, you have to start from where you are.

60

BEAUTY

GRACE

CHARM

STYLE

ATTRACTIVE

Sinuous grace.
 Careless grace.
 Singular grace.
 Unfading charm.
 Patrician grace.
 She's an eyewash.
 A grade "A" seraph.
 Feline suppleness.
 A dangerous beauty.
 It's downright putty.
 Pulchritudinous wows.
 A lulu from Honolulu.
 With dazed admiration.
 Her pernicious charms.

She is easy to look at.
 A high-voltage charmer.
 A dime store debutante.
 A celestial phenomenon.
 As neat as a new dollar.
 A round-the-corner lure.
 A serpentine loveliness.
 Devastatingly beautiful.
 Beauty is only skin dope.
 She has bubble and flash.
 She's just a perfumed trap.
 She's a pretty, wild thing.
 As handsome as a race horse.
 She's as supple as a monkey.

- She dazzled you like the sun.
 Her face was made to measure.
 She is as supple as a serpent.
 She is just a beautiful noise.
 Looked like some exiled goddess.
 As pliant as a branch of willow.
 She moves like a swan on a lake.
 She was as beautiful as a planet.
 I didn't kiss her for her wisdom.
 Women, such as one sees in dreams.
 She is a humming bird among toads.
 Laying waste wheresoever she comes.
 She would make some man a nice toy.
 She has a bloom in her countenance.
 She is both decorative and enticing.
 She is a rare and radiant butterfly.
 She is a blooming, radiant creature.
 Her beauty is causing a lot of harm.
 A thing of beauty is annoyed forever.
 A beautiful girl is never in the way.
 You are entirely too pretty to scold.
 Who asks for brains in a pretty girl?
 She is honey enough for anyone's hive.
 A brilliant envelope of a common mind.
 She can't be good, and look like that.
 As pretty a lassie as ever ate oatmeal.
 She adds a certain charm to the horizon.
 She's an exceedingly ornate young woman.
 Everyone making way wherever she comes.
 Accustomed and proud to be on exhibition.
 What land can boast of being her mother?
 By no means displeasing to the eyesight.
- The beautiful is as useful as the useful.
 She is beautiful beyond the race of women.
 She looks like a queen would like to look.
 She is exceedingly soothing to the retina.
 Would make a good model for a clothing ad.
 Charms that have done a world of execution.
 She has the best of passports — her beauty.
 She makes other women look like vegetables.
 Wherever she came people began to do wrong.
 She is as slender and graceful as a willow.
 There's a girl who will widen your outlook.
 She seemed born to be the ruin of the world.
 When you've seen her, you've seen everything.
 She can make you forget your Christmas bills.
 In motion or repose she seemed gracious alike.
 She was never out of the way, and never in it.
 She had everything but money to recommend her.
 She is not hard to take — with or without money.
 She would be my first, second, and third choice.
 She has a person studiously embellished by nature.
 When you see your husband congratulate him for me.
 She's a painted and perfumed girl without a brain.
 I am merely appraising her face at its face value.
 Such beautiful girls come singly, and not in sets.
 Possessing all that is calculated to charm the eye.

Her beauty will chase from your memory every other image.
She is as attractive as a legacy in a millionaire's will.
All you need to become beautiful is to inherit a million.
For a man to see her was to bring upon him a fit of lunacy.
A beauty that imposes upon us without the help of language.
It would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection.
She sure knows how to send a fellow home talking to himself.
She could make any man walk with his chin upon his shoulder.
She plans to improve her mind, as soon as she loses her shape.
She has that irresistible grace as if she were moving to music.
Beauty is often made a privilege against thought and reflection.
A creature like you should never go abroad without a guard.
I'd like to know her draft number — I mean her phone number.
She is one of those girls who can make me stop, look, and adore.
The most amiable object that the eye of man can possibly behold.
I want you to know, she shoots live bullets in her maneuvers, too.
I saw her, and I am ready to die now since I have seen everything.
And this face which is the seat of all that is beautiful in woman.
She seemed clothed in gossamer and moonbeams.
She is a beautiful fragment of the upper crust.
She filled the room with her golden magnificence.
You have to look at her through dimmers, or smoked glass.
She looks as if she might be playing hookey from Hollywood.
It is not right that one woman should have so much.
Her secret she keeps though unguarded by any patent.
Such beauties, heaven never makes but one at a time.
You can go out with her six nights as easily as one.
She is vogue on the outside and vague on the inside.
Her face is as fresh and sweet as a heifer's muzzle.
She has the slumbrous grace of a woman of the Orient.
She is prettier to look at than a seed catalogue.
I have but to open my eyes, and the scene enters.
Virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful.
No man in town could approach her without being a jest.
She was born for the destruction of all who behold her.
She has the face of a goddess, and the brain of a canary.
He looks as if he had had a transfusion from Tyrone Power.
An incendiary blonde.
You bring out the gypsy in me.
She's a terrific menace to men.
She is such unfair competition.
There she was, like a neon sign.
She'll send you home talking to yourself.
She is beautiful clear up to her pompadour.
She has a siren attached to her personality.
Having the form of a nymph, and the modesty of a nun.
To have seen her once was to long to behold her again.
She is more charming than I can say, or you can guess.
No one denies beauty the privilege of being first heard.

What a misfortune for the rest of mankind who has never beheld her.
For the eyes do weary of the beautiful, as the palate with sweets.
Girls who are easy on the eyes are usually hard on the pocketbook.

There are girls in every town who would give their ears to be you. She was charming when she laughed, beautiful when she became serious. Her beauty, if it be not in its springtime, is not yet in its autumn. She conferred a charm and distinction on the place by residing in it. She is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men. You'd never think of asking her a question concerning the constitution. Features so regular they looked as if they had been traced with a compass. She has both the visible graces of speech and the dumb eloquence of motion.

When she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful.

She is so beautiful, she could catch a husband on the way to a picture show.

He could not at once decide whether this was a human being, a fairy, or an angel.

When she goes down the street she certainly makes more than one man squint at her.

I would be willing to keep a rendezvous with her, even if it were in a graveyard at midnight.

Twenty years ago her face was her fortune, but now there should be allowance off for depreciation.

Her beauty had something so innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a phantom.

Beautiful women are almost always so composed that their composure gives great weight to what they say.

I long since learned that a beautiful girl and the Pope are the only beings in the universe that are infallible.

If she ever feels the need of being aided, abetted, comforted, or advised, all she has to do is to see me.

The sort of a young woman who appeared to invite you to give her a kiss, and who would have slapped your face if you accepted the invitation.

It is impossible that they should all be duchesses or queens, since there are many more pretty women than titles and thrones for them to adorn.

I would like to see a chronological table showing the dates, the names and addresses, and what became of all the fellows who have fallen in love with you.

Manners and speech far more than dress are the ornaments of a woman. If you want anything more in a woman, you ought to write your congressman.

What can outweigh the luster of her eyes, the readiness of her understanding.

No woman can be beautiful by the force of features and fingernail polish alone.

A man must be a savage who is not more inclined to do her good than to gratify himself.

When she goes down the street she's just adding more confusion to these troubled times.

A figure of seduction clothed in the allurements of the careless word and beguiling smile.

She is attractive — not so much because of the allurements of her person as the luster of her mind.

She doesn't have to say a word — all she has to do is to wink an eye. She was so perfect a creature she never had to sneeze, stumble, or belch. You would never think of asking her a question concerning the creation of the world.

61

ADORNMENT

COSMETICS

Glistening tinsel.
 Glittering gegaws.
 Clanking bracelets.
 Decorative baubles.
 She was painted like a rainbow.
 Her earrings shook like little bells.
 She varnishes her face with japalac.
 She had her hair frizzled like a sheep.
 Earrings, shining like lighted candles.
 None but cosmetics preserves the fair.
 The final coat of shellac had been administered.
 Was in the habit of soiling her face with rouge.
 Like silly girls with rosettes on their slippers.
 She was wearing diamonds as big as pigeons' eggs.
 She brandished her diamonds.
 She came in on a wave of perfume.
 Simonizing her face with japalac.

ORNAMENTS

She sure has a good paint job on her fingernails.
 The sex that is so taken with outside appearances.
 She has the machine-made glow of the beauty parlor.
 Painted and powdered within an inch of their lives.
 Wearing so many bracelets they came up to her elbow.
 Beauty parlors can perform wonders, but not miracles.
 She looks as gay as a maid, in the character of a wife.
 She looks as if she had been decorated with a squirt gun.
 Her rouge looks as if it had been put on with a shoe brush.
 She would give an ear to wear one of those eardrops in the other.
 Her diamond shines like a light-house.
 She is fresh and pretty as paint can make her.

With a rose in his lapel, all covered with flowers, like a mausoleum.
 Wearing a headdress with nodding plumes, like a horse at a coronation.
 She had a permanent wave that reminded me of a storm on the Atlantic Ocean.

Ornaments do not make an ugly woman pretty, but they make a pretty woman beautiful.

Those who are in the habit of adorning that part of the head which we generally call the outside.

She was powdered, perfumed and enameled till it made you wonder what she would do if she ever had to scratch.

But now there is no young lover living so exact in the care of his person.

She thinks it worse to have a run in her stocking than a run in her character.

Fixing her affections upon such things as are only the trappings of her sex. She devotes several hours a day to the care of her person, and thirty minutes a month to the care of her mind.

62

CARDS

BRIDGE

A gambler's property cannot be called his own.

Playing bridge is wicked — the way you play it.

He plays a fair game of bridge — if you watch him.

He can make a deck of cards tell all their secrets.

He is no more cheerful when he

GAMES

wins than grave when he loses.

Do you use the approaching, or the reproaching system?

The biggest diamonds in the country are the Ace and King.

He'll be a good bridge player — when he learns to shuffle.

He cares for trumps more than anything else in life.

He often holds four Aces — and knows where he can get another one. He seemed to be wondering what became of the legs on his Queen of Clubs.

Remember, in a game of chance, if the other fellow wins, you are sure to lose.

There is a great deal of time wasted in playing cards — in shuffling and dealing.

I like only those games in which there is an agreeable mingling of skill and chance.

Bridge Rule: If you've got the cards, for the Lord's sake, bid 'em; if you ain't, pass.

The desire of gain, and the desire of victory, are both thwarted in losing.

63

UGLY

HOMELY

A rough-hewn countenance.

A forbidding countenance.

As homely as a stone wall.

An uninviting countenance.

In his quaint homespun way.

So ugly she frightens stock.

She's not exactly ornamental.

Has a face like a comic mask.

Has a bad system of features.

SIMPLICITY

She looks like an unmade bed.

She's not exactly a geranium.

She has a face like a requiem.

He is pretty rusty to look at.

As ugly as a Glengary Thistle.

Her face was like a broken home.

Deprived his features of harmony.

With a face all crushed together.

Homely enough to frighten an ape.

Her face is no part of her fortune.
She could make money haunting
houses.
Looks like the Wreck of the Hes-
perus.
Has the appearance of horror in
repose.
If that is chicken, then I'll take fish.
Her face seemed to have grown
haphazard.
I would hate to feel as bad as she
looks.
She resembles something lost in
the mails.
As homely and as efficient as a
battle-ax.
She'd be homely if it wasn't for
her money.
She was ugly enough to disgust a
policeman.
She looks as if she were wearing
a disguise.
I don't see how he can be so ugly,
and live.
She would never get a backward
look from me.
She is so homely she should apol-
ogize for it.
Her mouth lacked a lot of being
a decoration.
She has a face that looks like a
dried apple.
A face that seemed to have escaped
from hell.
With traces of having once been
very pretty.
She looks as if her face had been
shipwrecked.
In looking at her I saw bones and
nothing more.
A woman whose mirror gave her
no encouragement.
She was homely enough to scare
little children.
He seemed more like an orang-
outang than a man.
She was lean and yellow, and long
in the tooth.
She looks as if she had been
weaned on a pickle.

He is so homely nobody loves him
but his mother.
A girl with such a face doesn't
need a chaperon.
A woman would have to be near-
sighted to marry him.
If she was a beautiful baby, what
happened to her?
Every one of them sags some place.
Her beauty will never cause any
trouble.
There's another one of nature's
mistakes.
A man who would kiss her would
kiss anybody.
I've seen better limbs on a crab-
apple tree.
He's an ugly palooka.
She looks like an abandoned farm.
She's an ugly duckling in her own
right.
They look as if they had been or-
dered by the dozen.
He has a countenance that is a
breach of the peace.
Her face looks as if it had been
cut out with an ax.
Be it ever so homely, there's no
face like your own.
Her face looks as if it had been
squeezed in a vise.
The more a picture resembles her
the worse it looks.
She was ugly enough to give a
man a fit of indigestion.
If she ever goes to a beauty parlor,
it'll be too late.
She looks like her picture, but may-
be she'll outgrow it.
He is so homely they wouldn't take
him in at the morgue.
He looks as if he had come into
the world in masquerade.
If she was ever in a beauty parlor,
she wasn't waited on.
So homely, it appeared as if nature
were mocking herself.
Why is it, a woman is either beau-
tiful, or horribly ugly?
She looks like a \$10 Texas pony
with a \$90 saddle.

Is that her original face, or has it been retreaded?

I wish she were two-faced — then I could take my choice.

I'll bet she has never been spoiled by adulation.

I think he is the homeliest man on the North American continent.

Some people are better than they look — and they ought to be.

If that girl's face is her fortune, then she must be in debt.

She was, in short, a girl who had been spoiled in the making.

It takes a lot of courage and fortitude to dare to be so ugly.

He ought to bring an action against his countenance for libel.

How can he avoid being exasper-

ated with his own countenance? He is so homely, he couldn't have a girl without marrying her.

She could not be called beautiful, otherwise than by courtesy.

He looked as goofy as though his nose had been on upside down.

How can she be so contented with such a countenance and shape?

He doesn't carry in his countenance a letter of recommendation.

When I look at him, I feel I have something to be thankful for.

He has as bad a system of features as was ever clapped together.

I got her photograph, and then wrote her a letter of condolence.

If Moses had seen him there would have been another commandment.

Had I seen him in a menagerie I would have taken him for a baboon. When people see him, they shake their heads and say, "It's too bad." A man with a face like that can't be bad — he'd never get the chance. Her face looks as if it might be the result of a chemical experiment. Nothing short of facial surgery or reincarnation could make her beautiful. There is no guilt in being homely — but that is all that can be said in its favor.

Someone made a wild miscalculation as to the quantity of material they should put in his nose.

He looks as if he might have been, in one of his former existences, a contemporary of Pontius Pilate.

She was so ugly, when men saw her, the old grew still older, and the drunken immediately became sober.

When I look at him, I think it might have been a good thing if Noah and his family had missed the boat.

Exhibiting a set of features which afforded sufficient moral grounds for his instant execution, even without other evidence against him.

If her face is her fortune, she will never have to pay an income tax.

He was taken for the devil by children who saw him for the first time.

All the beauty shops in the city limits could not make a beauty of her.

He has a face nobody ever forgets — and only members of his family forgive.

We had nobody's word but her own for the beauty she said she once possessed.

Every time I see him, it seems more plausible that man descended from monkeys.

What a constitution he must have had to live 80 years behind a face like that.

I don't think I could care for her, unless she had a lot of money in the bank.

In spite of her wicked perfume, men are painfully respectful to her.

She was not always old, and what may perhaps surprise you more, not always ugly.
 He was great on account of his ugliness, as others are on account of their beauty.
 Whenever he looks in the mirror, he realizes that he has little to be thankful for.
 It costs her a lot to keep new wrinkles in her hair, and the old wrinkles out of her face.
 If he would look in the mirror at least once every day, he'd never blame nobody for nothin'.
 From the neck down, he looks like a successful man; from the neck up, he looks like a chimpanzee.
 When she was born, had she been a kitten they would have drowned her.
 I'm not interested in knowing where she lives, but why she still lives.
 If he is a good man, his character contradicts the lines of his countenance.
 She had better get back into her den before somebody collects a bounty on her.
 She has a face like all other women, except something nauseating has been added.
 I would consider it almost criminal prodigality to buy her even an ice cream cone.
 She sent him her picture on a jigsaw puzzle, so the shock wouldn't be too sudden.
 She must have been a beautiful baby—she couldn't have been so homely all her life.
 She was in the beauty parlor an hour, but my unexpurgated opinion is she didn't stay long enough.
 When I look at her I have the same feeling as if I were to be thrust suddenly into a chamber of horrors.
 You can look at her and tell instantly that it is not somebody else.
 She doesn't understand why she doesn't take a good picture, but everybody else does.
 "Beauty is only skin deep"—I have seen a lot of girls where it wasn't even that deep.
 No man, be he drunk or sober, ever told her she was a celestial phenomenon, without conscious mendacity.
 No one ever told her she was a pulchritudinous wow, without lying.

64

UNREFINED

ROUGH

UNPOLISHED

UNCIVIL

VULGAR

Uncouth gibberish.
 Unwashed rowdies.
 Gallery ruffians.
 Rustic simplicity.
 Flippant vulgarity.
 Mardi gras manners.

Hash-house manners.
 A lovable scalawag.
 An amiable palooka.
 A pint-size hoodlum.
 Screaming vulgarity.
 Unmuzzled immodesty.

Clumsy and uncurried.
 A slop-bucket slouch.
 Unblushing indecency.
 A tinge of obscenity.
 A cabbage of a woman.
 Crossroads simplicity.
 It's a biff-bang crew.
 He's as rough as a cob.
 Renounced civilization.
 A snub-nosed vulgarian.
 A trumpet-tongued yokel.
 A cow-bell ringing crowd.
 Out-of-town hay pitchers.
 A good-natured barbarian.
 A guttersnipe vocabulary.
 This generation of vermin.
 A loose-eared country boy.
 He is as filthy as a Turk.
 Vulgarity is unrestrained.
 A rude unfinished creature.
 Sordid epics of vulgarity.
 Abandoned the conventions.
 Unblighted by civilization.
 Was contaminated with smut.
 A razzle-dazzle young woman.
 He has the soul of a monkey.
 He's a mysterious old tiger.
 Just as ducks love the gutter.
 Forsook the rules of etiquette.
 A Susie-did-it-with-an-ax type.
 She is vulgar with a difference.
 He has a rat's-eye view of life.
 He was in a perfectly wild state.
 A bellowing uproarious roughneck.
 He has the taste of a mule driver.
 He has neither taste nor learning.
 He was just in from the corn belt.
 A man destitute of all politeness.
 As rough and savage as a gaunt dog.
 It was at once nasty and diverting.
 He is both blood raw and pea green.
 Just a low mind from the high grass.
 An affront to euphony and good taste.
 There is a noticeable lack of veneer.
 She behaves as well as she knows how.
 You could almost see her vaccination.

As modest as a longshoreman on a payday spree.
 She looked like the heroine in a dirty picture.
 He would actually suffer if he were to dress up.
 He is so filthy, I wouldn't touch him with a fork.
 You can see, she never went to a finishing school.
 Storming-the-citadel kind of methods.
 He's just a detour from Tobacco Road.
 He has the yearning of a ditch digger.
 He looked as if he had slept in a cave.
 Living among beasts spoils the manners.
 A sort of humor indulged only by boors.
 Mingle with the rough-dry bench warmers.
 An unrestrained outpouring of incivility.
 He acted as if he were taking the Bastile.
 The foulest kind of guttersnipe vocabulary.
 He has learned vulgarity from the ground up.
 He has the table manners of a turkey buzzard.
 Tossing off some dirty stories left-handedly.
 He acted as if he had been raised in a wigwam.
 A singular mixture of elegance and rusticity.
 She owes an apology to etiquette and modesty.
 One of those soulless, earth-clogged natures.
 She talked to us as if we had been barbarians.
 He has about as much culture as a razorback hog.
 She went as far as she could, and still be a lady.

He was born a Bohemian, and a Bohemian he will die.

He would look at home between the handles of a plow.

He acts as if he were a member of the wrecking crew.

Such actions are not in vogue among rational animals.

This buffoonery just fitted the taste of the audience.

Language, as indecent as ever was heard upon the water.

I still believe that sewage should run under the ground.

They need nothing but a diet of hay to make cattle of them.

He has no right to act here as if he were in an empty room.

He can be entertained only by matters that occur below the belt.

And so for the future I am resolved to be merry with the vulgar.

Fined for appearing too frequently in clean linen.

Language that was neither restrained nor printable.

Such things are not in vogue among the polite and well-bred.

He resembles the popular conception of a brewery truck driver.

Speaking out loud words that are sometimes heard, but never seen.

The natives down there are like briars — they die where they grow. Neither delicacy nor common sense could have been learned from him. Conscious of nothing beyond their own petty wants of back and stomach. Turns away shamefaced from the vulgar scene, and closes the door upon it. She took away nothing from the art exhibit except a couple of blisters on her feet.

Those who know no satisfactions but what they have in common with all other animals.

He knows what it is to spend his nights in a stable and get his breakfast at a pump.

One of those harum-scarum girls that could lose her reputation, and then never miss it.

Where a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than anything that can be spoken.

He came to manhood just as nature left him — half finished and without any acquired improvements.

He thinks it a laudable distinction for a man to get drunk, kick his wife, and fight his relatives.

He is one of those fellows who always orders three eggs — two for his stomach, and one for his shirt-front.

One of those assemblies where they entertain themselves by drinking till they cannot taste, smoking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear.

Words commonly found in the guttersnipe vocabulary of seafaring men. Acting as bad toward Hallowe'en as father does when he attends a convention.

He looks as if it were not more than three months since he came from the plow.

Those who think a man snooty if he has his hair combed, and his pants creased.

Neglects that which polite people have agreed to distinguish by the name of delicacy.

His pleasures are mean and inordinate, his language base and filthy, his behavior rough and absurd.

She has eyes as wide and soft as a young heifer's, and the taste of a dishwasher at a tavern.

I don't see how he can have a clear conscience until he has washed behind the ears and put on a clean shirt.

Stooped to the level of hoodlums who scribble poetry on privy walls. She is so pretty, and the other one is coarse and smells like goat's meat, and I do not like her.

65

AWKWARD

CLUMSY

UNGAINLY

INELEGANT

UNSKILFUL

BUNGLER

Was awkward and ill at ease.

She is amazingly inelegant.

As awkward as a steam shovel.

He does everything like a fat woman.

Fear could make an antelope awkward.

He always makes an easy job difficult.

A tottering, untaught way of walking.

As graceful as an infant hippopotamus.

She moves as gracefully as a farm tractor.

His whole person bore an unfinished aspect.

As graceful as an elephant on roller skates.

His hands always appeared to be in his way.

She's as awkward as if she had three left feet.

She looked like a truss of straw with clothes on.

Staring about as if he wondered how he came there.

He seldom does anything that isn't a capital offense.

She is always tripping one foot over the other.

Her movements had the stiff precision of a semaphore.

Moves like a bear that has been taught to walk upright.

As he goes waddling along he reminds me of a barnyard duck.

He was awkward and unskilful, and seemed as much made for a uniform as a wolf for saying mass.

66

PROMINENT

FAME

POPULAR

REPUTATION

ARISTOCRATIC

A sounding name.

A dizzy eminence.

Towering superiority.

Arch-browed elegance.

His winning emptiness.

Conscious superiority.

An insolent patrician.

The insolence of high birth.

She stood three deep in men.

All the galaxy of the great.

Dull as well as distinguished.

He lives there like a monarch.

She came in fat and important.
 His name is but sound and echo.
 A phenomenon of respectability.
 Reached the apogee of his fame.
 The Almighty was partial to him.
 Envied and admired by multitudes.
 He wears so many medals they
 clink.
 He's just a cinder in the public eye.
 The grandest tiger in all the jungle.
 Looking as magnificent as a monu-
 ment.
 A man of long descent, but short
 means.
 Swims among the whale of the
 mighty deep.
 I would rather be attacked than un-
 noticed.
 As conspicuous as a king at his
 coronation.
 The cheers of today have such a
 short echo.
 As simple as everything that is
 truly great.
 Not to know him is to argue your-
 self unknown.
 The way to be respected is to be
 respectable.
 He looked like a god and talked
 like Jehovah.
 She shines among the brightest
 constellations.
 Even the undertaker will be sorry
 when he dies.
 He is as well known as the Wash-
 ington Monument.
 Are celebrated above all others in
 the universe.
 Those who stand out as the prod-
 igies of mankind.
 Like a vagrant comet, he burst
 upon the horizon.
 Those men who seem to be the com-

panions of lions and executioners.
 As heroic as a statue at the en-
 trance of a park.
 I've heard about you. Well, they
 can't prove it.
 He catches at the applause of the
 idle multitude.
 If he went to a funeral, he'd want
 to be the corpse.
 He deserves such immortality as
 newspapers can give.
 They thought him too big a fish
 to put in their net.
 The lightning of celebrity strikes
 in strange places.
 A position about as important as
 an honorary pallbearer.
 The public knows more about him
 than his mother does.
 He went up like a rocket, and came
 down like a stick.
 He isn't the man he used to be —
 in fact, he never was.
 The man who doesn't know him
 never heard of Roosevelt.
 He whose game is the eagle takes
 no heed of the sparrow.
 He gave them something to boast
 about in their histories.
 For the little share of time such
 names as his can live.
 He could discern clouds, but only
 by looking down upon them.
 A man upon whom God had fixed
 his eye and placed his finger.
 Fame and notoriety are not the
 same — notoriety lasts longer.
 He never did anything to make the
 world stand by, and wonder.
 It is a frivolous pleasure to be the
 admiration of gaping crowds.
 She will always be the exact center
 of interest.

A king can make a nobleman, but it takes Jehovah to make a gentleman.
 Is it not plain that the inferior exist for the sake of the superior?
 One of those chaps who goes around with a clean shirt and a dirty mind.
 If you want to find out about me, look me up in Who's Who, or Here's
 How.

I was a gentleman before he was born, and I will be one after he is hanged.
 The cream of society refers to the top, but the scum comes to the top, too.

When he sets his foot down in one end of the town, the other end flops up.
 Had risen so high that nothing was left but to descend from his elevation.
 The less reputation folks have the quicker they flare up in defense of it.
 He has outdistanced all rivals and may soon touch the sky with his forefinger.

It is certain that there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some never amount to shucks.

Every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.

To be negligent of what anyone thinks of you does not only show you arrogant but abandoned.

Don't worry if people don't understand you — maybe it's to your interest if they don't.

No greatness can rise above the laws of human affection, nor live beyond the jurisdiction of pain.

He's a large beaked eagle who could swallow that bird, feathers and all, and not feel any difference.

One of those fabulous existences which remain, in the course of centuries, as an astonishment for posterity.

After four thousand years of civilization the most famous are those who can hit, swat, kick, or carry a ball.

Be it true or false, what is said of men often has as much influence upon their lives, and especially upon their destiny, as what they do.

67

OBSCURE

COMMON

DEMOCRATIC

MASSES

A harmless fish.

They run in a pack.

The swinish multitude.

Nominated for oblivion.

Mental and moral runts.

A sheep-like existence.

As homespun as corncocks.

He carries a cap pistol.

As common as a huckster.

Straining to be noticed.

As humble as a milkmaid.

As common as pig tracks.

The undistinguished many.

A retired bum.

He's a one-cylinder runt.

Chained down in obscurity.

He isn't worth cutting down.

The riffraff of the universe.

The despicable are ever safe.

As common as asparagus in May.

I'll bet she knows how to milk.

The security of insignificance.

You or I, or the man next door.

Vegetating their existence away.

As democratic as a roller towel.

As American as a mush breakfast.

Ethical and intellectual dwarfs.

He still carries a wooden sword.

From the meanest to the most high.

As democratic as a dinnerless dog.

He's the party of the second part.

He is little more than an animal.

He is only a handful of rotten dust.

The little spot to which he is chained.

Her nose shines, but her mind does not.

He does little other than occupy space.

She has a history but she can't sell it.

Those men who figure mostly as molecules.

Just an ordinary, plain, mine-run citizen.

His usefulness is merely to serve for ballast.

They might as well have been born caterpillars.

The mob wants bread and games, and that's that.

Paddles among the tadpoles of some paltry pond.

She is a girl such as you may find by the gross.

It would take a miracle to bring him into focus.

He lived as a turtle in the depths of the forest.

He was bred to no business and born to no estate.

He left behind nothing but a blurred fingerprint.

He was stuck in a pigeonhole, like a married man.

You would scarce suspect him to have a human soul.

Among those who leave behind

them no traces of their existence.

I will sell my chance to become great for a nickel.

He's a healthy and a well-washed man, nothing more.

The common man is one who works, and stays in debt.

He knows no more of his descent than any hunter's dog.

They look as if they had been turned out by machinery.

Acted as if he might have hailed from Skiatook, Oklahoma.

It is hard to tell whether he is a person, or just a growth.

He inspired the same interest called forth by a wild animal.

A fellow whom one would scarce suspect to have a human soul.

He'll be missed about as much as a sun perch in the Pacific.

A modest man who asks no more than his share of the sunshine.

With him, death will be a mere passing from little to nothing.

He never gets away from the little spot to which he is chained.

Haven't the mental qualifications to deliver them from oblivion.

Those who are merely the lumber of the human race.

It takes very little water to make a perfect pool for a tiny fish.

He showed up in the bottom drawer of the Bureau of Missing Persons. And nobody would have dared to speak of, nor even to remember them. He could go to Waterloo, without being missed here, or noticed there. Somebody could throw him out of the window and it wouldn't be noticed. He's a prime, well-fed beast, such as takes medals at the cattle shows. He knows his place, or can very easily be made to find it if he loses it. When he lost his job he became what nature made him, just a mule driver. The crowds of insignificant creatures that infest all places of assembling. He was a poor little man with a sagging frame, dim lights, and feeble ignition.

Instead of a hero, he is but a knave in his designs, and a clown in his language.

All he is good for is to enable some woman to collect life insurance when he dies.

Those who have little else but their shape to entitle them to any place in the species.

They are to be regarded as so many unfinished pieces of nature wrought off in haste.

These coarse rough people are not easily wounded — when they suffer they don't feel.

Those who are of no consequence, and therefore go where they will be welcome for being so.

Anyone who couldn't get into that kind of society would be blackballed out of Union Station.

With most men, as soon as they have breathed out their breath, they are gone, and no man speaks of them.

The lives of most men are well described by the path of an arrow, which is immediately closed up and lost.

The only thing he left to posterity was his initials on the top of a school desk inscribed with a rusty nail.

68

PRIDE

EGOTISM

BRAVADO

BOASTING

DIGNITY

Noisy bravado.

Ingrown egotism.

Classic conceit.

Braying egotism.

Blatant bombast.

Metallic bravado.

A pompous manner.

Hereditary pride.

A silly braggart.

Rationally proud.

A majestic strut.

A sway-back strut.

Impertinent snobs.

The upturned nose.

Absurd ostentation.

Congenital conceit.

Vociferous heroics.

Disgusting bravado.

He's a false alarm.

A wholesome egotism.

Babylonian splendor.

Strutting pomposity.

Ludicrous pomposity.

A pontifical poise.

Straight-laced pride.

Suffocating grandeur.

Empty-headed conceit.

A pontifical manner.

Nothing deflates him.

The inflated tire us.

Ananias was good, too.

As arrogant as a hawk.

Aristocratic disdain.

Only fools are modest.

A swaggering braggart.

Intolerably conceited.

Constitutional vanity.

Ostentatious splendor.

Refreshingly conceited.

Pronounced ostentation.

He's a blank cartridge.

As proud as a princess.

The loud-talking wonder.

Walking his pompous way.

Fascinatingly conceited.

A species of hippodrome.

He's a barn door rooster.

Revoltingly self-conceited.

Exhibit their magnificence.

His pride smells to heaven.

As proud as a duke or peer.

I thought Houdini was dead.

He can outbull Sitting Bull.

Whom can I get to brag on me?

He felt a flutter of vanity.

His assurance is monumental.

He talks like a Roman Senator.

As dignified as an Archbishop.

Pompous, swagger, and blatant.
 He has a turkey gobbler strut.
 His victories are largely oral.
 He is as proud as an Archangel.
 As dignified as the dictionary.
 Wrapped in a garment of starch.
 Has the pomposity of an emperor.
 Has a peacock flair for display.
 Claps his fins in self-applause.
 Blown out by a little knowledge.
 Pelting himself with compliments.
 Acted like prelates in a council.
 He speaks with a pontifical air.
 He walked pompously, like a goose.
 He's little more than a loud noise.
 He can teach a rooster how to crow.
 He always seems so full of himself.
 After a struggle with his timidity.
 Stuffed with his own commendations.
 As conceited as a rooster on a wall.
 Someone ought to readjust his halo.
 Not vanity, but a justifiable pride.
 He is the possessor of a vast vanity.
 He has the looks of a prime minister.
 The little duck, and the great quack.
 He spreads the heroics with a trowel.
 He has a tinge of metropolitan swank.
 He knows all about it, whatever it is.
 As upright and silent as if on parade.
 A picturesque and pestiferous egotist.
 He's not the kind to overlook himself.
 He's nothing but a big-talking cipher.
 I would like to puncture his pomposity.
 He has a strut like the king of France.
 You can see he bears himself no malice.
 Walks as if he had his head in a halter.
 He always pins medals all over himself.

She sure has a fond opinion of herself.
 She came in, or rather made her entrance.
 I wish I were as good as he thinks he is.
 Self-love is a football swelled with wind.
 He must wear his medals on his undershirt.
 He knows it all, and tells more than that.
 Tottered under the weight of his grandeur.
 He has a way of walking like a procession.
 With the air of a Roman saving his country.
 He seemed to be strutting upon his tiptoes.
 He talks as if he had arsenic for breakfast.
 It is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud.
 He talked as if he owned the Atlantic Ocean.
 He swelled up till he almost burst his skin.
 She has plenty of vanity in her composition.
 With his hand in his coat, like a statesman.
 She raised her patrician head a toss higher.
 She loves to sniff the incense of adulation.
 She had the mien and air of a young officer.
 He goes about as if he were an heir apparent.
 He values himself at such an exorbitant rate.
 He has the stained glass dignity of a parson.
 We know you're good — you don't have to brag.
 Loved incense as well as a king or a cardinal.
 To hear him tell it, he doesn't need any help.

- Swaggering, red-blooded, boasting, vociferous.
- He is suffering from permanent chest expansion.
- He acted as if he had done us a favor to exist.
- Has everything better than the rest, even pain.
- He's always acting as cheer leader for himself.
- He walked through the room like a Roman Consul.
- He thinks that being for it makes it unanimous.
- I interrupted to inquire, "Why is that, teacher?"
- He takes all occasions of doing himself justice.
- To hear him tell it, he has four speeds forward.
- He is constantly offering self-serving testimony.
- He listened to himself with obvious satisfaction.
- He strutted like a turkey just ready for killing.
- Begins to treat the President almost as an equal.
- Many a man who never did anything wants a parade.
- Chirping with all the assurance of a nightingale.
- It is hereditary to seek the center of the stage.
- He may be spectacular, but we all love fireworks.
- Drenched, saturated, and surcharged with egotism.
- Give me plenty of room so I can do some bragging.
- He thinks that if he said it was, that made it so.
- He surveyed me, not as an equal, but as a superior.
- When he said that he seemed to dilate in magnitude.
- He uses more first person singulars than Mussolini.
- He has the quiet conviction he can meet no superior.
- He acted as if he had just won a prize in a lottery.
- If I'm not, who would you suggest to take my place?
- She goes about town with her nose turned to the sky.
- He has such an air of omniscience and infallibility.
- He rarely spoke for fear of disturbing his features.
- He always goes about with an air of legal formality.
- Bulging with arrogance, self-confidence, and egotism.
- She refuses to bow her neck, or her knees to anybody.
- He was telling 'em about the time he walked on water.
- To hear him tell it, he has been everything but dead.
- As vain as a man wearing a span of high-heeled boots.
- When he says he doesn't know, he means nobody knows.
- He sounds like Moses proclaiming the Ten Commandments.
- He walked down the lane as if the lane belonged to him.
- He boasts that he never kicked his mother in the face.
- When he said that he seemed to become two sizes larger.
- To hear him tell it, he has to lie down to be measured.
- He talks as if he could easily separate the inseparable.
- That pride which is the necessary result of superiority.
- She fully understands the art of being dull with dignity.
- The old sinner ought to be repenting instead of boasting.
- He thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him.
- He'd be all right if he wasn't so sure he knew everything.
- He talks as if he were the man who dug the Missouri River.
- He is always going to make his fortune — and never does it.

He's always giving out information
— he never asks for any.
To hear him tell it, he could easily
unscrew the inscrutable.
His inordinate pride puts a great
strain on his vest buttons.
He thinks he is the big noise, and
the other fellow the echo.
Charm is the knack of making the
other fellow feel important.
He combines absurdity with dig-
nity, like a deacon on a drunk.
Some day that great windbag will
burst like a sack of grain.
He insists on being accosted in
language proper to the Deity.
Few men have so good an opinion
of us as we have of ourselves.
She looked as if she might be
broken, but could never be bent.
He found the universe more aston-
ishing than his own cleverness.
He talks as if he were the favorite
friend and confidant of God.
She expects you to put down a red
carpet for her at the station.
He developed a chest expansion that

popped the buttons off his vest.
Up to the proudest of the proud,
and to the highest of the high.
Betrays him into vain fantastic re-
citals of his own performances.
To hear him tell it, he has a record
of 120 revolutions a minute.
Makes me think his lungs a pair of
bellows to blow conceit at us.
He talks as if he were the possessor
of the esteem of all mankind.
If he could see himself as others
see him, he wouldn't believe it.
To hear him tell it, it took a van to
haul his salary to the bank.
If your head isn't swelled clear out
over your ears, listen to me.
He fancies the world has nothing to
think of but his performances.
His family is as old as the hills, and
infinitely more respectable.
What has he done to earn the right
to that posture of superiority?
He'd be popular, if everybody liked
him as well as he does himself.
He is entirely too free in the use of
the perpendicular pronoun.

He was not as good as he said he was — nobody could be that good.
I defy any man to keep his dignity when his pants are slipping down.
It is the small men and not the great who hold their noses in the air.
He's so full of helium, if he'd take off his shoes he'd go straight up.
He wants no one to interrupt him, unless it is to confirm what he says.
He would have us believe that he is a phenomenon beyond understanding.
Heaven deliver us from the meek — those who never speak till spoken to.
He acts as if he could tell the whole world where, when, what, and how.
He talks as if he has slain more men than there are buttons on his vest.
He seems to think the things he knows are secrets that will die with him.
He thinks that what he doesn't know, he is certain to some time find out.
He talks as if his ancestors were at the signing of the Ten Commandments.
He talks as if he had a bucketful of gold hidden away in some hollow tree.
The elevated eyebrow and the swelling nostrils of the proud and pros-
perous.

Those whose names are household words only to their fathers and mothers.
His conversation was on two subjects — himself, and the rest of creation.
He would rather have a bellboy think he is rich than that he is sensible.
He thinks that being a Jones admits to heaven without further examination.
If you will show me the first ten of your millions, I'll believe the rest.
According to the constitution, one person is just as important as another.
The first time he did it he was a celebrity, the second time he was a liar.

He took in too much territory — in fact, the whole of the Louisiana Purchase.

He's one of those men who has a home with three baths, and four mortgages.

To hear him tell it, there is not an ancient Roman that he could not imitate.

He boasted that he often sat down to a table with Kings and Queens — and Aces.

He talked as if he were in the habit of having his slain buried in his garden.

He was never known to walk away deliberately from a conversation about himself.

He talked as if he could kill the President with impunity, and then take his place.

The only thing to mislead you would be to believe he was as good as he said he was.

They were all present, both those who go to see, and those who come to be seen.

He never seems to question but that others will do him as much justice as he does himself.

He was a soldier, and loved to go on parade, dragging his tinware through the streets.

Great as is the vanity of the civilized, it is exceeded by that of the uncivilized.

He talks as if he could put the waters of Niagara back, till he was ready for it to come over.

I understood immediately that everything in existence was his, belonged to him, and not to any other.

To hear him tell it, he is both ready and able to hang and unhang the innocent and the guilty alike.

If he were made immortal what a specimen of tiresome braggadocio would be transmitted to posterity.

He seemed to think others might be in doubt about things, but he could never be in doubt about anything.

He ought to be sworn, before he enters into company, not to say a word of himself till the meeting breaks up.

He could prove that his ancestors had been at the Court of Charlemagne, and not as musicians or cooks, either.

He feels nobody in the Western Hemisphere, excepting himself, can do anything correctly.

He thinks he is the crown prince of that family, and that the others are just going along for the ride.

He talks as if a Thousand Dollar Bill would be no more to him than an old transfer would be to you or me.

He is so egotistical that had he never been born he would have expected people to go about asking why not.

When he reads a classic, he feels it is the wisest of the dead sending greetings to the wisest of the living.

If someone were suddenly to kick all the conceit out of him there wouldn't be enough left to hold an inquest on.

He seemed to think it a standing marvel that providence had given him so many brains, and only one set of viscera.

He has that confidence of speech and behavior which seems to acknowledge no superior, and to defy all contradiction.

He holds himself in such veneration that he believes that nothing which concerns him can be insignificant to anybody else.

He was so blown up with egotism and ignorance, I found much satisfaction in whittling him down to his natural dimensions.

He walked like a man with a million ought to walk, that is to say, without conceit or swagger, but without timidity.

All he talks about is himself—and I'll tell the world anybody who gets a good look at him doesn't need any explanations.

To hear him tell it, his salary was to begin at ten thousand a week, and then increased a thousand a week till he became unconscious.

However little we bore ourselves, in the course of time everything else is tired of us.

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INTRODUCTION

PREFACE

PREAMBLE

POSTSCRIPT

FOREWORD

Trust it not.

I renew my vow.

It is so decreed.

To conceal nothing.

Some even affirmed.

A stately preamble.

It is open to doubt.

We shall take leave.

Now then learn this.

The salient fact is.

An eloquent exordium.

Suck in these truths.

But here is a secret.

It is to be remarked.

I make no mention of.

Let them take notice.

My dear combative sir.

An ingenious preamble.

It is strange to think.

It is known of all men.

It must not be thought.

It may not be affirmed.

Let them be admonished.

I think it past dispute.

For the thoughtful know.

Conceived in these terms.

No one, be it remembered.

Let us underline one fact.

It might be imagined that.

The basis of the belief is.

There is another grievance.

Let us note a circumstance.

And I know not what besides.

Still, by way of postscript.

We think it our duty to notice.

This fact deserves to be noted.

Let us remark, parenthetically.

What a singular preamble that is.

Which ought to suggest something.

The sum of all this discourse is.

I repeat for the sake of emphasis.

The state of the question then is.

It will scarcely be asserted that.

Of the rest we can make no report.

This seems something like evidence.

An aimless and fluttering preamble.

Reducing the idea to precise terms.

Still it must not be imagined that.

One detail, however, is noteworthy.

For these truths are incontestable.

Here was a vast trouble for thought.

With these premises, let us proceed.

To give point to these observations.

This is the state of the case, then.

- Let us return to our starting point.
- We did you the honor to suppose that.
- What we think it our duty to note is.
- Leaving the thought to the thoughtful.
- What the situation seems to promise is.
- There is no escape from the conclusion.
- To the praise of this age be it spoken.
- Would be a reminder, if any were needed.
- But to return to the chapter concerning.
- If we had leisure to examine, one by one.
- Then there is no refuge from this result.
- Let us make room for a short parenthesis.
- If we look into the bottom of this matter.
- It was written that on this memorable day.
- Never again pronounce the word incredible.
- It is in the essence and nature of things.
- It is not easy to declare with confidence.
- We will point out the curious particulars.
- Might I be permitted to utter one sentiment?
- Will introduce them without further preface.
- As a faithful historian, we are bound to add.
- Going back to the Genesis of the proposition.
- In the meantime let us stick our claws into.
- Although it may not be irrelevant to observe.
- For the sake of the record, let it be entered.
- Let us understand each other; we will explain.
- If this story were nothing but a chronicle of.
- Let us ignore the impertinence of the question.
- But further than that I can make no affirmation.
- That can hardly be thought an undesirable result.
- Expressing his views thereon in manner following.
- Here naturally comes a fact that we must not omit.
- For that opinion we profess no other warrant than.
- We will assume, though it is a liberal assumption.
- To bring these observations to some useful purpose.
- The question now on all this accumulated matter is.
- We should run a strong risk of making a mistake, if.
- Be it however observed to the honor of the taste of.
- We ought also to say, to be a faithful historian, that.
- This conclusion must be predicated upon the hypothesis.
- And that circumstance is both significant and important.
- If I might be indulged to speak in the style of a lawyer.
- If the truth should be discovered, it might be found that.
- Since we are in, let us remain there to note a peculiarity.
- If the collateral facts could be developed, it might be found.

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TALK

CHATTER

Moronic patter.
 Windy verbosity.
 Chattering jays.
 A simple babbler.
 A storm of sound.
 The inane chatter.
 Volcanic verbosity.
 A prancing windbag.
 A talkative temper.
 Trifling discourses.
 The rattling tongue.
 Babbles like a brook.
 Everlasting chirping.
 Talking long and loud.
 Aggressive volubility.
 Conversational goulash.
 Stuffed with verbosity.
 Spilling out language.
 Runs off at the spigot.
 An incorrigible pop-off.
 Jabbered with animation.
 A disjointed volubility.
 Such a blizzard of words.
 She can outtalk Congress.
 She is a pretty windmill.
 Drowned in her verbosity.
 An empty jingle of words.
 What a cloudburst of gab.
 Sounds like geese talking.
 She's sure wired for sound.
 Has more jaw than judgment.
 Is in eruption incessantly.
 It's hard to interrupt her.
 A tasteless jumble of words.
 Turned on the current again.
 She sure rings like a bellfy.
 Speaking into the patient air.
 Their prattle becomes irksome.
 She sure gives you an earache.
 She sure knows a lot of words.
 Was in her best rattling vein.
 The way she burdens the record.
 If you can't be smart, be loud.
 Talks on the ball bearing plan.
 Trying to run down her battery.

PALAVER

VERBOSITY

He ought to shut his motor off.
 An everlasting stream of words.
 And talk! She simply jabbered.
 She was just bursting to speak.
 She doesn't need a loud-speaker.
 Many men jabber; very few speak.
 Chattering like birds on a limb.
 He has a jawbone like a jackass.
 She entered the room voice first.
 The automatic action of her jaws.
 His mouth opened up like a trunk.
 Conversation will now be resumed.
 She ought to watch her indicator.
 Kept her mouth open like a tunnel.
 Her mouth is too big for her face.
 Sounded like rain upon a skylight.
 She suffered from a flux of words.
 She runs on an alternating current.
 They were talking like a whirlwind.
 She sure has the gift of utterance.
 While I was pumping out these words.
 Dearly loved to hear her bugle blow.
 Rattled like a single pill in a box.
 She threw her words out like bubbles.
 She says a lot more than her prayers.
 Can give immortality to conversation.
 She does a lot of thinking in public.
 He talks, muses, and then talks again.
 With a tongue as sharp as her profile.
 These words were spoken in one breath.
 She ought to give her adenoids a rest.
 The lamentable braying of his trumpet.
 She's the same as she was, only louder.

- She had just one relapse after another.
- She is leaky when it comes to language.
- Her head doesn't keep up with her tongue.
- As long-winded as a congressional speech.
- Doesn't seem to know what a period is for.
- She works on an energy-from-the-air basis.
- Be as brief as it is in your nature to be.
- It sounds like station G-A-B broadcasting.
- Inundated by a deluge of words and phrases.
- Braced himself for the coming gush of talk.
- He has but little skull, and plenty of jaw.
- It takes some energy to run even a windmill.
- Was given to the continuous use of language.
- It's a wonder she doesn't burn out a tonsil.
- She talks as if she were speaker of the house.
- She couldn't converse, but she sure could talk.
- He comes under the head of unfinished business.
- You don't have to prime her to get her to talk.
- Began looking for a place to park her Wrigley's.
- She always has her tongue very near to her lips.
- At the first semicolon, I interrupted to remark.
- He always kept his mouth open like a post office.
- Gave way to that itching at the tip of her tongue.
- What did you say? Have you three hours to listen?
- The words pouring forth seemed struggling for exit.
- A person who does a lot of talking is bound to be right — sometimes.
- She can talk for hours, and enjoy every word of it.
- Kept on grinding with water that had already passed.
- Can talk for two hours and not cross her tracks once.
- Blowing the whistle is better than blowing the boiler.
- With a head like a bell, and a tongue like its clapper.
- And so on, and so on; a sailor could have said no more.
- She loves to listen to the roar of her mental sea shell.
- He was silenced by her volubility rather than her logic.
- Ought to be considered as so much decorative surplusage.
- Then she opened her mouth as if she meant to swallow me.
- Her hands might have been tied, but her tongue was free.
- She lets her thoughts all indifferently fly out in words.
- She talks as if she were engaged in a senatorial filibuster.
- The marvel is that she doesn't suffocate in her own exhaust.
- When a woman isn't talking, she is thinking what to say next.
- An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down.
- Not to be heard, is no reason why she should hold her tongue.
- She can use every word in the dictionary, and not say a thing.
- She has a wonderful flow of words, and loves to pour them out.
- Turned loose a battery of rockets, bombs and tear-drawing gas.
- If her mouth was any bigger, they'd have to move her ears back.
- She shifted her brain into neutral, and let her tongue idle on.
- She is one of those women that's just aching to tell everything.
- I was fed up to the teeth on her talk.
- She talks like a .50-caliber machine gun.

She'll be back in a flash with the trash.

Loud talkers are so fond of their own noise.

She can read and write, but she can't think.

When I had been buzzed out of my five senses.

A guy who talks a heap and never says anything.

With abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature.

She knows enough words to start a new dictionary.

Her voice is hard to extinguish over the telephone.

Her talk sounds like words pouring out of a vacuum.

I talked till I felt like a pump that needs priming.

Her chatter is as meaningless as a canary's chirping.

Words coming out in a high, steady, irritating babble.

She ought to quit talking, just by way of a rest cure.

He always says nothing, and says

it in as many words as possible.

She was already rounding the bend in her next sentence.

A story so interminable he ought to run it as a serial.

She seems to be trying to establish a verbosity record.

She has a double chin — evidently too much work for one.

She ought to stop talking occasionally, and say something.

He never questions his right to monopolize the conversation.

It was in her mind, and it ran out to the end of her tongue.

The trouble is her brains and tongue are not in coordination.

Since there is but one brain between us, let me do the talking.

"After all is said and done", means a lot more is said than done.

She gives you warning — she sounds her siren when she's coming.

She'll talk on, and on, far into the night — if she isn't stopped.

There was nothing active in her body except her tongue.

She has an open countenance — open entirely too much of the time. Whatever she is talking about she never once comes to a full stop. Her mouth got her in more trouble than her feet could get her out of. Using the steam in her whistle that ought to be used in her cylinders. As soon as she gets within hollering distance, she begins to broadcast. It's a wonder she isn't afraid that her tongue will slap her brains out. She talked on and on, filling the patient air with a multitude of words. Pointing her conversation with nothing but commas, and very few of them.

He has such a gift of speech, he can carry on a conversation without reply.

One of those who can keep on talking long after they have quit thinking.

When she said that, she put a period after it, and began a new paragraph.

She must be a bell ringer — ding-dong, ding-dong — she can only say that.

He had a habit of saying something when he should have said nothing at all.

She ought to stop at times, long enough at least for station identification.

When she begins to talk all business is suspended for an indefinite period.

When everybody refuses to listen she harangues space, and talks to herself.

A talker by birth, predilection, instinct, and arrangement of the vocal cords.

The chief objection to an open countenance is the noise it makes while it is open.
 Her untiring volubility is the best proof I know of perpetual motion and immortality.
 Science will never be able to read a man's thoughts — if he'll just keep his mouth shut.
 The rapidity with which she spoke seemed to be a cunning invention to keep from thinking.
 She is a mere popgun, repeating and discharging words till I have noises in the head.
 She did not talk with the futile intention of convincing her audience, she talked to relieve herself.
 She declares she says just what she thinks, but she can't make anybody believe she thinks that fast.
 I have found by long experience how hard a thing it is for those to keep silent who have all the organs of speech.
 She makes a fellow wonder who the devil is eternally ringing the bell in her belfry that there should issue from her brazen throat a perpetual ding-dong, ding-dong.
 Her senseless monologue, breaking in upon the reading of a good book, has the same effect upon me as if the clamor of a boiler factory were to interrupt the song of the morning stars.
 I would rather listen to the braying of a jackass than his idle prattle.
 She has a mouth like an oversized mouse trap, but no brains to tell it what to say.
 Words — muffled, mumbled, muttered, mangled, manhandled, mutilated, murdered, and massacred.
 I get little more out of her talk than if she were speaking in Italian, and I listening in English.

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ORATORY

SPEECH

SERMON

HARANGUE

ELOQUENCE

A droning sermon.
 Slashing rhetoric.
 Gushing elocution.
 Howls his harangues.
 Persuasive eloquence.
 An eloquent harangue.
 Harangues like Cicero.
 Rhetorical embroidery.
 A stammering beginner.
 Oratorical legerdemain.
 A finger-wagging sermon.
 The most moving eloquence.
 Prodigal of polysyllables.
 Rhetorical sleight of hand.
 A long and windy harangue.

An arm waving elocutionist.
 As eloquent as the apostles.
 Shines in a blaze of eloquence.
 He will now annoy the audience.
 Was conscripted to make a speech.
 A senseless, incoherent harangue.
 He soars on wings of superlatives.
 Those who have a taste for tinsel.
 He speaks like Paul, the tentmaker.
 I listened with amazement and rapture.
 Pouring out the thunder of his rhetoric.
 As eloquent as a real estate prospectus.

He can gild the lily and paint the rose.	The great secret of eloquence is to be in earnest.
With that eloquence lent by true emotion.	Can embellish any subject with roses and rainbows.
He has the indispensable charm of novelty.	Some ministers are eloquent; others are just loud.
One becomes an orator, one is born a poet.	It would be next to an impossibility to be inattentive.
Shines in the pomp of the Roman eloquence.	A speech that sounded like the howl of a yearling wolf.
He can send 'em home talking to themselves.	Before he began speaking, we all ordered an anaesthetic.
A glittering weaver of oratorical tapestry.	It was just twenty-five minutes of concentrated monotony.
His talk was a mere blowing of soap bubbles.	His sermon suggested God's mercy, which endureth forever.
The volume and fury of the applause he ignited.	Raise their sonorous voices in the interest of their country.
Remarks as refreshing as they are illuminating.	Such a dull speech I heard neither the beginning nor the end.
Somebody ought to drag the floor from under him.	Waddled through his discourse with the awkward gait of a bear.
He has the faculty of making a dry subject moist.	Could make his audience cry, weep, sob, and shed tears in turn.

There can be no more sovereign eloquence than truth in indignation. When he begins to talk you can see the stars coming out in the sky. Such things frequently pass upon an audience for towering thoughts. It was like the sound of a great bell in the midst of much tinkling. Many seem to think that he who can speak loudest is the best orator. It is a difficult task to make speeches to the belly, which has no ears. He can take a few common words, breathe an idea into them, and they become music.

Like all great orators, when he has said all, there is nothing more to be said.

I'd rather run away from him for an hour than to hear him talk for five minutes.

To hear him, you would suppose that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.

The election was over, and there were no more campaign speeches to agitate the evening air.

He made them weep in their handkerchiefs till they were moist, and then wave them till they were dry.

I have the most profound regret when his last words have been swallowed by the mike.

He says he can't think on his feet. I doubt whether he can think very much in any position.

Demosthenes said when a man ceases to be nervous when he faces an audience, he ceases to have a message.

Those who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowings and distortions of enthusiasm.

He could describe a smallpox epidemic till he could make you think it was something you would hate to miss.
 One of those speakers who couldn't tell the name of the Father of His Country, without referring to his notes.
 Such is the majesty of genius, that his first sentence forced the delighted attention of the entire audience.
 I would rather have listened to some agonizing elocutionist beat the clapper off of Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight.
 His speeches, like the world in its beginning and chaos, were without form, and void of all light, distinction, and order.
 What a beneficent arrangement it is that the sovereign wisdom of the Most High does not permit an orator to listen to his harangues, as the audience has to listen.
 He was like Saint Paul in one particular, in that when he was a child he spake as a child, he understood as a child, he thought as a child, but there the similarity ceases.

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CONVERSATION

DIALOGUE

SOLILOQUY

MONOLOGUE

EXCLAMATIONS

A buzzing murmur.
 I tried to insert.
 Trifling discourse.
 Inarticulate grunts.
 A deranged soliloquy.
 A boring, windy talk.
 A rambling monologue.
 Edifying conversation.
 He speaks like a book.
 Curbstone conversation.
 A hail of exclamations.
 The usual grist of talk.
 The rockets of dialogue.
 Kicking the gong around.
 Torrents of conversation.
 He repeated like an echo.
 I can both talk and listen.
 A barrage of conversation.
 Conversational banalities.
 Said this to the night sky.
 The conversation droned on.
 The conversation rippled on.
 A torrent of handsome words.
 He had on about 197 lbs. of steam.
 A hollow kind of conversation.
 Her attentive way of listening.
 Looking for an ear to lean on.

He exclaimed to the empty air.
 It's like talking to children.
 I heard what you were thinking.
 Bandyng words with an old goat.
 Chattering like a cloud of jays.
 Their quota of the conversation.
 She told me everything at once.
 His conversation is so stuttery.
 It's hard to get him off the air.
 Conversation came to a full stop.
 A long chronicle of his exploits.
 A slight trickle of conversation.
 The pyrotechnics of conversation.
 I spoke to the listening silence.
 The conversation crackled merrily.
 I filled my chest for a long talk.
 He speaks in a parliamentary style.
 She had been running down by jerks.
 Everything pleases when she speaks it.
 She finally thought up another remark.
 Powerful emotions often speak out loud.
 I want a dark lantern caucus with you.

Her sentence hung suspended in mid-air.

Her conversation has a humorous bounce.

In his manner of lingering on the point.

What a bore he is with his exclamations.

The dialogue is as smart as a steel trap.

Which was the only subject upon the anvil.

Expressing inane views on inane subjects.

I like to hear you talk — keep on talking.

It is a difficult matter to tune him out.

Struck into the conversation like a clock.

She is a scintillating conversation-alist.

Has a good line of emergency conversation.

Even when she talks about me, she bores me.

He resumed his dark dialogue with himself.

She needs to learn how to speak, and when.

Added by way of appendix to his discourse.

There was talk enough, but no conversation.

Loud talkers are so fond of their own noise.

He speaks French; he can even cry in French.

A knife in the back will stop his monologue.

Tell me something amusing, but not spiteful.

We had long and most searching conversations.

The conversation zigzagged from this to that.

As we are alone, tell me your little history.

Indulged in some sharpshooting on both sides.

One of those crowds where every-

body talks, and nobody listens.

In his most encouraging cross-examining tone.

It sounded like a Chamber of Commerce speech.

Bringing his forefinger into persuasive action.

She gives you that dizzy, centrifugal sensation.

Pumping up remarks simply to avoid being silent.

Your conversation is full of instructive things.

Engaged in monologue rather than in conversation.

I would like to have a talk with her nose to nose.

I have Hamlet's failing of indulging in soliloquy.

Soliloquizing aloud, as very pre-occupied people do.

Sit down, you are not a preacher to speak standing.

I have taken a fancy to your edifying conversation.

He took it upon himself to be the mouth of the company.

We measure a man's intelligence by his first address.

And then she begins on one of her nonstop monologues.

A man is judged by his deeds, not by his conversation.

It involves more conversation than the point is worth.

Never mind what she says, till it's given in evidence.

People of taste are known by their manner as listeners.

Listening to him is like being fed with an empty spoon.

I didn't say anything — there was too much competition.

She seems content now and then to let you put in a word.

Their conversation is refreshingly free from profundity.

A conversation, abounding in words, and devoid of ideas.

Don't open your mouth so wide — you might drop something.

Such conversation could be sustained without much fatigue.

keen observer to see him.

A person has but to speak for a
He plays on that subject as if it
were a phonograph record.

A conversation strictly regulated by
the rules of evidence.

A conversation that had little sense,
but much sound in it.

She ought to step closer to the
microphone and speak slowly.

Talking a great deal to induce her
auditor to talk a little.

Her conversation was replete with
both incense and nonsense.

These are the things that must

necessarily compose my soliloquy.

His contribution to the conversation
was a series of grunts.

Firing up as if he were plunging
into a Congressional debate.

She said nothing but "Oh", and
that didn't enlighten me much.

She has a temper that inclines her
both to speak and to hear.

The talking with a friend is nothing
else but thinking aloud.

He insists on being the only
speaker, or at least the loudest.

He had enough readiness of speech
to make some attempt at wit.

A speech, uttered too lightly to be
a weight on my conscience.

She asks questions, not from curiosity, but as helps to discourse.
Crammed to the brim with equal parts of hilarity and common sense.
They would be struck dumb were this fountain of discourse dried up.
He has found that nice balancing point between dullness and nonsense.
We have eulogized the dead enough, let us revile the living a little.
Feeling rather the necessity of utterance than of finding a listener.
I am so discreet that the grave would appear a babbler compared to me.
There, talk was unrestrained, and anything might be said, and was said.
Duty, as you know very well, is one thing, and conversation is another.
Although your conversation is somewhat frivolous, I hear it with pleasure.
Her attentive way of listening was more flattering than fine compliments.
Are you listening, or just waiting for a chance to say something yourself?
It takes more than the right tooth paste to make your conversation
sparkling.

A stranger's first words are a sort of preface, which announces what
is to come.

In conversation a man ought to do his best on every occasion, and in
every company.

Now don't open your mouth too wide, because you don't look handsome
when you do it.

Surely one can't be held accountable for everything he may speak into
the hollow air.

He inaugurates what he is going to say with one ghostly beat of his fore-
finger in the air.

Do you expect me to remain silent so long as there are words in my bosom
remaining unspoken?

We were in the midst of a conversation in which I did the questioning,
and she did the talking.

In remote places a man's mental faculties are apt to degenerate from
want of exercise and want of competition.

A disordered monologue that must have been produced by the fumes of
indigestion.

She converses with that deference as if you were the wisest person of her acquaintance.

You must possess, at the same time, the habit of communicating, and the habit of listening.

He ought to be cured of that certain, positive, and determined manner in which he speaks.

The secret of success in conversation is to be able to disagree without being disagreeable.

She begins with the startling blare of Gabriel's trumpet on the Day of Judgment, and ends in a crashing crescendo.

She is so dignified, she opens her mouth with as much ceremony as would be appropriate for opening an international bridge.

Her contribution to the conversation consisted of brief answers to questions, like a plaything that squeaks when you squeeze it.

In the company of another the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.

And you may rely upon it, there was nothing vulgar in that light talk, which I would compare, for its effect on the soul, to the finest production of a symphony orchestra.

Whom the study and love of the wisdom of the philosophers and the towering thoughts of the classical writers has fitted for divine conversation.

He talked when he should have been silent.

I'll change the subject — period, paragraph.

That remark exterminated that conversation.

She'll give you all the pleasures of boredom.

He describes everything in so lively a manner.

She has such a lame way of backing into her story.

The most irksome conversation of all others is.

He should get a new needle, or change the record.

I'm such a good listener, some people think I'm smart.

A monologue is a conversation between husband and wife.

He then proceeded to fatigue his

audience with a long harangue.

I never talk but when people are desirous of hearing me.

He has a vocabulary of One Thousand words, and One idea.

Engaging in endless conversation about little or nothing.

With a fluency of invention and copiousness of expression.

He ought to make his long-winded speeches on his own time.

It is almost impossible to drive a wedge into his monologue.

Am so utterly destitute of agreeable company and conversation.

Her conversation is more fascinating than a fortune teller.

He demands the right to be the only speaker, or at least the loudest.

Silence fell, and the clock took over the conversation.

They made few excursions into the conversation beyond a "yes" or a "no." Punctuating her conversation with robust laughter and stinging sarcasm. Few human beings are proof against the implied flattery of rapt attention. If I study 'tis to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste.

Her conversational range is so limited—her output so dull and uninteresting.

He has a good word to say about everybody—that's why he is so uninteresting.

Nothing is so tiresome as to be with a person who wants to do his share of the talking.

It is not every one who has all the organs of speech who can carry on an interesting conversation.

It takes him longer to tell one of his personal epics than it would take me to explain the Einstein Theory.

There is something inimitably unforced and diverting in his manner of delivering all his sentiments in his conversation.

An elocutionist can teach us how to speak, but none of them can teach us when.

73

SILENT

MUTE

A deep silence.
 As mute as a carp.
 As mute as a fish.
 Eloquently silent.
 An unbroken silence.
 As silent as a mouse.
 As dumb as an oyster.
 As silent as a savage.
 As mute as a mausoleum.
 He shut up like an oyster.
 Well, what did you do next?
 She seemed to be drying up.
 I'm here to catch foul balls.
 He was as quiet as a sheep.
 What does one say to a ghost?
 As silent as a vice president.
 Maintained a petrified silence.
 A natural aversion to loquacity.
 She appears a little word-bound.
 As silent as a man being shaved.
 Greeted with a resounding silence.
 It was like having a ghost around.
 Her fountain of discourse dried up.
 Saying nothing, and saying it well.
 She had nothing to say, and said it.
 As silent as a stuffed humming bird.
 Such a feeble attempt at conversation.

RETICENT

RESERVED

He seemed to have no use for language.
 Dried up like raindrops on the Sahara.
 People so silent must certainly be deaf.
 He heard, saw, was seen, but never spoke.
 "Huh," he said, and nothing more than that.
 He kept his ears open, and his mouth shut.
 His greatest strength lies in his silence.
 He was as mute as a disciple of Pythagoras.
 She opened her mouth only to put food into it.
 A sphinx who knows everything, and says nothing.
 Against the impulse to speak I clenched my jaws.
 If still waters run deep, then he is bottomless.
 They understood each other as well as though they had spoken.
 He winked his eye to express what he had left unsaid.
 She seemed to have no space in her mouth for words.

What makes you so quiet? Have
you killed somebody?

Like the owl that lived in the oak,
he said nothing.

He says nothing — but who can tell
what he containeth?

He can hear only fragments of
what is shouted to him.

At table she never opened her
mouth except to fill it.

She kept her own counsel — and I
don't mean an attorney.

His silence made me wonder

whether he was wise or witless.
He's like a ghost — he never speaks
till he is spoken to.

He is content to say nothing, when
he has nothing to say.

When a man says little he has the
appearance of being wise.

Instead of thinking to yourself, why
don't you speak aloud?

She comes in a literal sense to see
you, for she has nothing to say.

He is so reticent you have to screw
discourse out of him.

Her contribution to the conversation was: Yes, No, Really, Izzatso?
If you are silent yourself, you are most open to the insults of the noisy.
The part of her that fire had not turned into ashes became an Egyptian
Sphinx.

It is better to think a lot and say nothing, than it is to say a lot and say
nothing.

The Constitution guarantees to us Liberty of Speech — and also the liberty
of silence.

Pythagoras made his disciples remain silent for five years that they might
learn to hold their tongues.

74

VOICE

TONES

A foghorn voice.

Flute-like tones.

A singsong voice.

A faltering voice.

A crashing whisper.

A mesmerizing voice.

As hoarse as a crow.

Cathedral-like tones.

Silver-toned accents.

Her voice sounds rusty.

He has a loud outdoor voice.

In her nicest buttered voice.

In a voice, soft as a flute.

He has an indestructible voice.

He was as hoarse as a bullfrog.

Such beauty of diction and tone.

In the loudest key of the voice.

Without a hairline of an accent.

In a voice like that of a ghost.

ACCENTS

His voice is startlingly lyrical.

In the solemn tones of a preacher.

His voice is so quiet and courtly.

Her voice has a slate pencil screech.

She had a voice like a drill ser-
geant.

He could roar like the Bull of
Bashan.

He has a voice that would quell a
riot.

A voice as squeaky as an unoiled
spring.

Her voice has freshness as well as
charm.

In a voice that scarcely stirred the
air.

In a voice soft and caressing as a
melody.

<p>She has a voice as raucous as a guinea hen, Said with a voice like an open air preacher. His voice sounded hoarse, like a rusty lock. A voice intended by nature for the bass clef. Her voice has an upper tonsiled monotone drag. Her voice is like the lower notes of the flute. In a low voice, as if she spoke from the grave. She talks right out loud when she says anything. Speaking in his buttoned-up, half audible voice. He has a squeaky voice, like a constipated canary. They speak as if they were bawling, or muttering. In a voice that sounded like the noonday whistle.</p>	<p>In a voice that would carry miles in a favorable wind. His voice is a cross between a fog-horn and a jackass. He sounds like a train caller on the Missouri Pacific. I wish you would pitch your voice an octave lower His voice jumped by a note and a half above his usual tone. She has a voice that would make a good stand-in for a buzz-saw. In a voice that sounded like the blowing of Gabriel's trumpet. She speaks, as if she were afraid of letting her voice escape. Such loud speakers, they do not express but declare themselves. Spoke in a whisper, as if fearful of spoiling her soft voice. Her voice was pleasing; she seemed to breathe odors as she spoke. With a voice as vibrant and sweet as a factory whistle on pay day.</p>
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Talking loudly, as though he wanted to awaken someone fallen asleep.
 She speaks in such a still small voice, you have to hug her to hear her.
 He had a voice so strong that all the leaves of the forest shook when he shouted.
 She had a voice so gentle that it was impossible to believe that it could ever be raised in anger.
 Possessed an intonation of voice which would at once have edified a confessional, and delighted a drawing-room.

75

CORRESPONDENCE

LETTERS

S'long
 (end of advice).
 My worthy friend.
 Yours till Doomsday.
 I must now say "finis."
 (Spelling not guaranteed.)
 Once yours, always yours.
 (Two words censored here.)
 My film has flickered out.
 I must now make my fade-out.
 I'll whisper it then to you.

NOTES

(Or the censored equivalent.)
 I write this, like a criminal.
 If you know, hold up your hand.
 As you will find by the sequel.
 I see that my last letter took.
 Long time, no see, no hear.
 I want you to say the catechism.
 I'll now sign off, and stand by.
 I summon you to declare yourself.
 I'll deal with first things first.
 Today's lecture is on the subject.

This is what I've been doing—
 Must make this the vanishing point.
 I want you to try to explain to me.
 I wish you were here instead of me.
 Well, children, that's all for today.
 I've been busy this week
 (laughter).
 Now tell the jury — I mean tell me.
 I shall devote my next letter to you.
 Listen on — the catch comes in later.
 This letter is now as long as an epic.
 Your witness further deposes and says.
 The spelling of this word is guess-work.
 Have not received a single telltale word.
 Are you ready for your cross-examination?
 These are —, from left to right.
 Allow me first to revive thy recollection.
 After this pompous preamble, permit me to.
 Fidelity to the truth compels me to record.
 Am indebted to you, and would begin payment.
 This is an unabridged answer to your letter.
 If I understand you — and I probably do not.
 Historical fidelity calls upon me to testify.
 I must now make my bow, and drop the curtain.
 But I interrupt you too long from your cares.
 This is to let you know I'm still in existence.
 You are hereby vested with the regal authority.
 Write and tell me — and I'll try to believe it.
 Use only one side of your paper for your answer.
 Am now ready to deliver my inauguration address.
 I can't fish any more thought out of my inkwell.
 I shall not bestow one penful of my ink upon it.
 I can't tell whether you are for me, or against me.
 While I show you a cross section of an average day.
 I wonder if you have altered much since I left you.
 I must write it, even if I have to rub it out again.
 Write and tell me how, why, when, where and whereof.
 Will make use of some of my Daylight Squandering Time.
 This will be little more than a bulletin of my health.
 I never could get much mileage out of my fountain pen.
 For some time now I have been riveted to my poor shed.
 Should have flew, or flown (whatever it is in English).
 What have you been doing this week? Name three reasons.
 Do not answer No. 2, unless the answer to No. 1 is "yes."
 Send me some words of affection — I grow old, and lonely.
 You remember a couple of lessons back, I was telling you.
 I scatter my marks of punctuation out of a pepper shaker.
 Did Paul ever get a reply to his letter to the Ephesians?
 In operating a typewriter, I play by sight and not by ear.
 That I may learn how to write better, or to write no more.
 Savonarola, Sinclair Lewis, or Sinbad the Sailor once said.
 Like too many folks, I have nothing to do, and a lot to say.
 In writing you shouldn't say "we", unless you have a tapeworm.
 You see, I occasionally bestow a fragment of my mind upon you.
 I have nothing to do but write letters and twiddle my thumbs.

I hope you sometimes, in a quiet moment, have a thought for me.	be looking over your shoulder.
You are old enough to read by now, so I'm going to write again.	Must bring this letter to an end, or install terminal facilities.
I answered my correspondence as promptly as a private secretary.	A letter, which my executor will eventually find among my papers.
Dear ———, and all those who may	I am willing to make an affidavit, or whatever is necessary, that.

I want you to tell me everything, except the story about the Two Irishmen. A letter that leads me to believe she never wrote to anybody before. There is nothing else of sufficient importance to write home about. When a man is disgusted with life, he has no wish to write letters. You are so long in answering, I wonder if you are learning to write. For other information, send self-addressed, stamped envelope, Dept. "X". Will now close, since you want to save time, and I want to save postage. Have delayed answering since there was not enough bad news to justify it. You are not a lady, that's clear, or you would not remain silent so long. I'll begin like a boy at college—with exordium, narration, and amplification.

Keep the home fires burning till I come and help you throw another log on them.

If my typewriter had a two-color ribbon, these words would be written in red ink.

I got a letter from him little longer than a bank check, and not half so interesting.

I pause for a reply; and having no chance of getting one, I begin a fresh paragraph.

I am going to put down things as they come into my mind, without standing upon order.

You will know what I wish to learn without setting down here an extensive questionnaire.

I am going to withdraw my attention to the dead, and direct it to addressing the living.

Much of the stuff of which ice is made has trickled under culverts since I wrote to you.

He intended it to be funny—it was funnier than intended because of the misspelled words.

Title to my affections I will warrant and guarantee to you, your heirs and assigns forever.

All your letters have been drowned in rivers, scattered in the air, or burned in a furnace.

She sprinkles her letters with a sufficient quantity of mistakes in orthography and punctuation.

I want you to give me an account of your doings from the moment I ceased to be a witness of them.

How do you do? What are you doing? Does everybody still love you? How do you make them do it?

This will be no disagreeable entertainment, provided you have an ear for scandal, and nothing to do.

I am going to take a little time off from whatever it is I do the rest of the time to write to you.

I'll now give you the details of the story, with its appendix, supplement, cross references, footnotes, and unpublished fragments.
 Before opening this letter, you no doubt wondered what hand had traced those characters, and whether this envelope contained fine thoughts, rainbow promises, or sullen threats.
 I am always in a good humor when a north wind blows because it seldom fails of bringing me a letter from you.
 I want you to tell me everything, everything of course except the story about the Swede who went to Hoboken.
 Writing letters in longhand is tough; and it is tougher still on the translator.
 I expect you to supply me with every bit of interesting information about yourself, except your fingerprint.

76

LITERATURE

BOOK	AUTHOR	WRITING	READING
Rancid verse.		It is a book as fat and heavy as a brick.	
Magazine mush.		Reduced to the terms of a verbal portrait.	
Homemade poetry.		A book that is as dry as a yearly invoice.	
Home-brewed poetry.		I am as true to my books as they are to me.	
A paltry scribbler.		The finest literature ever imprisoned in print.	
Limburger literature.		Reading as if he did not understand the language.	
His prose is a melody.		Steeped in the beauties of music and literature.	
A literary monstrosity.		A book which will live as long as the Iliad itself.	
He's a dirty scribbler.		Reading makes a full man; writing makes an exact man.	
A book with a moral squint.		Easy writing, hard reading; hard writing, easy reading.	
The works of the unlearned.		All those who have composed works worthy of immortality.	
Those degenerate compositions.		I can write that kind of stuff with one hand in a sling.	
It warms and agitates the soul.		All he has written, I have devoured to the very stubble.	
Both diverting and instructive.		That kind of stuff is as hard to read as Greek or Hebrew.	
You should think more than you read.		The trouble with that book is the covers are too far apart.	
The Sears-Roebuck style of literature.			
Originality is undetected plagiarism.			
It elevates and astonishes the fancy.			
It was just a shooting gallery drama.			
My eyes were reading, but not my mind.			
Unreal, and feeble, and sugary fiction.			
It has no actual stamina as literature.			
Wise speeches sink deep into the heart.			
It fills the mind with great conceptions.			

What good reading it is needs no
impertinent proof from me.

I'll never be a sufficiently good liar
to write a biography.

He pored over his books and lived
with shadows all his life.

They do not know how to put to-
gether ten words with elegance.

That is not a full length picture of
her, but you get the idea.

There's something to raise the fancy
and fire the imagination.

It sounds more as if it had been

written by a drayman than a poet.
Composed of just a succession of
words, strung one to the other.

He has hid such little wit as he
has under a vast pile of words.

If you can read it, well and good,
but as for me, I never could.

I'll agree that book is good, so long
as nobody makes me read it.

The writers of those maxims for the
wise and witty to walk by.

Some literary stars scatter light, and
others scatter darkness.

On reading it I found my heart more moved than with a trumpet.

Those who dip their pens in their heart's blood, or their liver's bile.

The great authors make hard things intelligible and the abstruse plain.

Here is something that will put your mind on the stretch to understand.

Written on subjects that never vary, but are forever fixed and immutable.

If you like that kind of stuff, it was made for you, and you can have it.

I grow proud and pleased inwardly that I have a soul capable of relish-
ing it.

Read carefully, and be not satisfied with a superficial understanding of
a book.

Even the best authors are dull sometimes, and have many rests and
nodding places.

Clothed in language, flawless in literary expression, and rhythmic in
its beauty.

Just another scribbler, spending his time covering waste paper with
drivel and nonsense.

Whoever wrote Shakespeare, he was not talented enough to make the
kind of poetry that rhymes.

Flowers and pearls and monsters of the deep, overlooked or forgotten
by the divers of literature.

I spent so much time in communion with the dead, I grew almost unfit
for the society of the living.

And the people who read such stuff are not without an impression that
they are cultivating their minds.

He who lives little changes little; and it is scarcely living at all to use
up one's days over old books.

I had but to open a book, and all the impure vapors of the brain fled before
the splendors of literature.

They fancy they are great writers, as soon as they learn how to spell and
lay out a sentence in its proper commas.

One of those writers who can scarce forbear filling his letters with breezes,
shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams.

Those who have good books, and read with the heart, can defy fate to
inflict on them a single grief, or deprive them of a single joy.

Which of us all can boast of having written a page, a phrase, which is
not to be found — or something very like it — in some other book?

If one had the least spark of genius it would be awakened by the shining thoughts, mighty sentiments, and exalted beauties of the classical writers.

Those who like the husk and rind of wit — a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, a pun, before solid sense and elegant expression.

She decided to be a writer, and bought a dictionary — on the theory that it would have in it all the words she needed, and all she would have to do would be to arrange 'em.

77

STYLE

SYNTAX

DICTION

RHETORIC

SPELLING

Empty rhetoric.
Verbal tapestry.
A pompous style.
A futile sputter.
A jog trot style.
Incendiary words.
Streamlined words.
Withering diction.
Sonorous language.
Polysyllable pomp.
Clouds of rhetoric.
Scrambled English.
Assassinated syntax.
The stately tempo.
Glittering diction.
Tedious repetition.
That is a \$10 word.
A jargon of phrases.
Verbal pyrotechnics.
Tangled utterances.
Sawed-off sentences.
Vegetarian language.
Fractured sentences.
Eight-cylinder words.
Resounding elocution.
Pompous superlatives.
Vituperative rhetoric.
A grammatical ruffian.
Talking half sentences.
Ponderous polysyllables.
Revolutionary language.
His fruit stand English.
Bristles with epigrams.
The harmony of his words.
This spelling is homemade.
Vague, verbose and rambling.

A tasteless jumble of words.
She uses a mutilated syntax.
It has the grace of novelty.
A monosyllable is my delight.
His favorite original remark.
Ornate and flowered language.
His phrases drip down his vest.
Mighty words and noble rhetoric.
Avoid weakening it by repetition.
And not a single finished phrase.
He says it in such a bow-wow way.
Such swelling and gigantic words.
Uses the vocabulary of the bar-room.
Uses words as long as a trace chain.
Sharp, crackling, stinging epigrams.
I don't like his fee-faw-fo-fum style.
You have just uttered a royal sentence.
Admiration at the harmony of his words.
He writes a painted and perfumed prose.
His elephantine, fee - faw - fo - fum style.
A style faultless in rhetoric and rhyme.
Unleashing a store of vigorous adjectives.
Where did you learn all those grand words?
Could not tell what language he spluttered.
Unnatural mixture of senseless commonplace.

Can spell as well as the dictionary itself.

As stately as a chapter from Roman history.

Stated with such grace, emphasis, and force.

She knows more French than a Frenchman does.

The surge and thunder of his vast vocabulary.

He's an artist in the use of Reverse English.

The most limpid, fluid prose I have ever read.

The weak and sickly glimmerings of a scribbler.

He has an infallible and fastidious choice of words.

A sentence as long as the Declaration of Independence.

When he tells anything, somebody has to disentangle it.

Always running after strange words and affected phrases.

The elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered.

There is snap and glitter in his manner of saying things.

If they don't understand my words,

let them look in the dictionary. What a long, ugly adjective in such a pretty little mouth.

He has much difficulty in giving birth to his conceptions.

Spattered the subject with hot adjectives and printers' ink.

You're a genius — I'm not — so talk to me in simple language.

She uses a lot of words, but can't arrange 'em to make sense.

Her mode of expression stamped her as a woman of distinction.

All the living language, and all the dead, are as one to him.

They do not know how to put ten words together with elegance.

Her manner of saying things would make a cookbook interesting.

To have a first rate talent, you must have a first rate style.

She scatters her words about as if they came out of a salt-shaker.

I wouldn't talk in my sleep if I couldn't talk better than that.

He speaks with the eloquence and persuasiveness of a spellbinder.

He mutilates the English language in a manner worthy of a cannibal.

Her voice is so pleasant the bad grammar doesn't need to be noticed.

Such circumstances as would raise and astonish the mind of the reader.

A man has but little versatility who can spell a word in only one way.

One of those shrieks which baffles the orthography of every human tongue.

Flat expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics and common thoughts.

A great style is not the linking of unusual words, but the unusual linking of usual words.

There is nothing in all the world more beautiful than noble words elegantly arranged.

Words have no value in themselves, and acquire such only when a genius turns them into a masterpiece.

The quoting verbatim of a part of his conversation would look like a design of turning it into ridicule.

She told me these simple adventures in such a manner that they assumed the proportions of never-to-be-forgotten dramas.

His diction, metaphors and rhetoric are hand-rolled — he doesn't call on ghost writers for them.

BREVITY

CONCISE CAUSTIC EXPLICIT EMPHASIS DIRECT

With military brevity.
 Evangelical in speech.
 Expectorates his sentences.
 Began without any sparring.
 His voice spat in my face.
 As positive as a pistol shot.
 With evangelical conviction.
 To cut a long story in slices.
 To make a short story shorter.
 With mathematical explicitness.
 To cut a long story on the bias.
 I'll dispense with the overtures.
 Made his statements like bullets.
 He has the emphasis of moderation.
 To put a short thread in the needle.
 Well, to make a long story even longer.
 I have only shaved the surface of events.
 And when I say that, it's no mere metaphor.
 Get to the point — forget the decorations.
 She perpetually uses the superlative degree.
 She speaks with stepping stone deliberation.
 Just like a sergeant announcing to a recruit.
 Was said with such grace, emphasis and force.
 She seemed to taste each syllable as she spoke.

She dwelt upon that word as on a solid support.
 In letters the size of the mouth of a rhinoceros.
 I shall not trespass on your time by any preamble.
 His conversation was a fact, without any episodes.
 He stated it as if it were a Last Will and Testament.
 We are losing time in preambles; let's get to the point.
 She uttered opinions that cut like the blade of a knife.
 She simply can't give a plain answer to a plain question.
 It can be stated as clearly as any problem in mathematics.
 It should not be cried with the same precipitation as fire.
 So be brief and concise; go to the facts without digression.
 I don't care how much you talk, so you say it in a few words.
 It takes a dozen paragraphs to say Exhibit "A" is a tightwad.
 If good sense is good grammar, then that is classical English.
 These words, pronounced with all the pomposity of a politician.
 If it is brief, it is at least likely to contain the least falsehood.

His language has no embellishments, no embroidery, no tapestry.
 He spoke, in a doctrinal tone, with the emphasis of a proclamation.
 Speaking the words as if he expected that statement to knock a man down.
 His superlatives seemed to go off like blank cannon, and hurt nothing.
 He uttered these words, as if he would have crushed each letter in them.
 His words were brief and expressive, conveying all that was meant, and no more.
 His statements and observations he shot out of himself, as if he were loaded with them.
 Her mouth, which nature had made large, had been expanded at least an inch when she uttered these words.

Emphasizing his words, and plunging them, one by one, like so many blows of a stiletto, into the bosom of his auditors.

Uttered with extraordinary vehemence, and grounded upon considerable authority.

The comeliness of person and decency of behavior add infinite weight to what is pronounced by anyone.

Every man should learn to tell a short joke, or personal epic, because he will lose his audience before he can tell a long one.

She couldn't say that two and two make four — she could only go into the whole question of the multiplication table.

Floundering helplessly in the heavy seas of her digressions, parentheses, explanatory footnotes and cross references.

79

MEANING

CLEAR

OBSCURE

EXPLAIN

MEANINGLESS

Minute exactness.

Meaningless gibberish.

As simple as calculus.

Mere mystical verbiage.

As open as the Acropolis.

After many false starts.

As plain as trigonometry.

As vague as a morning fog.

As clear as a soap bubble.

He's the village explainer.

Even a bat could see that.

Explanatory ramifications.

He bewildered even himself.

It is as simple as addition.

He got tangled in the details.

As obvious as a page of print.

Falls all over her own words.

Left me completely in the fog.

I do not quite understand you.

Smoked more than it illumined.

As obvious as a cowboy's boots.

He read her thoughts like print.

This may be heathen Greek to you.

That's as plain as the full moon.

Will have to diagram my statement.

It remains unseen and undiscovered.

It stuck out like a red tail light.

To the naked eye it looks that way.

That's harder to see than microbes.

As plain as the fish in an aquarium.

Left the question in fatal darkness.
With my wits stretched to the utmost.

It is too obvious to be controverted.
Erase anything they cannot understand.

Means no more than the title of a book.

It may be a defect in my mental vision.

I see, said I, but I saw nothing at all.
I can understand a part of what you say.

She looked at me as if I were not there.

Will devote this chapter to explanations.

Unequal to the task of lucid explanation.

Obscures his thought by aimless rhetoric.

You evidently expect me to understand you.

His thoughts are lost in a cloud of words.

As plain as a howitzer in a church window.

His explanation was as clear as a sunbeam.

They are but words to mystify the millions.

- Her statements admit of too much ambiguity.
- That's like saying that the world is round.
- As meaningless to me as an Einstein speech.
- Try to explain it without talking too much.
- I'll explain it so even you can understand.
- Nothing but confusion, obscurity, and noise.
- Language so involved, abstruse and ambiguous.
- His meaning remained unseen and undiscovered.
- You can't talk to her without an interpreter.
- Brought the question out of the twilight zone.
- It is too obvious to stand in need of comment.
- That's about as easy to see as the North Pole.
- Would have to subject it to a chemical analysis.
- If she means that, she's beating around the bush.
- You couldn't get hold of his idea with a hay hook.
- That's a pretty large thought, so I'll break it up.
- I understand it as thoroughly as I do the alphabet.
- I thought she was trying to send me a code message.
- Which he expounded with such lucidity and learning.
- It seems to me no clearer than the bottom of a sack.
- Looked at me with the uncomprehending stare of a doll.
- If you can't see that you ought to consult an oculist.
- About as plain as a bundle of Chinese laundry tickets.
- Solomon in all his wisdom could not say what he means.
- You tell it first — and then I'll interpret it for 'em.
- Just a lot of words that have no ideas affixed to them.
- Whose tangled utterances are altogether untranslatable.
- Turned over to a body of soothsayers for interpretation.
- It went over her head, without even disturbing her hair.
- I am vexed to see anything in print I cannot understand.
- He made it as clear and as plain as the Einstein Theory.
- He has a habit of obscuring a thing in itself very plain.
- When he gets through talking, somebody has to explain it.
- As plain as the recipe for getting the sand out of a boot.
- His ideas are camouflaged in a mass of beclouding verbiage.
- Subtleties as vague as the Nebular Hypothesis to an Eskimo.
- That's a pretty big thought — breaking that down, it means.
- Either I do not understand English, or you do not speak it.
- You have either grown stupid, or I no longer speak English.
- He gave vent to unconnected fragments of incoherent thoughts.
- He has the air of someone explaining something to the stupid.
- His remarks, when subjected to a chemical analysis, mean this.
- As meaningless as the charities listed on an income tax report.
- I often understand what he says, in spite of the words he uses.
- One needs no more intelligence than animal instinct to see that.
- The man who couldn't see that couldn't see the holes in a ladder.
- I would explain it to you, but I don't want to give you a headache.
- His speech, instead of disguising his thought, always completed it.
- There is an infinite fire in his thought, but so involved in smoke.

He speaks a language which requires an apprenticeship to understand. When I talk to her I have to dehydrate what I say, and take the lumps out. You can search my remarks with a microscope, and you will not find that. He can be understood by none but his own friends, and not by all of them. In its last analysis — carried out to its final decimal point — that means. It would have required the penetration of the Sphinx to have divined his meaning.

These words he kept piling up and repeating, until he seemed to be begging my pardon.

To explain requires the use of terms less abtruse than that which is to be explained.

When I said that, she gave me a blank look, as if I were just a belfry in the distance.

Eagerly seeking to divine the sense of her obscure words, so as to penetrate her thoughts.

First read over a life insurance policy, and then Browning will appear lucid and clear.

After reading over your insurance policy, you can't tell whether you are insured or not.

If, after all this explanation, you have learned nothing, listen, and I'll go over it again.

If that is an example of perspicuity, then Einstein's computations are as simple as tiddle-de-winks.

That was a mystery in the scheme of things to which he had often in vain sought a clew in the early chapters of Genesis.

He opened a long, pedantic oration, in which I could discover neither method, nor elegance, nor meaning, nor head, nor tail.

He doesn't definitely couple his subject with his predicate, his preface with his postscript, his premise with his conclusion.

He has a way of going on in the words, and making no progress in the sense. I can overlook a little slip in the grammar or syntax where it is impossible for me to mistake the sense.

The perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man.

Matter that surpasses the narrow limits of their understanding, or is not suited to their taste.

She is one of those women who's more enchanting when you don't understand what she says than when you do.

80

AFFIRMATION

STATE

DECLARE

TELL

INFORM

You well know.

Affirm with boldness.

If you know, explain.

Know this for certain.

It was savagely alleged.

Now, it is right to say.

Declare with confidence.

One might almost affirm.

It may well be believed.

It is notoriously known.

Take this along with you.

Just tune in on this wave.

Now then, learn one thing.
 Plutarch has just told me.
 Give me leave to tell you.
 My observation teaches me.
 Are you trying to tell me?
 I saw it with both my eyes.
 But one thing I can affirm.
 I am ready to bear witness.
 Let me raise my right hand.
 Am ready to depose on oath.
 You must have duly observed.
 That on, or about the ninth.
 You know, or you don't know.
 Many grave persons affirmed.
 I'll say, with your assent.
 Don't tell me — let me guess.
 I'll tell the revolving globe.
 I'll take the stand to testify.
 Better men than I have said so.
 I lifted up my voice, and said.
 What I have faithfully related.
 You know, or you ought to know.
 Reported to me by word and post.
 I put a period to his ignorance.
 With two words spoken in the air.
 And that was not saying a little.
 I'm not arguing, I'm telling you.
 I said it was — and I'm the older.
 You may take it upon my authority.
 Announced without even a pre-
 amble.
 Announced with candor and mod-
 esty.
 And here it is in due form of law.
 I have now learned, and can report.
 Give close attention to my meaning.
 Announced with a sonorous pre-
 amble.
 And I have seen it with these eyes.
 Truth must, occasionally, be spoken.
 Now comes —, and deposes and
 says.
 Listen well to what I am now
 saying.
 It will lighten your wonder to
 know.
 But, and give this careful attention.
 Will you shed a ray of light on
 this?
 You will contradict me, if I am
 wrong.

I have ever understood the fact
 to be.
 I don't mind calling on you to
 believe.
 What wild nonsense it must seem
 to you.
 Are you willing to put that in
 writing?
 File a report of what I have been
 doing.
 He assured me with an air of con-
 fidence.
 Offers to confirm upon oath, if
 required.
 I may say I know, and by heck, I
 do know.
 What I want just to kick off with
 is this.
 I gave him a ringside view of the
 subject.
 He began immediately in his pulpit
 manner.
 It has been said, and it is still re-
 peated.
 If a man would give himself leave
 to think.
 He proclaimed himself competent
 to declare.
 You seem ignorant of a very im-
 portant thing.
 You are to know that he is reck-
 oned no fool.
 He ought to run his explanation as
 a serial.
 But further than that I make no
 affirmation.
 Is that a warning, or a piece of
 information?
 The fact, I assure you, was as I
 have related.
 And adds, by way of rider to this
 declaration.
 I wish to place this testimony upon
 the record.
 In my experience I have learned
 several secrets.
 You have heard, unless you were
 born deaf, that.
 You no doubt will be startled to
 hear me affirm.

- I present the case to you free from all preface.
- Notice to anyone whom it might happen to concern.
- Winking an eye to express what he dare not utter.
- If it is permissible to hazard a personal opinion.
- He swallowed my words, and chewed the cud of them.
- I have been for many years loud in this assertion.
- The weakest creature that can think at all, knows.
- With the air of a messenger, he went on to relate.
- I am going to stick to it, if I have to leave town.
- I think myself obliged to declare to all the world.
- Listen to me, and take care that you hear me right.
- Now, you have the testimony of a competent witness.
- I fancy, if I were disposed to dream a second time.
- That's what I have been dinning into your long ears.
- For the sake of the record, I want it here set down.
- He puts his assertions in the form of proclamations.
- To the best of my knowledge, information and belief.
- He opened his mouth as wide as a well, and cried out.
- Few who have lived any time in the world do not know.
- A minute and honest register of the state of my mind.
- And again stated her case in the same hand organ way.
- There was falsehood, or mistake, in that observation.
- With an oath, by way of preface, he went on to relate.
- I can safely say, without fear of being thought crazy.
- Here is an appropriate spot to drag in an observation.
- Here's something that will be acceptable to the curious.
- You have rolled away the darkness from my understanding.
- This one conclusion I am ready to state with confidence.
- I could give you no idea of it if I talked till tomorrow.
- Expound that to me — my mind is too dull to read riddles.
- Now you know the beginning, middle, end, and all about it.
- With the assurance of an eye witness she began telling me.
- Would you believe me if I told you a very incredible thing?
- From this moment forward I will believe everything you say.
- This may stand as a proper introduction to a relation of it.
- A discovery that compares with the discovery of the North Pole.
- I'll tell the whole world — including the hills and valleys.
- Now attention, and let your ears work as well as your lower jaw.
- Now let the world take notice, and all the folk that dwell on it.
- When I say that I want you to know it is the voice of experience.
- The thing that owls least like is to have a candle brought to them.
- That's so well known to me I feel as if I had grown up next door to it.
- I rise to remark.
- Do I have to prove it?
- And, to speak the truth.
- You can quote me on that.
- I might say — I will say.
- May I quote you on that?
- Assured me upon his word.
- There is, and ever will be.
- I leaned forward to remark.
- As you shall hear by and by.
- Had the assurance to affirm.
- Is it not contradiction to say?
- I'm a reporter, not a philosopher.
- Calling out to the world at large.
- Assuming the manner of a lecturer.

<p>You are, I fancy, merely presuming. No one is required to believe this. It requires no inspiration to know. They swear by hell and high principles. With the assurance of an eye witness. Unburdens himself of his vast knowledge. You may be startled to hear me affirm. He lifted up his tenor voice to declaim. It is an assertion which admits of much proof. It is well known to all those who want to know. This is what I am trying to get past your sinuses.</p>	<p>Here is something that has escaped your notice. Here is one thing that has escaped your observation. It is familiar to everybody that has good hearing. Anybody who has remained awake for five minutes, knows. He was talking as though he were instructing a class. It ought to be said — and I strike out and say it boldly. I am ready to go to the guillotine in defense of this. I can affirm, I think, without being considered ridiculous. I give it to you without alteration, addition, or amendment. If you don't find it just that way, you can come back and kick me.</p>
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I shall, without any manner of preface or apology, acquaint you with. I could see at once that she had come with things of consequence to utter. She lifted up her hand, as if making oath to the truth of her statements. This has been said a thousand times already; it will always need repeating.

You do not understand me at all, do you? So much the better, I will go on. Those who have ever made thinking a part of their business or diversion, know.

Listen to me, and try not to make a mistake about what I am going to say to you.

Mark well what I now say, for it is as good as a professional man's advice, and costs you nothing.

He spoke calmly, as though he were telling about something ordinary and long known to everybody.

I say it with acute consciousness of the fallibility of my own judgment. Here is something that should have been known several thousand years ago. He stood in front of them as if he were the teacher and all these his pupils.

81

GOSSIP

RUMOR

An oily whisper.
 Libelous chatter.
 A feminine synod.
 A baseless canard.
 A mutilated rumor.

SCANDAL

A dash of scandal.
 The vivid accounts.
 Defamatory hearsay.
 A keyhole listener.
 Maladroit whispers.

HEARSAY

Sensational reports.
 Clumsy insinuations.
 Eavesdropping tattlers.
 I get this from hearsay.
 Rumors rather than facts.
 A true relish of scandal.
 The gabblings of a gadder.
 The forked tongue of scandal.
 Engaged in weighing whispers.
 Scandal spreads like mercury.
 They began giving others fits.
 Eternally buzzing in our ears.
 It blights like a southwest wind.
 Makes her a convenient megaphone.
 The spotlight is a great policeman.
 She absorbs the buzz as it passes by.
 Deride the absent or rally the present.
 She can keep a secret, but not for long.
 Those who speak well only of the dead.
 Besides, hearsay evidence is inadmissible.
 A hotbed of gossip, slander and defamation.
 Spreads like a secret about a new minister.
 Always cupping an ear for a little gossip.
 Our innate and imperishable love of gossip.
 Personal mention, near scandal proportions.
 There is a rumor—but it may be malicious.
 So well attested that I cannot disbelieve it.
 She tells everything she can get her ears on.
 Half the lies they tell about me aren't true.
 She is a member of the hearsay evidence club.
 A story as dull as double-entry bookkeeping.
 What she tells about people is merely daresay.
 She is the mouth of the street where she lives.
 Indulging in libel and character assassination.
 One touch of scandal makes the whole world chin.
 When a gossip puts 2 and 2 together, it makes 22.
 Common report had coined, and put in circulation.
 She dearly loves to be the messenger of ill news.
 She is no one to let another tell her news for her.
 She has a grain of the serpent in her composition.
 Talking about me? I thought you were above scandal.
 Retailing petty gossip is her favorite indoor sport.
 They became so many trumpets to inform the universe.
 A rumor that had floated across the vague tide of gossip.
 Gossip is a good thing—it helps to keep folks straight.
 She would talk scandal if she were to see a crow out late.
 What he says to his wife, goes—all over the neighborhood.
 Magnify a rumor till it attains the importance of an event.
 It was everywhere whispered, and in some places said aloud.
 I do not believe the stories about her, but they trouble me.
 Every slandered creature has a right to prove its innocence.
 The only way to get her to keep a secret is to chloroform her.
 He never says anything about his neighbors. Is he deaf and dumb?
 The trouble with an idle rumor is that someone soon puts it to work.
 She is always itching to hear the news, and anxious to tell it again.

She blew in like a wasp, circled around, buzzed a little, and was gone.
 There are a lot of bent ears that are having them whispered into tonight.

A rumor that is in everybody's mouth that spends any time in conversation. Taking her into your confidence is just like telling your secret to a parrot. She kept herself informed of all the scandal that came within her jurisdiction.

She not only lives in a glass house, but it's the most fragile one in existence.

She thinks a piece of news loses its flavor when it hath been an hour in the air.

If you said anything about me, I hope you let me know what it was, so I can reform.

And all these ears hear, and all these tongues repeat, and all these minds are informed.

She sucks in many a valuable whisper as it runs in a straight line from corner to corner.

It takes a lot of evidence to convince us if a report is good, but very little if it is bad.

It hurts for anybody to tell a falsehood on us, but we get downright mad if they tell the truth.

She takes delight in bringing scandalous stories out of their lurking holes into broad daylight.

Then we may, without restraint, mull over all the choice bits of scandal about our absent friends.

People are as slow and unwilling in disbelieving scandal, as they are quick and forward in believing it.

She hears all that is done in the town, good or bad; but she seems to have the better memory for the bad.

She always tries to make a story better than it is by making it a little worse.

You don't hear much about the good — it makes such uninteresting conversation.

A wise man should not easily give credit to reports of actions which he has not seen.

She's always talking about what people do that's wrong, improper and useless — never about the right, proper and useful things they do.

And suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions, proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

82

REVEAL

ADMIT

Confession implies guilt.

Out with it; rattle away.

A marble-hearted informer.

I am ashamed to record it.

Is that your final confession?

She spoke straight on in my ear.

It is a secret known but to few.

Acknowledged what corn there was.

EXPOSE

I never told this to anyone before.

I not only admit it, but boast of it.

I do not demand a confession from you.

I am resolved to unbosom myself to you.

They know what a crook he is — I told 'em.

CONFESS

Being in mood for confession, I must admit.	To confess something of my private affairs to you.
A confession I would not make for an empire.	You don't expect me to admit that I'm as bad as I am.
Told the tale of murder to the mid- night wind.	I should not like to affirm upon oath that I have not.
I search my breast, and I commit its secrets.	Became a partner in the guilt he professed to disclose.
They cannot make me tell what I do not know.	They talked of the only thing I ought not to have heard.
I'll hear all I don't know, and say all I know.	People would hear about it as far as the Continental Divide.
You'll say something that'll be used against you.	I am repeating, like a parrot, all the matters related to me.
Would you be violating any confi- dence to tell me?	

And now I must part with the little secret I have tried thus far to keep.
Nothing in all the range of human utterance is as convincing as confession.
I warn you now, I shall not believe one word of what you are going
to tell me.
By this time tomorrow, the only person who will not know all about it
is himself.
Remember, when you return, you are to tell me all you do, see, hear,
think, learn, or guess.
I have told you what I want you to know — my enemies will tell the rest
with pleasure.
I enter into and go about the house with the same liberty as a cat, and
am as little suspected of telling anything that I see or hear.

83

CONCEAL

SECRET

RIDDLE

MYSTERY

Unravel the riddle.	I have not breathed a syllable of it.
An insoluble mystery.	Do you keep a skeleton in your closet?
Studious concealment.	I smelled a rat, but it was a nice rat.
Impenetrable mysteries.	I don't know nothin'. Tell me about it.
That's a brow wrinkler.	The serpent glides off with his secret.
He wore a granite mask.	Your secret will be hermetically sealed.
Ventilating the secret.	Things that can be confided only to God.
I won't tell it but once.	Then it fell from the clouds, I suppose.
A safe repository of secrets.	
Walls have ears, but no tongue.	
She has a good ear for a secret.	
She kept her secret like a grave.	
I see everything, and tell nothing.	
No such sounds ever crossed my lips.	

Something to be talked about in
whispers.

They whispered together like con-
spirators.

I hoped it would be hidden from
every eye.

He made no open demonstration
of his mind.

When she has effectually launched
a secret.

Surrounded it with a thick wall of
secrecy.

I'm going to hold out on you, and
not tell.

Unused to disguise what I so
strongly felt.

He has something on his chest be-
sides hair.

She could be hung for what she
doesn't tell.

He guards it as a United States
naval secret.

As much of a mystery as any pyra-
mid in Egypt.

If his jacket could have been un-

buttoned, and his heart laid bare.
Kept it hid as though it were a
treasonable act.

I looked at her face, and read be-
tween the lines.

He seemed to make a point of
avoiding observation.

There are secrets that kill those
who discover them.

Like good servants, I'll see and
hear, and say nothing.

The general inclination of mankind
to dive into a secret.

The only way of keeping a secret —
don't tell it yourself.

Those who have ears are having
them whispered into tonight.

If you'll come a little closer I will
whisper what I heard.

Something which requires more
than a philosopher to explain.

You'll have to consult a clairvoyant,
or phone home to your wife.

Things that should be mentioned
only in private, or in a whisper.

I learned from what he dropped, and what I corkscrewed out of him.
She loves all those pieces of news that are communicated as secrets.
There are three things not to be hidden — love, a cough, and ignorance.
He spoke, never to interrogate, and only when there was something to tell.
I'll not tell you now — I want you to have the pleasure of being surprised.
I pumped him as successfully as any rogue was ever cross-examined in
court.

Just a child who puzzles his wits to know where all the old moons go.
If he were going to commit a murder he wouldn't have more mystery
about it.

It was communicated to her in a low voice, and under the seal of secrecy.
He spoke hesitantly, as if he were afraid he might be accused of something.
When I wish a thing to be known, I tell it; when I do not tell it, I wish
it unknown.

Concealed something, which had as little the nature of a secret as the
fact that he had seen a flock of crows.

84

TRUTH

FACTS

CANDOR

HISTORY

STORY

Lurid details.
Lurid narrative.

Arresting facts.
A fantastic tale.

Appalling candor.
 Individual epics.
 A schoolboy tale.
 Unsparing details.
 Unvarnished candor.
 A dismal adventure.
 Old women's fables.
 Insolently truthful.
 Is that in the Bible?
 Indifferent bluntness.
 An interminable story.
 The fine print reveals.
 Unrestrained frankness.
 As true as truth itself.
 The truth is said to be.
 The bang of the story is.
 This vast sovereign fact.
 My short history is this.
 This is the unadorned fact.
 It's as true as turnips is.
 As open as the sun at noon.
 You may guess all the rest.
 It will stand the acid test.
 Now be as honest as you can.
 Has long existed unchallenged.
 Truth is not always in a well.
 A story I could tell my mother.
 These truths are incontestable.
 Accept as an historical episode.
 He told his story like a lesson.
 Well, clear your throat and begin.
 That's sure a mouthful of English.
 It can be stated as an axiom that.
 The characters in this comedy are.
 Can you testify to that as a fact?
 This grim and unembellished record.
 He is as direct as chain lightning.
 Simple truth elegantly recommended.
 Occasionally lapses into the truth.
 It stands out like an evening star.
 A tale, garnished with commentaries.
 But here, I must enter into details.
 It is not history, it's imagination.
 No deviation in any degree from truth.
 That dull generation of story tellers.
 Do not expect a comedy — it is a drama.

The place to begin is at the beginning.
 I have established it as a certain fact.
 There are things that are to be guessed.
 A rambling and inconsequential narrative.
 A phenomenon well attested by experience.
 There is nothing funnier than being right.
 This matter is notoriously known to be fact.
 It has never varied, except in his memory.
 No falsehood could issue from such calmness.
 It is so true that it is almost proverbial.
 Tell me what you know; not what you guess at.
 I had nothing up my sleeve but a torn lining.
 Is that poetical license, or the plain truth?
 She'd tell the truth, even if it did no harm.
 If that is not true, then I'll give myself up.
 I think nothing — I quote a fact, that is all.
 I had nothing up my sleeve but my vaccination.
 He gave us his biography, beginning at scratch.
 I repeat what he said, only because he said it.
 Bad news can chill you right down to your shoes.
 May the fates cut my thread, if that isn't true.
 He has the obstinate habit of telling the truth.
 May the devil fly away with me, if that isn't so.
 But to drop the story before I have tired it out.
 My narrative was put to sleep by the interruption.

To those who live on fiction, truth is disgusting.

Is no more to be trusted than churchyard epitaphs.

The general consent of mankind to this great truth.

Tell me your story, for I see you have one to tell.

A truth attested by a sufficient cloud of witnesses.

A story replete with manslaughter, murder and mayhem.

It's truer than 99% of the affidavits filed in court.

I would say so in the presence of an apostle himself.

An event that has made so much noise through all ages.

Your deponent hath been informed, and verily believes.

He is one of those who thinks that the truth is stale.

Let this serve as a preface to the following narrative.

Even the greatest liar tells more truth than falsehood.

Calling attention in cold, inexorable terms to the fact.

The characteristic of truth is never to run into excess.

History is the place where great men go to be forgotten.

Which the consent of centuries has placed beyond question.

Separate the chaff of fiction from the sound grain of fact.

It was as remarkable an accident as any recorded in history.

I was going home one night. It begins in a terrible manner.

Does not require the citation of authorities to maintain it.

I observed that everybody believed, and thought, as he spoke.

Truth is immutable, uncompromising, and sometimes displeasing.

An echo could not have been more exact in repeating the words.

If I may be allowed an old man's privilege, to speak of myself.

I have not said a word which I cannot repeat before God and men.

There is no sense in a story when it is gone through at a gallop.

Those who stick closely to the facts are pretty dull, to be sure.

Let this serve for a preface to a relation I am going to give you.

Far be it from me to assert that what everybody says must be true.

With some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate.

Truth is stranger than fiction, but not any stranger than a woman.

Once in my life—I mean, as always in my life—I shall be honest. This man will go to great lengths because he believes what he says. One of those who carries freedom of speech to the verge of brutality. For all historical books which contain no lies are extremely tedious. I sometimes find out things—if not impossible, at least incredible. All matters of fact which a man did not know before, are news to him. History relates—and that modest dame, it is well known, never lies. I should not act the part of an impartial historian did I not relate. Divested of romance, rhetoric, and poetic license, the simple truth is. Any exact historian would have found it difficult to abridge the tale. I believe, like Cromwell, that a portrait should include all the warts. We agreed with one voice that he might, could, would and should begin. A man ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity. The truth may make some men free, but it would sure send others to jail. The ugly facts are deep under layers of powdered sugar and whipped cream.

Going from supposition to supposition we would gradually reach the fact. To tell the truth is a good thing, because of its rarity, if nothing else.

This is a fact of sufficient importance to arrest the minds of historians. It has been settled and ordained by the laws of both nature and providence. Truth isn't always pleasant, but it is like death — it is doggone conclusive. I had to leave my little history stand still, till the interruption was ended. A truth that seems to be well established by the general testimony of mankind.

A picture so lifelike, it would have been an offense to touch it without an introduction.

In telling a story he always takes you on an extended journey around the Belt Line.

The best and the wisest of mankind in all nations and ages have asserted, as with one voice.

I have a strong tendency to believe in your word, regardless of your facial expression.

It would take hay scales to weigh the truth, and apothecaries' to weigh the hokum in it.

Everything is not arrant fiction, just because it cannot be proved in a court of law.

Because a thing has not yet happened, it would be absurd to suppose it never can happen.

I'll speak the truth, neither extenuating, nor saying aught either in anger, or in malice.

To enjoy the blessings of continued good health, speak the truth, and leave immediately after.

Every word he uttered had such an air of simplicity, it was impossible to suppose that what he said was false.

If it be not so, all the wiser part of mankind, from the beginning of the world to this day, has consented in an error.

If he had trusted to his eyesight instead of trusting his imagination, he would have spared himself much regret and many mistakes.

There is nothing, says Plato, so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth.

If his affirmations have any relation to any known facts it is entirely coincidental.

A story that is so well attested that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it.

Though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel than a true story.

As with a mathematical point, the point of his story had neither length, breadth, thickness, or value.

85

FALSEHOOD

LIE MENDACITY HYPOCRISY EXAGGERATION

Rubber words.

Perfumed lies.

A sublime hoax.

A fabulous story.

Lied resolutely.

A convincing liar.

Fantastic fiction.

Lied by inference.

A consecrated lie.
 Given to hyperbole.
 A glossy duplicity.
 It was wildly false.
 Now let me tell one.
 An imaginative liar.
 Calculated mendacity.
 Lied like a courtier.
 Gratuitous mendacity.
 A taint of hypocrisy.
 An adorable falsehood.
 Purveyors of mendacity.
 Scented with falsehood.
 All his geese are swans.
 Relapsed into hypocrisy.
 Impregnated with perjury.
 Without a trace of truth.
 His memory took a detour.
 We are invited to believe.
 Trained and trusted liars.
 As phoney as a lead quarter.
 A double-tongued hypocrite.
 His story was falling apart.
 His habit of dissimulation.
 I wish I had a lie detector.
 Had the confident effrontery.
 With pardonable exaggeration.
 What an imagination you have.
 Told her most delightful lies.
 The double-tongued race of men.
 A kind of Arabian Nights story.
 Just another brand of duplicity.
 Feigning what she does not feel.
 Nursery tales and bedtime stories.
 Such scandalous abuse of language.
 She made up her mind to a good lie.
 He handles the truth so carelessly.
 Let's not lie when we don't have to.
 He has a fondness for round numbers.
 Has a habit of imposing on the truth.
 No circus is as big as it is painted.
 He frequently told more than he knew.
 A man who cannot lie cannot conspire.
 Her tongue is too far from her heart.
 Quit beating around the mulberry bush.

His greatest asset is his lie-ability.
 Don't ask me — you're telling the lie.
 Looking at it with a magnifying glass.
 He had the art of making a lie credible.
 I don't like the way he tells the truth.
 He has such an unrestrained imagination.
 Her soul was laden with a conscious lie.
 Unworthy of belief without corroboration.
 What an admirable witness you would make.
 You're mighty careless with your ciphers.
 He's so careless with his Reverse English.
 His conscience never seems to talk to him.
 Never yet has given any hostages to deceit.
 Stand firmly pledged to perjury and malice.
 Words not exactly consonant with the truth.
 There can be no truth in the bedtime story.
 That must be taken with a shakerful of salt.
 Such refined hypocrisy is as good as virtue.
 Are you sure your arithmetic is on straight?
 Told me one of his Believe It or Not stories.
 There's nothing real about her but her bones.
 Are you going to believe me, or what you saw?
 I had no prejudices against lying my head off.
 He takes such an unfair advantage of the truth.
 I don't like the way he kicks the truth around.
 Thrice slain — like the dead in a liar's story.

Her crocodile tears mean nothing,
and cost less.
What mendacity has invented, and
malice sworn to.
He is never so inconsistent as to tell
the truth.
The fallacy of the fiction is shown
by the fact.
Like thoughtless children repeating
an idle tale.
He made an addition to his hypoc-
risy—he got fat.
She is a composition of sprightli-
ness and falsehood.
It sounds fragrant, but its sound is
a whooping lie.
She always finds good perfect, and
perfect wonderful.
A contest as to who could pitch the
bar the farthest.
He hasn't even a speaking acquaint-
ance with the truth.
She doesn't tell white lies—they
are all in technicolor.
He ought to make use of the truth
a little more often.
You seem to be well informed on
mythological subjects.
Exaggeration and distortion should
be kept within limits.

Aren't you deviating just a little
from the exact truth?
If you repeat that "no", I shall have
to call you a liar.
Crying on one side of his face, and
laughing on the other.
Fortunately we were alone—we
could tell lies at our ease.
When Ananias reads that in hell,
he'll turn green with envy.
His motto seems to be: Misrepre-
sentation without relaxation.
In his narrative falsehood appeared
on the surface of truth.
He doesn't seem to care how much
he draws on his imagination.
Indulges in a form of mendacity
but little less than perjury.
His veritable histories bear a strong
resemblance to fiction.
She promised to tell as many false-
hoods as might be necessary.
With a grave countenance that
might have imposed upon a judge.
They have forgotten what truth is,
or never knew what truth was.
A woman doesn't mind being two-
faced, but a double chin is awful.
Makes herself offensive by her gush-
ing and hypocritical solicitude.

He has doubtless strained many representations of things beyond the truth.
A fantastic story that would have taxed the credulity of a backward moron.
He had some wonderful experiences, or else he told some wonderful lies.
He had no lie ready for me, though he was hard at work preparing one.
I am determined to lie like a diplomat, if the truth will not serve me.
She called me a liar, a libel which can be destroyed by glancing at her.
You did not lie as much as he did, for the reason you did not say as much.
How strange it is that those wondrous things never happen where I chance
to be.

I believe every word you say, but the question is, will the jury believe it?
Up to that time, I had always supposed that such things happened only
to liars.

It is downright refreshing to see with what wonderful composure you
tell a lie.

Assumed one of the prerogatives of the Creator, by making something
out of nothing.

His conscience doesn't hurt him for telling lies, for the reason nobody
believes him.

He was telling me some bedtime story about a rhinoceros falling out of
a perambulator.

Some folks don't bother to tell lies, because telling the truth will start more trouble.
 I have confidence not only in the predictions of astrologers, but also in your veracity.
 He puts down a figure or two, and then as many ciphers as the printer can get in one line.
 His story was told with details that did more honor to his imagination than to his veracity.
 He is one of those story tellers who gets his hero hanged in one place, and drowned in another.
 Hesitating, either to give himself time to compose his countenance, or to assist his imagination.
 He is in the habit of making such alterations and improvements on the truth he deems most advisable.
 He is unable to avoid adding a few fictitious circumstances to enliven plain narrative.
 Her lies are discharged into the air, but hurt nobody, because no one believes her.
 He tells the whole truth, with a good deal more that you are not called upon to believe.
 You don't expect me to keep saying the same things over again, as I must do if I always told the truth.
 He throws into his narrative a little of the marvelous, and then, if he has much fire, the next degree is the impossible.
 From one generation to another successive cheats and suckers arise, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food.
 He thinks he can carry water on both shoulders, and then sell it to the public for lemonade.
 I wouldn't call her a liar — I'm too much of a gentleman for that. I just want to make it clear what a liar I am, if she is speaking the truth.

86

FRAUD

TRICK

SCHEME

SWINDLE

CUNNING

A slippery trick.
 An oily scoundrel.
 An industrious fox.
 Evade their snares.
 As slick as a snake.
 A parcel of rascals.
 An intolerable trick.
 As bogus as a china egg.
 He's as cunning as Satan.
 Tricks fit for a huckster.
 Planned like a conspiracy.
 She is as cunning as a fox.
 He is as crafty as a coyote.
 This was arranged like a plot.

He has the cunning of a monkey.
 Hovered about us like vultures.
 With the stealthiness of a wildcat.
 All is not gilt-edged that glistens.
 He's as slippery as roller bearings.
 As phoney as a 10-cent store diamond.
 He stood waiting for his fish to bite.
 Perfect scheming demands omniscience.
 He looks intelligent, but like a fox.
 Every fox knows what foxes smell like.

Now let us go over our lesson a little.	His proposition worked on an energy-from-the-air basis.
With the suave effrontery of the con-man.	He must cheat like a scoundrel to live like a gentleman.
He always has a pocket full of fish-hooks.	He'll become friendly with anyone who has anything to lose.
A singular mixture of foxiness and reflection.	He was swindled—you've underestimated what was done to him.
Keep your powder dry—and don't trust nobody.	Watching incessantly for their prey, like sharks about a ship.
Those robbers always have lairs where they lurk.	He keeps a weasel at his back to slip through small holes for him.
Decided how to outwit and hood-wink the universe.	Cunning and suspicion, the inseparable companions of little minds.

The hawk floated over the chicken yard, like a raven over the field of the slain.

87

FAMILY

PARENTS

CHILDREN

RELATIVES

ANCESTORS

POSTERITY

They unpacked their children.	Their children came in machine gun succession.
Even a wildcat loves its young.	
We cannot reform our forefathers.	He came from the shady side of his family tree.
And there he grew up tall and wild.	Spends his time bringing beggars into the world.
He has more kinsfolk than a microbe.	He holds a baby just like he would a roman candle.
He's just a cipher in his own family.	Her brat may be an angel, but it's a fallen angel.
I am more like Dad than he was himself.	She was brought up by her mother, and her daughter.
He has more kinsfolk than a belgian hare.	I have as many forefathers as anybody in the land.
Posterity has always taken care of itself.	The members of that family act just like a hung jury.
He has a dash of good blood in his veins.	He came from a family that was filthy with ancestors.
In-laws is generally regarded as out-laws.	A parent whom I always name with honor and gratitude.
It's not a daughter he has—it's a queen.	Kinship is a question of spirit, not a matter of blood.
She was so weak she couldn't spank the baby.	I was an uncle before I knew my nephews from my nieces.
They had little in common but a family name.	
A man with a large family, and a small salary.	

I like children very well — if they are properly cooked.	The main reason they fell out is they are sisters-in-law.
She has about as much maternal affection as an incubator.	I'd believe in birth control if it could be made retroactive.
He had many wives, and enough children to cover a planet.	You can't pay grocery bills with a limb from your family tree.

Just a short time ago our son thought we knew more than he did. He has one of those names that looks like a typographical error. The children of the very poor are not brought up, but dragged up. They are as different as if they had been born in different centuries. He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. The modern child has plenty of will power, but even more won't power. From her talk, it was easy to see her tongue first wagged in the South. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. We can't choose our relatives, but thank God we can choose our friends. He received his prodigal nephew with open arms, but with a closed purse. As to his birth, he has just precisely so much as is necessary to exist. Ought to learn how to love their relatives without being miserable doing it. My relatives talk about my forefathers, but only one of 'em ever came home.

Our daughter treats her mother as if she were related to her just by marriage.

If you want to understand relativity, live for a time with your mother-in-law.

They have one of those babies who has such a cute way of destroying property.

He has a funny name, but I never talked to his mother, and so can't explain it.

Children would be more truthful if parents weren't always demanding explanations.

He never married; and if he is perpetuated in this world, it will have to be by his ghost.

He loved his friends as brothers, and his brothers nearly as much as his friends.

Yesterday we told fairy stories to our children — today they are telling them to us.

Remember, if you don't have children you can't have grandchildren to make a fuss over.

When a child gets old enough to do things for himself, it's generally the wrong thing.

The subject of birth control isn't nearly so important as controlling those already born.

Some folks come from such old stock, their family tree goes back to the time they lived in it.

Nowadays, parents boast they never raised a hand against any of their children, except in self-defense.

Young folks should think for themselves — provided, some older person is around to keep them from doing it.

The girl reared in luxury, and the one reared in poverty, are the same in one respect — they both want everything.

My wife used to be the head of the family, but since my daughters have grown up, we have a commission form of government.
 She boasts the greatness of her ancestors, one of them having gotten out of debt.
 You should not discourage children's initiative by curbing their criminal instincts.
 She says she can't endure a child who doesn't mind — as if there were another kind.
 There's nothing wrong with the kid that can't be fixed by a good licking.
 He doesn't seem like a relative — he borrowed money from us, and paid it back.
 A pat on the back will develop character — if administered often enough, young enough, and low enough.
 The mother instinct is so strong in her, she adopted a baby, and then hired a woman to take care of it.
 We don't know how backward some countries are till we go there and see the children obeying their parents.
 Our young son said he would support us when we were old, but at that time he hadn't talked to his wife about it.

88

SOCIETY

MANNERS

FASHION

TASTE

REFINEMENT

Fossil formality.
 Austere formality.
 Courtly politeness.
 The blanks of society.
 A powderpuff delicacy.
 Obsequious politeness.
 Stained glass manners.
 Those put-on-dog days.
 A starched appearance.
 With freezing courtesy.
 A dresden china old lady.
 Always wearing a saintly air.
 Consorting with the nobility.
 The frigid rules of etiquette.
 It was like polite ice-skating.
 She shines like a parlor piano.
 The quintessence of refinement.
 With a certain antique elegance.
 This thin veneer of respectability.
 She saw society by glimpses only.
 Scrupulously avoiding impoliteness.
 She is so very military in her manners.
 She shines in society like a light-house.

She is so nice there is no enduring her.
 Here they all have gab and nice manners.
 Declare their independence by bad manners.
 All the guests were iced for the occasion.
 She is so elaborately and profusely polite.
 She would be seen, as she meant to be seen.
 A Kansas coyote has better manners than he.
 The marble steps were as cold as tombstones.
 His courtesy goes to the pitch of silliness.
 She'd call you a bum for using the wrong fork.
 In that exclusive haunt of fashion and foolery.
 They refuse to be polished out of their veracity.

She is an artistic dispenser of social raspberries.

They issue tokens for those to whom they will speak.

I have never been able to melt his austere attitude.

Fit yourself for the best society, and then stay out.

She knows how to use soft-soap as well as cold cream.

A well-bred man never unintentionally insults anybody.

In manner and graces she exhibits the gloss of courts.

A man's taste is indicated by his stories and his wit.

You owe society your genial and scintillating presence.

Good taste cannot be pumped up, nor obtained on demand.

A country where everybody who

owns two cows is in society.

Good taste doesn't grow upon one like ivy upon a cathedral.

To weigh in the social scale, you must have a cash balance.

They have the essence as well as the true form of courtesy.

There is something frigid and monumental about these ladies.

After a girl "comes out", she goes out, and then she stays out.

Fine taste is the apprehension of what is properly done or said.

To master the art of pleasing, all you have to do is to get rich.

This girl, with her beautiful English and her cosmopolitan manners.

He loved the society of others, but never became tired of his own.

A little culture, provided it does not get out of hand, harms no one.

¶

If that is good society, I prefer to return to the bad company I have left. One of those parties where they looked at me as if I were a fish in an aquarium.

Those of the very first good-breeding, who are very few, and who seldom come into my way.

The secret of polite conversation is never to open your mouth unless you have nothing to say.

Now, you can get your name in the social register if you can just keep it in the telephone book.

In that condescending manner familiar to the intellectually superior.

She extended her hand as if she expected me to crack it with a ruler.

Ladies and gentlemen are not nearly as frequent as the signs on the water closets indicate.

I care about as much for society as I did for the angleworms I used to fish with.

All that is left of civilization is the rule of etiquette: if a place itches, you shouldn't let anyone see you scratch it.

She is so broad-minded, so tolerant of wickedness, she gives me the impression she has about decided to take part in it herself.

89

COMPANY

WELCOME RECEPTION INVITATION HOSPITALITY

An airy reception.

A sour invitation.

Will be "Xptn" you.

Come on in, and knock.

Hiding like a coyote.

Bowing their salutations.

They run around like goats.
She hissed a greeting to me.
Hands up — reach for the sky.
Got a book agent's reception.
She shakes hands like a fish.
They know their visiting oats.
I hope you will honor my abode.
A visit that poisoned my rest.
I was received like a stranger.
The first warm surge of welcome.
Her hand felt like a frog in mine.
Well, if that isn't — in person.
I thought you had gone underground.
She took her long thin shadow away.
I have come back to give myself up.
Your chair on the veranda yawns for you.
Did you come in but to go out again?
Couldn't get me there without a subpoena.
Amidst a circle of female inquisitors.
I felt as much at home as a fish in water.
I'm going to tie up here for a few hours.
I have been asking for you from every echo.
Do you suppose I just happen to be here?
Well, shake hands, and pretend you're glad.
Give security for your peaceable intentions.
She went so far away she was as bad as lost.
I have no intention of boycotting your home.
She burst into the room like a fresh breeze.
I am the most lonely when in her company.
He greeted me with an electioneering manner.
She just had patience to suffer my salutation.
Imitating the cutting coldness of a diplomat.

As soon as you had gone, my joy was gone, too.
It's bad to be alone — I need better company.
You act as if our end of town were segregated.
Her welcome was cold enough to freeze peaches.
The owl does not go into the nest of the lark.
Going with one leg, and staying with the other.
She sat there, as though posing for a portrait.
Then she opened her arms like a couple of wings.
They fell upon each other and hugged like bears.
I thought they might be holding you for the rent.
A drawing-room is where you deceive your friends.
I want you to come often enough to be a nuisance.
Shutting yourself up as if you were under arrest.
I've been there so much I feel like a stockholder.
Without company I feel like a body without a soul.
I am going to leave before the moon changes again.
What have you been doing today, besides breathing?
I'm coming over to see you, and give myself a treat.
He needs no invitation, and respects no lack of one.
I want to see more of you than the back of your neck.
It takes a pedigree to get an invitation into her home.
Remember this, it's only the dead who never come back.
They greeted each other like brothers on a battlefield.
She marched to the door as if advancing upon an enemy.
Its hospitality was like the welcome of devouring jaws.

An ostentatious compliance with the laws of hospitality.

Whatever has to be said, had better be begun to be said.

So sober, it appeared to be a convention of philosophers.

As effectually separated as if one lay under a tombstone.

They mean to tempt me to forget the dear home I have left.

Seeing too much of you is not as bad as not seeing enough.

Come over, and make another one of your hit-and-run visits.

Couldn't drag me to a place like that with a pair of mules.

Holding out his hand, as though he wanted to catch something.

Those festivals buried under the roofs like pearls in the sea.

I began to wonder whether they had you in solitary confinement.

Every time he says "hello" he shakes your hand and kisses you.

He appeared on the scene as if he had fallen down from the sky.

She sat there as if she were in the reception room of a dentist.

I see you so seldom, you might as well be on a Polar expedition.

One of those hosts who measures his hospitality by the hog'shead.

The whole place seemed covered with philosophers.

I can bring certificates that I am a good listener.

Distance and silence are her best recommendations.

Where you have a good time, right from the word Hello.

Well, I see you have returned to the scene of the crime.

The mortification of never being spoken to, nor speaking.

Have you met here to plot some new piece of skulduggery?

Some people are good but dull; some are not good but dull.

You ought to come in once in a while and have your parole punched.

I am under no more restraint in their company than if I were alone.

I haven't seen you for so long, you will have to introduce yourself.

A guest is a person we are glad to feed because he does not need it.

I haven't seen you for so long, it is an effort to recall your name.

He'd send you to lodge with the larks though the hour were midnight.

When you come I'm going to show you to my friends only at a distance.

Giving me a slap on the shoulder that might have killed a rhinoceros.

I shall make your home my town house unless you give me notice to quit.

You make your visits so short I think I'll have to get a revolving door.

I'm calling you folks—I know you too well to call you ladies and gentlemen.

Why don't you come over? Are you waiting for excursion rates or something?

I shall expect you to come over, except in case of sickness or imprisonment.

You are to stay in my home as an honored guest, even if you remain a lifetime.

She said she was going, but continued to sit there as if waiting to be launched.

Your face looks familiar, but your feet have grown clear out of my recollection.

There's no house in the city limits, but this, that must shelter you for the night.

I found I was in one of those crowds where I was not under any impediment of thinking.

She said she was going, but continued to sit there as if she were waiting for her legs.

When he shakes hands, he works my arm up and down as if it were the latest patented pump.

They paid him no more respect or attention than if he had been a clumsy piece of furniture.

It's like the blowing of old breezes, or the ringing of old bells, to hear your voice again.

Then he gave me his hand, which I did not know what to do with, as it did nothing for itself.

It was one of those dull companies where you have to keep fanning the conversational breezes.

So you had better keep your eyes on the watch, your ears on the listen, and your nose on the wind.

I didn't know whether you had been kidnaped, joined the Foreign Legion, or had just moved to Hoboken.

The trouble is, when I meet you, I must descend from the pedestal on which friendly rumor has placed me.

If you can prove that there is nothing that will hurt my conscience, or interfere with my duty, I am yours.

With the first movement of the hand to the head as a salute, and a second movement of the tongue to express.

Shaking her hand is just like shaking hands with a fish — it makes you feel, if you were to let it go, she'd sink.

One of those companies where they think they are never more sociable than when they are all talking at the same time.

Numbered among those who insist upon being seated, served, and saluted according to rank, distinction, and precedence.

I did not choose to lend the light of my countenance in that illustrious sphere to some miserable plume-plucked scarecrow.

Wherever I may roam I shall always keep one foot in my home town with the toe in your door, so that it can never be closed against me.

If you have any messages, or suggestions, or advice, or admonitions, or criticisms, you'd better begin to utter 'em, for I am ready to leave.

To me, to spend an entire evening in such company would be as dismal an entertainment as to abide in a graveyard by night to converse with the shades of my ancestors.

You will be welcome, if your stay were to be seven times seven years. Better get rid of your idiosyncracies — there's no place here to keep 'em.

She is always the center of gravity in any company in which she appears. She sits so upright and taut, it looks as if she were holding her breath.

She's such a blank, when she comes in, it seems that someone has gone out. Instead of giving attention to the dead, I soon fell to addressing the living.

I have not the command of those convulsions as is necessary to be good company.

I thought I'd better come back, or you would have difficulty in recalling my name.

What sort of credentials must I have to sit down here and make one of the company?

A man is received according to his clothes, and sent away according to his mind.

He who is a troublesome companion to himself will not be an agreeable one to others.

She tries to force you to have a good time by arranging for you to do something you don't want to do.

Those who are qualified rather to add to the furniture, by filling an empty chair, than to the conversation.

Would you consider it an infringement of your personal liberty, or an invasion of your constitutional rights if I were to?

I was there at dinner, enjoying fried chicken just like a relative. He couldn't have shaken hands with more enthusiasm if he had been running for Congress.

Each opened her arms like a pair of wings, and then they proceeded to hug each other skinny.

90

PRIVACY

LONELY

DISTANT

UNSOCIABLE

OSTRACISM

A frosty pause.

An icy gravity.

Blushing shyness.

Dismal loneliness.

As stiff as a rush.

An underground life.

Solitary desolation.

As personal as pain.

A petrified coldness.

As private as a grave.

Shunned as if infected.

Hermit-like simplicity.

A paragon of reticence.

As solitary as an oyster.

She ought to be defrosted.

Her heart pumps ice water.

As lonesome as a graveyard.

As distant as the North Pole.

She came in like cold weather.

As chilly as an ice cream cone.

He always stays near his burrow.

He's as distant as the sky line.

A studied and glacial aloofness.

As lonely as a desert at midday.

When in a serious and lonely hour.

She's always as cool as an iceberg.

As chilly as a refrigerator locker.

Treated me as if I were quarantined.

I'll be grounded this kind of weather.

She looked at us as if we were things.

The solitary man is a modified savage.

It will seem like solitary confinement.

You treat me as if I were a book agent.

He stayed in his back yard, like a dog.

Ostracised, blackballed, excommunicated.

Was suffered to die like a homeless dog.

As lonely as if it were under quarantine.

I have often eaten my morsel myself alone.

I had about as much privacy as a goldfish.

Treated me as if I were a dog in disgrace.

Stay quietly at home, like sleepy old dogs.

He hangs around his home like a chandelier.

As lonely as if he had suffered banishment.

You treat me as if I had something catching.

It's little better than a concentration camp.

It's so lonesome, I get to talking to myself.	We shut the door upon the outside world with a bang.
He looked at me exactly as he did at the lamp.	She remains at home so much she seems to be stationary.
As deserted as a country graveyard at midnight.	Her heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up.
As lonely as an island in the middle of the sea.	He wouldn't leave his home at night, if it caught on fire.
He stuck to his home like a tortoise to its shell.	They seem to be sealed up in the house where you see them.
Has no more privacy than petters in a rumble seat.	Shutting themselves up in their own home as in a fortress.
There was nothing for me to do but to spit and go.	They appeared to have formed a coalition against strangers.
Has about as much privacy as a window demonstrator.	Staying as closely in the house as if it were under blockade.

The way you keep away from me, one would think you owed me money. Their only contact with life was what they saw out of the window. And the only persons who went there were the meter readers and the iceman.

She has the power of expressing distance in terms other than in feet and miles.

The atmosphere was of that same freezing temperature as when Washington crossed the Delaware.

He is indifferent to everything that does not directly concern himself, his wife, or his dog.

The place was under such strict blockade that not so much as a fly could carry news from thence.

The streets looked as lonely and deserted as if they had been crowded over night for the last time.

The consequence was that they and their dog were left alone, and people were satisfied with calling them names.

And so I'll be found leaning more heavily on my books, and getting what solace there is in my memories and daydreams.

91

FRIENDSHIP

FRIEND FRIENDLY ACQUAINTANCE UNFRIENDLY

He is always unbent.
Our mildewed friend.
A jocose backslapper.
Nauseous familiarity.
As faithful as a dog.
Alarming friendliness.
Relaxed his austerity.
Fair-weather fellowship.
The devotion of a dog.

A fine bunch of Judases.
The undiscerning world.
An exalted companionship.
He's a frozen asset to me.
He's a snake in the weeds.
He saluted me as a brother.
I have a bad face for names.
A sort of plutonic friendship.
As close as two coats of paint.

Smothered me with consideration. I'll make you the repository of my
 Arresting and piquant companions. secrets.
 As friendly as tomcats in a sack. We soon found our least common
 They are old friends — oh, so old. denominator.
 He had not even a dog to love him. We seemed to have been born for
 We seldom make friends after each other.
 forty. I'll do more for you than Santa
 As friendly as a white picket fence. Claus would.
 He resisted just like an accomplice. They looked at each other like
 Such pitiful and perverted fidelity. strange dogs.
 I would like to have you on my As genial as a department store
 side. Santa Claus.
 I have a high priority rating there. As close together as two ticks of
 I guess I can take you on proba- the clock.
 tion. When they meet they cry all over
 I don't know him, and I'm glad each other.
 of it. My voluble, vehement, and vocifer-
 She's as sneaky as rubber-soled ous friend.
 shoes. This is one of the clauses in our
 I wouldn't tell her any of my agreement.
 secrets. A friend who has to be eternally
 He is not important enough to be subsidized.
 hated. She seemed willing to adopt me
 They go together just like ham and for a brother.
 eggs. I didn't know it was you till the
 He was a mixture of friend and wind changed.
 parasite. As sympathetic as molasses and
 Fast companions seldom make fast buckwheat cakes.
 friends. You can't get friends just by honk-
 As a friend he has little trade-in ing for them.
 value. Taking possession, as if she had
 Am going to put her in my list of a right to me.
 allies. I know him not only by sight, but
 They were bound together by mal- also by smell.
 practices. They have often hunted for their
 I love him as Montgomery must fleas together.
 love Ward. We have lots in common — we hate
 A friend of more than ordinary the same people.
 durability. He became as confidential as a
 Whenever I see her she climbs all registered letter.
 over me. Those I can't get along with, I get
 An overture to conversation and along without.
 friendship. We should have many well-wish-
 And so we are the Gold Dust twins ers, but few friends.
 no more. He is as well known to me as my
 When men open their minds with- nearest relatives.
 out reserve. Nothing can match the treasure of
 Those who please everybody, please common memories.
 nobody. He turned against me like a dog
 If that isn't —, then I need new that's been kicked.
 glasses.

I want everybody to be happy, and
 live a long time.
 He hasn't enough friends to fill a
 telephone booth.
 They are as inseparable as corned-
 beef and cabbage.
 As inseparable as Charley Mc-
 Carthy and Edgar Bergen.
 I don't want to pay too large a
 price for my friend.
 I'd hate to have my life depending
 on his testimony.
 They stuck to each other like a
 sand burr to a sheep.
 I would almost feel disposed to
 bury him for nothing.
 One way to keep your friends is
 not to give them away.
 People speak their names as if two
 of them made a pair.
 He's my closest friend — anyway he
 never spends a cent.
 A good companion is not found in
 every room we go into.
 I've seen her a few times out of
 the corner of my eye.
 Am bound to look upon you as an
 accomplice or an enemy.
 There are some people who are to
 be known only by sight.
 For you, I would be willing to go
 down in a diving bell.
 She has a technique that is half
 honey, and half arsenic.
 Were continually running after one
 another like shadows.
 We meet to enjoy one another, not
 to censure the absent.
 He is one of those friends who
 does nothing for nothing.
 Her constitution is preserved in a
 kind of natural frost.

Your name only, tells me no more
 than the title of a book.
 He is acquainted with everybody,
 and is a friend of nobody.
 You have always been my admirer,
 and therefore I am yours.
 Soon became as familiar as if he
 had known me from infancy.
 I loved and honored him living, and
 lamented him when dead.
 We gravitated toward each other
 as water makes for the sea.
 In another minute I'll be telling
 you the story of my life.
 He would get thrown out the win-
 dow if he walked in the door.
 A friendship that lasted precisely
 as long as his bank roll.
 Let me pretend for an hour or two
 that I'm a friend of yours.
 She told me things she hopes never
 to talk about in her sleep.
 As much brotherly love as there is
 between a cat and a canary.
 I have always strained my sense of
 right to show him kindness.
 Remember, people do not want to
 pay a bonus for your friendship.
 He wouldn't move his little finger
 to save me from destruction.
 Friendships live and thrive upon a
 system of reciprocal benefits.
 The last I heard of him he was run-
 ning around town shooting cats.
 Our tastes brought us together as
 inevitably as liver and onions.
 Someone is going to have a good
 time, and it might as well be you.
 He was as confidential with me as
 if I had been a part of himself.
 Clever men light up their wit when
 the zenith lights up its stars.

Remember, when you lose face with me, your whole head goes with it.
 I would as soon have my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges.
 If I have ever been cross or ungrateful to anybody, don't remember it.
 In our friends' misfortunes there is something secretly pleasant to us.
 It's a poor friend who will do no more for us than we will do for him.
 A friend is someone to tell your troubles to, and to borrow money from.
 I count him in my circle of friends though he's close to the perimeter.
 Their names were spoken together just as if it were the style of a firm.

She is a wise virgin who keeps her lamp, and friends, always well trimmed.

I long to be with someone who lives in my country—who speaks my language.

One of those men who is as easy to meet as a politician running for office. You need to have always beside you a mind capable of comprehending your own.

There is one subject I would like to mention in the beginning of our treaty.

Money will not buy friends, but it will rent them for as long as you want them.

They live together as amicably and as sweetly as a couple of doctors of divinity.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

A lot of people try to keep up with others without knowing where the others are going.

They are inseparable; they present the appearance of being sewn together.

I filled a place in their mind far below that filled by their fat asthmatic pooch.

They embraced and fell upon each other's neck as if they intended to stifle one another.

The shutting of her mouth then, pleased him no more than the opening of it would now.

Talking to me confidentially, as if the divine secret of things was about to be disclosed.

With that sort of ill-will which men entertain against each other for different opinions.

I want to know his birth, education and parentage; where he came from and whither he is going.

Those who, through diversity of age or inclination, can neither be entertaining nor serviceable to us.

The constant exchange of pleasing impressions which makes friendship a richer joy, perhaps, than love.

We become bound to persons by services we render them, not by those we receive, because men are rather proud than grateful.

Meeting her was like reading the preface to a good book—it led me to anticipate a world of elegance, refinement and of grace.

He says I think too much of a dollar, but maybe I think too little of him. Speaking as familiarly of the President as if he had just had lunch with him.

They judge what stock of kindness you had for the living by the quantity of tears you pour out for the dead.

It is best to treat people right—they may be on your jury some day, and you won't want them to give you justice.

If anyone as much as says "boo" against you, you can depend on having someone on hand to argue for the defense.

Here is a nice arrangement nature has made for us—every man, no matter how dumb, sometime in his life finds someone who is dumber than he is.

COURTSHIP

LOVE

ROMANCE

ENGAGEMENT

COQUETTE

A glassy kiss.
 Amorous piffle.
 A galvanic vamp.
 A predatory ram.
 A predatory flirt.
 A captivated calf.
 Romantic gibberish.
 Celestial whispers.
 Let's do this often.
 Currency excavators.
 A singular affinity.
 Uttering soft tales.
 Flashing a bold smile.
 An inflammable admirer.
 She'd make a nice pet.
 A remnant of affection.
 She took him captive.
 Mawkish sentimentality.
 A high-voltage charmer.
 An antiquated coquette.
 He gave her a sour apple.
 As fickle as a rainbow.
 A sort of asthmatic love.
 Flattering blandishments.
 She has gender but not sex.
 A superannuated coquette.
 She was trying to flag me.
 She has a legion of suitors.
 I'd like to convoy her home.
 They did too much clinching.
 Was like embracing a statue.
 It seems to me a bit sticky.
 Every goose wants her gander.
 He fell for her like a comet.
 With whom I traded memory gems.
 I admit the soft impeachment.
 Gave her a whopping smackeroo.
 Ties no stronger than cobwebs.
 She's altogether irreplaceable.
 She bubbled him into matrimony.
 He has a good line, but no bait.
 Those dear confounded creatures.
 Let's take a trip to Shangri-La.
 He's the big episode in her life.
 Displaying her pernicious charms.

They became tender enough to eat.
 Let me help you make up your mind.
 Gave her a kiss with a fuse on it.
 They made it a closed corporation.
 He loves only one woman at a time.
 He is another one of her fugitives.
 Two heads without a single thought.
 Heard a smack which was not a blow.
 Talking like a lovesick lieutenant.
 He sold himself to her for nothing.
 She put him in some sort of trance.
 Where did you pick up your Delilah?
 Her idea of cooperation is to relax.
 He felt as if he were being absorbed.
 Whoever he is, he doesn't deserve you.
 They became bound with silken fetters.
 That dame is as dangerous as dynamite.
 She found he had both money and brains.
 A romance punctuated with pistol shots.
 I'd like to squeeze her till she weeps.
 Love seldom continues long after esteem.
 Endeavored with all my art and rhetoric.
 A kiss that had an aftertaste of garlic.
 I seem to have been born to admire you.
 He who has loved often, has loved never.
 I'll be your slave, just like Uncle Tom.
 Dearest to me above all women who live.
 I had just as soon be fondled by an ape.

- She demurred—I overruled the demurrer.
The radiant privilege of living with her.
He has as many girls as King Solomon had.
Puppy love often winds up in a dog fight.
Sat in the moonlight and talked of life.
He consecrated three nights a week to her.
Bermuda—the land of romance, and onions.
He directed his love to the wrong address.
I like girls with blue eyes and greenbacks.
He passes among the women for a fine thing.
That dear name, so delightful to pronounce.
You can practically hear the wedding bells.
You can see they are not mad at each other.
She is in love with the immortal part of me.
It amounted almost to contempt of courtship.
They are as fond as shepherd and shepherdess.
She returned his love with compound interest.
I'd follow her to hell, to Hoboken, anywhere.
He hates everything that savors of sentiment.
She is besieged by clusters of pretty fellows.
He can't confine his necking to the home team.
A sentimental compound of money and moonlight.
She has as many lovers as a farmer has shoats.
She fell for him like a shooting gallery duck.
She awakened in him everything but horse sense.
- He lavished his offerings of affection in vain.
In a voice sweeter than the bleating of a sheep.
You are not in love, you are out of your senses.
I am a single man, and you know there are women.
She takes pleasure in slaughter and destruction.
Admiring the one woman, and excluding all others.
Many more people fall in love than commit murder.
She is in love with none save her own dear person.
He pronounced the word "darling" as it is spelled.
An affinity is a fresh disappointment in disguise.
They were drawn together by some strange chemistry.
Their hair mingled together in the spring sunshine.
I don't want a lovely time—I want to be with you.
It's better to be looked over than to be overlooked.
She had lost her heart many times before he found it.
The best way to reach a woman's heart is to use an ax.
She fell for him just like the temple fell for Samson.
Tell her where I live, if she wants to know my address.
He loved her almost as much as he did liver and onions.
He looks upon himself as a kind of guardian of the fair.
It seemed I had just found the woman I was born to love.
We discussed things that are not sold by the apothecary.
They promised to love, honor, and take the consequences.
He's as good at making love as he is bad at making money.
One of those fine fellows whom all women agree to admire.

He wants to do nothing but stop,
 look, and listen to her.
 A kiss that had about as much
 tenderness in it as a bite.
 If I were a young man she'd either
 say "yes," or shoot me.
 I hereby direct the young lady to
 keep close to her mother.
 When she was around, no other
 woman could come to his mind.
 There was now no chain for me to
 break, or for him to drag.
 If she waits any longer to get mar-
 ried, she may fall apart.
 He could not resist the seductive
 whispers of such a siren.
 You know lovers are always allowed
 the comfort of soliloquy.
 Upon whom he had employed his
 fancy rhetoric so effectually.
 A woman loves but once—if that
 is the only chance she gets.
 With an air as much as to say,
 catch me—I'm easily caught.
 And the love affair follows its course
 just like an illness.
 Love used to be blind, but now it
 simply doesn't give a dern.
 Making love is one thing that can't
 be done by remote control.
 She is as watchful of conquest as
 the busiest virgin among us.
 She will speak to you like your
 sister, till she has you sure.
 He felt that whatever she thought,
 or said, or did, was right.
 Exchanged their vows in the pres-
 ence of the moon and the stars.
 To learn to love her is a lesson that
 has to be learned by rote.
 I liked her so well that I wanted to
 detain her almost by force.
 You may not like blind dates, but
 this girl will open your eyes.
 If she doesn't marry soon, she'll get
 termites in her hope chest.
 I wondered in what strange waters
 he had caught her in his seine.
 I know what lovers are—they are
 men who do nothing for nothing.
 At first she called him Angel—
 soon she was calling him Lucifer.
 I'd rather have my girl without a
 groat than her with the Indies.
 They try to stay cute till they fall
 apart.
 I wish you would put my applica-
 tion on file.
 She is just another simpering cave-
 dweller.
 You write the music—I'll fill in
 the words.
 I now know what it means to in-
 herit the earth.
 Upon the strength of this slender
 encouragement.
 He wants a wealthy old widdy in
 her twenties.
 It would have been difficult to dis-
 entangle 'em.
 Puppy love is just the prelude to a
 dog's life.
 He was the confidant and darling
 of all the fair.
 He fled from her before the trap
 shut down on him.
 Romance and rheumatism cannot
 long dwell together.
 Whispered the softest vows of
 fidelity in her ear.
 I might fight for her hand—you
 can have her face.
 He was a leader of men, and a fol-
 lower of women.
 The interviews we had being stolen
 and interrupted.
 He thought she was to-to—too fat
 and too dumb.
 He got nailed to the barn door like
 a skunk hide.
 Her orders are received as favors
 rather than duties.
 I had no desire to envelop her in a
 pincers movement.
 Sighing and lamenting his destiny
 in beseeching terms.
 She flicked him off just like he was
 a piece of lint.
 Ask her simple questions you are
 sure she can answer.
 We shall never again stroll to-
 gether in the moonlight.

Her mind ought to be on liniment
instead of on perfume.

A kiss that would have knocked the
walls of Jericho down.

Mightily conversant in arithmetic
and making calculations.

He spends more on a date than his
father did on his wedding.

I may be stubborn, but I wouldn't

marry her if she had a million.
There is no use in wasting either
epigram or rhetoric on her.

If I have anything to do with her it
will be by remote control.

I'd like to be alone with her in a
close-up and in a blackout.

I don't want one so young I'll have
to buy her expensive toys.

He will have to be satisfied with an old hen, or go without chicken.
The tender names of lover and sweetheart are no more of concern to me.
She's wearing something on her third finger — and it isn't a hangnail.
She was so close to him, if you took one, you'd have to take 'em both.
A woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes.
She was at an age when a doll would have been her most suitable lover.
With her, you can take all the latitude you want, or longitude either.
He laid everything at her feet — everything but the Himalaya Mountains.
If a girl wants to get married she should make sparking less pleasant.
You can do for me what most people do for themselves — make love to her.
I would rather be treated that way by you than to be received by royalty.
Cupid didn't use an arrow — he walked right up and hit her with a mallet.
We speak of falling in love, as though it were a pit, or the Grand Canyon.
A girl ought to be able to distinguish between courtship and conversation.
When he got through with her, he didn't have anything left but a headache.
A drama in which the characters were an old man, a young wife, and
a lover.

Cupid's arrows don't bite very deep into the tough skins of middle-
aged men.

She is a girl whose brains are a little disordered with romances and novels.
He made her believe he loved her so well that he hated all men and
women else.

I could not become her fawning slave, unless someone hired me to do it.
She had been in love so often, there was nothing left of her heart but
a pump.

To be a hero to her you must have plenty of brawn, muscle, and hair,
nothing more.

He is one of those heroes who has a shut fist for men, and a bended knee
for women.

If your girl is broad-minded about your conduct, it's a sign she doesn't
care much for you.

He had reached that stage of infatuation when he thought that everything
she did was right.

The Lord made women beautiful so the men would love them, and dumb
so they would love the men.

Were you by my side, how little sensible should I be that there is any-
thing on earth above us.

A courtship beginning in a giddy and short adoration, and ending in a
solid and long contempt.

If you try to kiss a girl and succeed, she is indignant; if you don't succeed,
she is disgusted.

Young fellows like to run with a real good sport, until they are ready to marry a girl who isn't.

Their eyes said many things, things which cannot be expressed in any language.

The more hearts are worth the capture, the more difficult they are to be won.

Her sweet whispers are worth more than all the rotten eloquence in the world.

The effect the moon has on the tide, is not so great as it has on the untied. The year that love becomes monotonous is the date that's put on its tombstone.

Love doesn't make the world go 'round, it merely makes the participants dizzy.

Take my kiss on the left side of your forehead — on the temple that belongs to me.

She first wanted to know how much dust and ashes he had on deposit at his banker's.

There is more camouflage in courtship than anything else in the world, except war.

He had been in love so often, he couldn't tell whether it was a disease, or a habit.

In the good old days girls tried to rope their man, now they just string him along.

I don't see how you can work among those pretty creatures, without becoming a Sultan.

Kisses are like a bottle of olives — the first is hard to get but the rest come easy.

She had put sentiment, once and forever, in a grave, filled it up, and tamped it down.

She had not yet arrived at the age of discretion, but the doctor advised her not to wait any longer.

I was nigh being declared a bankrupt, when I declared myself her lover, and she declared herself married.

He felt that in the depth of his soul something had been put in its place, settled down, and laid to rest.

I can't understand how she could dominate him, unless she were the first and the only woman he had ever seen.

To know her was a liberal education — was equal to a full course in any correspondence school in the country.

If he is clever, he can make her not only divulge things she remembers, but make a revelation of things she has forgotten.

If he doesn't run a temperature when she confidentially taps him on his coat lapel with her long forefinger, then he ought to go and make a down payment on a grave.

He soon found he had built his dreams out of second hand lumber. Women wear high heels so they won't get kissed on the forehead. They want to be treated like glamour girls, instead of grandmas. I am the better man from the influence and authority you have over me. Fictions, flatteries and falsehoods, vows, promises and protestations. Has nothing to recommend him save that he is young, sound and impudent. I want to ask you two questions — will you go out with me, and why not?

Her mother warned her about men like this — but nobody ever warned him. To make love — something no man wants to do by proxy or remote control. She'd give her eyeteeth to lay her hands on one man, fly-specked or sound. She had a picture of him in every corner, in all magnitudes and dimensions. He held his arm around her a little too long for the gesture to look graceful. My delight at seeing you far outweighs any punitive intentions I might have had.

It's a question which has caused more trouble in this world, liquor or perfume.

Would you like to hear my life story? No, I'd just like to write the next chapter.

A woman can get a man to do almost anything foolish by making him think he is smart.

When a man begins telling a woman she doesn't understand him, it's a sure sign she does.

If the old and ugly speak ill of me, all the world knows it is because I scorn to flatter them.

Experience is a dear teacher, but when it gets through with a fellow he really knows something.

If we were just to lay our heads together, we ought to be able to figure out what to do next.

A mouth that is a standing invitation to a guy to lose his head, his heart, and his pocketbook.

A fellow under the influence of liquor is foolish, but not so foolish as a chap under the influence of perfume.

You might tiptoe in, and ask her if there is anything I can do for her, that will cost me neither time nor money.

She must be interesting and attractive enough for me to fall in love with her, and dumb enough to fall in love with me.

If you got him by an Old Ladies' Home, you'd have to have him on a leash. I'll be glad at any time to appear and put in a plea of insanity for her.

Why don't you horn in — there is nothing wrong with your horn, is there? Falling in love with her was a matter of instant and spontaneous combustion.

My conventional courtesy, civility and friendliness was mistaken for courtship.

A creature devoid of any known glimmering of intellect, charm, or cunning. The insufferable horseplay and companionship of a pack of barely weaned calves.

All a full moon means to him is that he won't need a lantern to milk the cows.

Bewilderingly absorbed in the contemplation and conversation of a 60-year-old imbecile.

She seems to be thoroughly insulated against all romantic stuff, no matter how high the voltage.

She felt like a woman who, against her own will, has been given a wolf for a pet.

Scarcely a week went by, from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, that it didn't bring him a perfumed message from some adorable enchantress.

MARRIAGE

WIFE

Golden fetters.
 The marriage gong.
 Scrappily married.
 Conjugal handcuffs.
 A household dragon.
 Her current husband.
 A commando marriage.
 Matrimonial shackles.
 She has him for keeps.
 Till breath do us part.
 Matrimonial infelicity.
 Tying a bridal slip-knot.
 He got shoved to the altar.
 She is an awful wedded wife.
 Living in conjugal infelicity.
 He's now a fireside companion.
 Kept her as a prisoner of state.
 She got married, and ended it all.
 Conjugal caresses and endearments.
 His wedding bells had mufflers on.
 He got married, and is in for life.
 He is a model of domestic tick-tock.
 She was married three times, and out.
 She could have done better at the zoo.
 The girl he has a right to slap around.
 He isn't her husband, he is her victim.
 In marriage, he who hesitates is bossed.
 He soon found he had been married alive.
 He must have married her in a dense fog.
 Matrimony is not a word, but a sentence.
 It looks as if she had him under arrest.
 When husband and wife say "we" no longer.
 She lived in the home like a little mouse.

HUSBAND

MATRIMONY

It wasn't a marriage but an incorporation.
 What hubby doesn't know doesn't bother her.
 The house kept itself, and she kept a maid.
 Make her inclination go along with her duty.
 She rules her husband with a rod of pickle.
 She brought him to justice by marrying him.
 Nauseous allusions to private familiarities.
 He is in the doghouse, but he can still bark.
 Matrimonial bonds are often short term bonds.
 They are acrimoniously devoted to each other.
 She found marriage a purgatory not a paradise.
 She is the order and arithmetic of that house.
 She found her wedding bells had iron clappers.
 Foreseeing the approaching bankruptcy of love.
 One nest and two birds—that was their story.
 If a man isn't a monk, he shouldn't live as one.
 Living in an atmosphere of luxury and adulation.
 Some man might marry her, if he was drunk enough.
 You knew I was dumb when I asked you to marry me.
 So the quarrel goes on to the satisfaction of both.
 That delightful first meeting ended in a slip-noose.
 He returns to his home as if he were entering a jail.

Entered one of those love, honor,
and obey contracts.

She did everything for him but
wash his bathtub down.

Sin will find you out, but not as
quick as your wife.

He thinks he is the big noise, and
his wife the echo.

Their married life must have been
started with a gong.

He always leaves his home as if
he were going to court.

Have a good time today, for to-
morrow you may be married.

All men are born equal, but their
wives won't believe it.

After marriage the cooing stops,
but the billing goes on.

She can give more orders than
Napoleon at a battle front.

Their matrimonial alliance was a
union of mind and matter.

How long has she been married?
This time, or altogether?

When the conjugal kisses began
to be meager and monotonous.

Out of every three domestic quar-
rels, four are about money.

They got married, just to make their
future quarrels legal.

Solomon had a thousand wives, yet
he slept with his fathers.

He thought he needed a wife, but
found he needed a guardian.

Man is incomplete till he is mar-
ried, and then he is finished.

They acted as if they had been
married by the Secretary of War.

She did not do very well when she
married — but neither did he.

You can't choose your own mother,

but you can your son's mother.

He spends all the time he is at
home as if it were a punishment.

She thinks the road to the altar is
just a short cut to Easy Street.

A marriage that is nothing but an
endurance test.

How would you like to have her
bossing you around?

Their hours together are either
painful or insipid.

They finally got together — and it
served 'em right.

Would you marry to please other
people, or yourself?

Another marriage that was the re-
sult of careless talk.

With whom it requires a philos-
opher to be able to live.

Bigamy is having one wife too many.
Monogamy is the same.

He always has the last word with
his wife — he apologizes.

He is so narrow-minded he wants
his wife to behave herself.

When they are together, he looks
as if he were under arrest.

She's handier with the salve
spreader than the kitchen stove.

It was a successful marriage — they
lived together almost a year.

He got the same attention she be-
stowed on the dog or the cat.

He is familiar with other men's
wives, and indifferent to his own.

He is so old and feeble he will not
live to marry but once more.

A husband is what's left of a lover
after the nerve has been killed.

After living with a woman like that
heaven will be a disappointment.

When I get married they will have to put a clause in the contract that.
Found it was fire bells, and not wedding bells that were going to ring.
She ran off with a married man, but it wasn't her fault he was married.
What the curfew told the knell, wasn't half as much as his wife told him.
I would hate to be under the legal obligation to caress that ridiculous face.
There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and
purpose.

A man doesn't know what happiness is till he's married — and then it's
too late.

One of those couples where each would attend the family council with a revolver.

Some men go about marriage as if it were a transaction in salt pork or baled hay.

Never go around with a married woman, unless you can go two rounds with her husband.

A bride is spoken of as being led to the altar, but I never heard of one pulling back.

The young man drawing minimum wages, should not marry the girl who is a maximum spender.

He got married, and then had so much assurance as not to be ashamed of what he had done.

It is not known whether he treated his wife nice as a matter of gallantry, or of prudence.

Just such a man as a woman would get if she ordered a husband from a mail order catalogue.

Her death was due partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I wouldn't mind marrying her — she's the only girl I know that I could divorce with pleasure.

One wife is enough for any man — and more than most of them deserve.

She's always demanding an explanation so she can refuse to believe it.

He supported his first wife, but his lovely second wife had to be financed.

Her requirements for a husband — first he must be a man — not much after that.

They got the knot tied without giving it any more thought than knotting a shoelace.

He married an angel — and in a few months she flew away with a lot of his fortune.

One of those commando marriages where the preacher beats the obstetrician to the draw.

She's homely — so she didn't have a lot of admirers from which to select the worst.

If I ever marry her I'll be thankful of one thing — that I didn't marry her sooner.

If you delay marriage until you can afford it your children will think you are their grandparents.

Many a man who has embarked upon the sea of matrimony, afterwards wishes he had missed the boat.

You might as well marry before you think you are able, because you won't be able when you think you are.

He was to his wife what the 0 is to 90 — he was of some importance with her — he was nothing without her.

A woman should never marry till she has reached the age of discretion, but who wants to marry a woman as old as that?

Alas, neither in politics nor in domestic life, has it yet been ascertained, whether empires and happiness are wrecked by too much confidence, or too much severity.

They had reached that period of conjugal infelicity, of matrimonial stalemate, when, had she tried to kiss him, he would have been as startled as if she had tried to murder him.

It must be her husband's fault that they do not get along well together — she gets along nicely with other men.

She thought marriage was a highway to heaven; in a month she thought she was on a detour, and in six months she found the road was closed.

She ought to take him out to the cornbelt, and rent him out as a scarecrow. It is better to be laughed at because you are not married, than not to be able to laugh because you are.

Formerly, when a woman killed her husband, it was expected of her to give a reason, but it isn't necessary any more.

Ten years ago his first wife went with him to open a savings account; yesterday his second wife went with him to close it.

94

UNMARRIED

WIDOW

ALIMONY

SINGLE

MAID

As free as a fish.

She revoked her license.

The omnipresent widows.

In union there is divorce.

He took a change of venue.

The austere bed of celibacy.

Old maids with parchment skins.

She told him he was discharged.

He became another one of her alumni.

He went back on the single standard.

And now his arms embrace only the air.

All men are not unhappy — some are single.

Their matrimonial boat was quickly beached.

His ex-wife is nothing to him, but a warning.

Alimony is short for matrimonial reparations.

She has a fairly large family —

three husbands and one child.

He is single from choice — but not his choice.

He left her, and she couldn't whistle him back.

He got his divorce, but his pardon came too late.

That widow has the same effect on a home as a tornado.

Her second husband was one of her grounds for divorce.

Divorce makes many who have loved and lost, glad of it.

She always made a hit with the men, but never a home run.

Marriage is work without pay; alimony is pay without work.

A bachelor is a chap who never makes the same mistake once.

He was divorced before he mussed the suit he was married in.

It is better to have loved and lost than to have to pay alimony.

They are now demanding divorce coupons on the bonds of matrimony. Every girl ought to be prepared to make a living between husbands. Divorce wouldn't be so bad if it didn't lead to another marriage. A quarrel, that couldn't be patched up even with economic adhesive. She has been divorced so often she calls the judge by his nickname. He remained single the rest of his days — I don't know about the nights. She was a little dilapidated — like a house, with having been so long to let. A certain latitude can be taken with widows — he took the whole ninety degrees.

It is dangerous to make love to another man's wife, but it is more dangerous to make love to his widow.

Marriages may be made in heaven, but the divorce doesn't occur till the principals have come down to earth.

In the old days women buried one husband before getting another, but now they let 'em go without even buryin' 'em.

95

AGREEMENT

CONCORD

HARMONY

COMPLIANCE

A mute acceptance.

A fanatical loyalty.

An amiable compliance.

Whatever you say, I say.

Magnanimous concessions.

He gave me his royal word.

It looks that way from here.

Let's leave it to arbitration.

One must howl with the wolves.

Was willing to waive hostilities.

Promising much, and performing little.

When a mule kicks he can't pull,

and when he pulls he can't kick.

They worked together just like machinery.

They hang together like bats in a belfry.

Maintained an attitude of armed neutrality.

Consented with a pleasing degree of reluctance.

That all this shall be well and truly performed.

With no more protest than a tadpole makes in becoming a frog.

I have no more quarrel with that than I have with the Golden Rule. The most solemn pledge that the mind could think or the lips utter. It was the occasion of more negotiations than an international treaty. She expects you to dislike all she dislikes, and extol everything she approves.

96

DISAGREEMENT

DENY

DISSENT

OPPOSE

CONTRADICT

Emphatically demurred.

Determined opposition.

Affirmative opposition.

She eyed me defensively.

You say "yes" like a "no."

Expostulated with dynamite.

That sounds poisonous to me.

From that opinion I dissent.

Ventured to deny on affidavit.

Whoever she, he, or it may be.

He and I are sure to scramble.

Your testimony is inadmissible.

An enthusiasm I could not echo.

Utterly renounce the suggestion.

Living in a state of armed truce.

Was disposed to contest the point.

Will have to overrule you on that.

That, to my narrow mind, would be.

Booing those who tried to saw wood.

What's your position in this riot?

I hate to be on bad terms with you.	I'll have to take the negative side of the debate.
Lived in a perpetual state of siege. Everything he put up she threw down.	If that is the best way, what is the next best way?
Antagonistic in taste and temperament.	If other people are not of my opinion, I can't help that.
I'm inclined to be stubborn about that.	The two couldn't work in the same orbit without collision.
I will have to hand in a minority report.	What you want is a matter of no concern to anybody but you.
I would like to rise to a point of order.	I may forfeit the reputation I have with you for wisdom, but.
Resisted this decision with all his might.	I have no desire of being accused of siding with the devil, but.
If you disagree the blame is squarely on you.	Here's something that seems to have escaped your observation.
The situation had the appearance of a deadlock.	Wearing a key with me which shall open all that he may close.
We differ on every subject from politics to pie.	No one shall assert that in my hearing and escape unchallenged.
I doubt if there is, ever was, or ever will be.	Jostles those maxims to which age has given a spurious sanctity.
Denying it aloud, but admitting it in a whisper.	I give up, since you have such good answers to all my objections.
If he ever —, history carries no record thereof.	Agrees with me, about as well as lemon juice agrees with my teeth.

Tell me the name of any one of them who knows how to read and write. Nothing is so easy as the denial of an idea not agreeable to our wishes. We can agree on only one thing — the infallibility of the ground hog as a weather prophet. It would be as easy to believe that the most suitable plaything for a child is a loaded pistol. Section Two, of Article Three of my Constitution, forbids that I ever give either aid or comfort to. Engaged in contests, sometimes against nature, which is God, sometimes against the world, which may pass for the devil.

97

DISPUTE

QUARREL
DISCORD

CONTRARY
CONTENTIOUS

STUBBORN
OBSTINATE

He was like a mule colt.
He just loves a good feud.
He's a combative little rooster.
As obstinate as a Missouri mule.

It was just another tavern brawl.
An agitation united and prolonged.
He's just a mule in horse harness.
Scratching each other with insults.

His is always the dissenting voice.
 He thinks all things matter of debate.
 She can scold and bawl like a fish-wife.
 He wrangles and disputes for exercise.
 He talks like an insurgent congressman.
 Discharging ill-natured expostulations.
 He's a cross between Lucifer and a mule.
 Troubled with a spirit of contradiction.
 She is the Secretary of War in that home.
 They had a rumpus of the first magnitude.
 Got over their troubles without bloodshed.
 She would have the last word with an echo.
 He cannot for his life consent to anything.

You'll either argue with me, or the police.
 The bone of contention is often the jawbone.
 He is eternally forming a subject for debate.
 They do more arguing than a debating society.
 You can't have a dog fight with only one dog.
 A wrangle that amounted to a young insurrection.
 If you agree with him, then he'll call you a liar.
 One insisted on something, which the other denied.
 A man puts his best foot forward—a mule backward.
 The contest began who should plague the other most.
 Her quarrel had been set an octave higher than usual.
 He had only to know what somebody else wanted to oppose it.
 They ought to quit jawing—people will think they are married.

Telling many unpleasant truths and many lies about one another.
 He will be found at the Last Judgment, arguing to have it postponed.
 Disputants who undertake to prove matters which nobody living denies.
 If you assert that most men walk on their legs, he will debate it for an hour.
 Their cries crossed each other in the air like projectiles in a bombardment.
 He always takes the negative, whenever someone lifts his voice in favor of the affirmative.
 It looked like a fight that was to be continued till either one or the other became unconscious.
 Though each debatable question has been carefully insulated, a breakfast seldom passes without the discovery of another short.

ATTACK

ARMS

FIGHT

DEFENSE

DEFIANCE

They were shot down like part-ridges.
 Ended in a massacre on a small scale.

He has a snorting relish for a fight.
 He was usually up to his nose in blood.

Had his pockets crammed with artillery.	Fights, conquests and revolutions lie thick together.
"Peace" is just a motto for cemeteries.	He carries more artillery than a first class cruiser.
It will be a nice little throat cutting.	A fence that is horse high, bull strong, and pig tight.
He had no more fight in him than a canary.	Fighting all over the place, just like brothers-in-law.
She defended herself with claws and teeth.	A persevering denial is a very commonplace mode of defense.
They used revolvers for gesture and emphasis.	You can play a xylophone interlude on the medals on his chest.
He could lick anybody in town, and frequently did.	Carried a gun that would make a 44 Colt look like a bean blower.
He was armed with a pocket piece of field artillery.	He wasn't wounded in the war, but was nearly scared to death.

99

APPROVAL

PRAISE COMPLIMENT FLATTERY ADMIRATION

Perfumed praise.	He has a winning emptiness.
Throw him a fish.	The scarcity of her praise.
Tepid admiration.	Smearing me with compliments.
Impartial praise.	Overwhelmed with acclamations.
Popeyed admirers.	You were meant to be a general.
Suger-coated talk.	He deserves a round of applause.
Unanimous acclaim.	An embarrassing style of praise.
Frenzied hosannas.	He's as good as a prime minister.
Disdains adulation.	It cannot be sufficiently admired.
Feverish adulation.	Let it be repeated to their honor.
Do I hear a second?	Paid her the flattery of imitation.
Misguided adulation.	He had tuned his voice to flattery.
With diluted praise.	Extravagantly eulogistic speeches.
Greeted with cheers.	Couched in the language of flattery.
Noisy felicitations.	An epidemic of hysterical adulation.
Hollow acclamations.	He powders his praise with gold-dust.
Frantic acclamations.	The most highly seasoned compliments.
A paragon of perfection	This much must be said in its praise.
Stunned with applause.	I pitched in two or three compliments.
Aching for admiration.	Fanning them with the breath of praise.
Extort a little praise.	
Welcomed with hosannas.	
Murmured my approbation.	
A gilded recommendation.	
Surfeited with adulation.	
He can throw bubbles back.	
Is received like a victor.	
We ping-ponged compliments.	

I expanded it with lengthy compliments.
 Here is a good place to uncork a cheer.
 To the praise of this age be it spoken.
 He ought to be given a crown of parsley.
 Her bones all seem to run the right way.
 I have your number, and it's Number One.
 The best one in the North Temperate Zone.
 A good face is a letter of recommendation.
 Compliments are the vitamins for the soul.
 Splashing them with a wave of sweet smiles.
 She'll be all right with a spanking or two.
 You deserve to have your name in the paper.
 He loves to sniff the incense of adulation.
 I'm for you, whether you are right or wrong.
 The longing among the obscure to be noticed.
 I came not to praise Caesar, but to bury him.
 An ounce of flattery is worth a ton of logic.
 I'll take back everything I've said about you.
 The whole thing depends upon your single voice.
 Loved to receive the tribute of their laughter.
 I paid her the best compliments I could invent.
 Most of those whom I wished to

please have sunk into the grave.
 He's the best man that ever put a toe in a boot.
 A model for all time, past, present, and to come.
 It is enough to make a poet sing through his nose.
 Gave me one of those ten cents a dozen compliments.
 I would like to form a treaty of alliance with her.
 They all confirmed what he said with a quack, quack.
 Few women will regard such overtures with hostility.
 He praised her, just as if he had been paid to do it.
 He said more good of you than any man living deserves.
 Something that is rather to be admired than explained.
 Exhausted her whole vocabulary of admiring expressions.
 The wise man hates nobody, but only loves the virtuous.
 People rub their hands and laugh when they speak of him.
 To be saluted, attended, and consulted with deference.
 Those nods of approbation, which I never bestow unmerited.
 We only despise commendation when we cease to deserve it.
 To flatter is to inspire confidence in one's good judgment.
 Each of those little tickling arrows pleased her immensely.
 You could say as nice things about me, if you lied as I did.
 She is as blind to my faults as she is to her own perfections.
 For her the only necessities of life are food, fun and flattery.

Why, I shall soon be bound to make you a beneficiary in my will.
 A perverse admiration of what he ought to have pitied or despised.
 Inventing compliments, which shall seem neither stale nor studied.
 Allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face.
 Am not much in the habit of eulogizing either the living or the dead.
 Approved, ratified, confirmed, countersigned, and set my initials to.
 He bragged on you till I began to wonder if he was trying to sell you.

It's to be taken for granted that all who uphold him are his accomplices. I gave her as kind a look as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. He complimented me, and then borrowed a Ten—that's what I call reciprocity.

They have the sense of flattery as the wild animal has that of hearing and smell.

It is safe to offer a small criticism, on condition that a great flattery be added.

I adopt, ratify and confirm all the nice things that have ever been said about you.

It is an uncontested maxim, that they who approve an action would certainly do it if they could.

Those who covet praise for personal qualities only, like an auctioneer makes in the sale of nags.

He has an itching inclination to be commended, and lays traps for a little incense.

You could never, with all your loquacity, say enough of her good humor and good sense.

He slapped me on the back—as if he were trying to make me cough up something.

Whenever and wherever men gather to give testimony to his high character and amiability, I want to be called as a witness.

100

DISAPPROVAL

OBJECT	COMPLAIN	CRITICISE	ABUSE
That old frog.		Total disapprobation.	
Feisty carping.		Devastating criticism.	
Rhetorical abuse.		Open-muffler diatribes.	
He's an old toad.		Ornamented philippics.	
I think it stinks.		Crying and snivelling.	
An accusing scowl.		Harsh interpretations.	
A homemade critic.		Accused and proscribed.	
Carping criticism.		Withering denunciation.	
A prick-eared cur.		That old leg of mutton.	
A roundhouse blast.		So sensitive to affront.	
Sonorous diatribes.		Unrestrained defamation.	
Snarling diatribes.		He's a dangerous reptile.	
Whining in concert.		Damned beyond redemption.	
Icy disapprobation.		An unconquerable aversion.	
A merciless censor.		He complains like a woman.	
A running criticism.		Thoughts are not punished.	
Ornate vituperation.		I raised ill-mannered hell.	
He's a fine gobbler.		A constitutional objection.	
A whimpering infant.		They call him an old canary.	
Blistering criticism.		He uses his hatchet too much.	
A castigating critic.		Plaintiff further avers that.	
Misanthropic remarks.		I'm going to cut your salary.	

With a kind of grudging grace.
 My bark is nothing to my bite.
 This contemptible tribe of men.
 He ought to get a good hanging.
 I am tempted to disinherit you.
 She pulverized him with a look.
 This is plaintiff's exhibit "A".
 He ought to be burned in effigy.
 The faults I would now point at.
 Do the regulations require that?
 A statement loaded with innuendo.
 When he had wound up his sermon.
 Aren't you in the wrong precinct?
 I lived there like a pardoned man.
 There is another tribe of persons.
 Exhausted the vocabulary of abuse.
 I felt like drowning her a little.
 I'm allergic to that sort of thing.
 Another thing I want to rant about.
 He looked like a reformed assassin.
 If he is right, I don't want to be.
 Accused me of setting fire to Rome.
 Contrary to justice, law and reason.
 Is that a brick thrown over my fence?
 Using me like a dog for her diversion.
 I'll be a witness for the prosecution.
 He bawled me out like a top sergeant.
 It goes to the very soul of me to say.
 He must feel strange to be at liberty.
 I paid her back in her own loose dirt.
 My first impulse was to take him apart.
 To bear damaging evidence against me.
 I lived there like a man out on parole.
 The further it goes the worse it looks.
 Blubbering in unison about their wrongs.
 From the accused she became the accuser.
 It's a sad, mad, or bad state of things.
 He gives me a shooting pain in the neck.
 Come back here to be scolded and kissed.
 There is nothing to him except good luck.
 She has a habit of attacking me sideways.
 I am amazed that he is still out of jail.
 I'd like to give him a beaker of hemlock.
 I was somewhat annoyed by her pin-pricks.
 The shape of his head explains everything.
 He ought to deliver himself up to justice.
 Croaking like a bullfrog full of buckshot.
 He has the personality of a turkey buzzard.
 I wouldn't press down my thumb to save him.
 Some feeble-minded person might care for it.
 Whatever is done, he isn't going to like it.
 You must have the conscience of an assassin.
 That is not, like murder, a hanging offense.
 It's much easier to be critical than correct.
 I'll give you my unexpurgated opinion of him.
 Another count in my grievance against him is.
 He ought to be shot without benefit of clergy.
 I won't waste my time and spit talking to him.
 The mention of his name gets no shouts from me.
 In a voice that resembled an annoyed sea lion's.

If such are clever men, I would rather be an ass.

Thus detracting from what they do not understand.

Now you have the material allegations in the case.

It is what you might call a long distance dislike.

I could not be a witness without being an accuser.

He has the head of a dragon, and the tail of a rat.

I don't know whether to deport, hang, or shoot him.

There is no need of rubbing it in, like hair tonic.

It would be a laugh, if it weren't such a headache.

I would be unwilling to identify him at the morgue.

To bear testimony against them, if they deserve it.

He called me something that demanded an explanation.

Whichever way he is headed, I'm going the other way.

He is to be trusted no farther than you can see him.

She criticised me more than was absolutely necessary.

I couldn't send my opinion of that through the mails.

I was criticised for a merit, as if it were a blemish.

If he is a self-made man he sure used unskilled labor.

Next thing, they will be accusing me of starting the war.

Was questioned, cross-examined, and charged with guilt.

She began as if she had set apart this day for justice.

Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?

Denunciation and condemnation are the only fit response.

They won't get anything on me—not while I'm conscious.

With the same scorn that a sober person sees a man drunk.

You seem to assume from the start

that I am a potential criminal.

My personal indictment against him is one of many counts.

My message did not contain the customary love and kisses.

He will never be homeless as long as there are rat holes.

This passage evidently glances upon me.

Pounced upon them like a multitude of hawks.

After receiving my usual allotment of insults.

The destruction of a paper doll is not murder.

An unrelenting course of icy, verbal browbeating.

I reminded her she was talking about a man I love.

She talked just as if something were wrong with me.

There is something wrong with his Medulla Oblongata.

I think the indictment is properly and fairly laid.

She has cried louder than any other one year old on record.

He talked to her in the grumbling tone of an older brother.

No judicial notice should be taken of such indifferent acts.

The more I think of her the more satisfied I am with myself.

I propose to draw it at length, and set it up as a scarecrow.

He's a jackal that gets on in life through his sense of smell.

You can neither fight him like a man, nor coax him like a woman.

I fared as badly as if my enemies themselves had been my judges.

There is something more the matter with him than just flat feet.

It appeared to me as if the night were going away in her person.

She never opens her lips except to yawn, to grumble, or to bite.

I'd put poison in his soup, were it not for the Ten Commandments.

She indicated that my execution was to be immediate.

I shall set down the charge as it is laid against me.	aesthetic before taking me apart?
She threw a whole building at him —a brick at a time.	Eager upbraidings, sharp answers, and distracting reproaches.
The harpies no doubt giggled and jibed and divided me up.	If the shoe pinches take the darn thing off and go barefoot.
Aren't you going to give me an an-	He is an infernal scoundrel, but that is his only fault.

That unloved goddess whom we all unite in holding below the water.
One always begins to forgive a place as soon as it is left behind.
I hope either the murderer or the hangman gets around to him soon.
Have the goodness to state your charges against me in precise terms.
My reflections, if I had told them, might have passed for a reproof.
He has convinced me that capital punishment is absolutely necessary.
Because an evil deed is possible, he charges me with having done it.
She always defines a virtue in such a way as to prove I haven't any.
She fought it with every sparkling tooth and every carmined fingernail.
She thought me insolent to contradict her when she was not in the right.
With a challenging attitude that made me feel almost like a law breaker.
How does it come that you've lived 30 years and escaped assassination?
Her verdict was, "We the jury, find all the issues against the defendant."
I told him I would make him a present of a gibbet on which to hang himself.

I could heartily wish there was an Act of Congress prohibiting such a thing.

She thinks she is being nice to people if she lets 'em keep their clothes on.
I don't like the way you put a man out on a limb, and then chop the tree down.

She doesn't speak ill of anyone, but just goes about asking damaging questions.

She gave me to understand that I must dismiss all expectations of going to heaven.

I hope I have philosophy enough to be capable of hearing the mention of my faults.

But where arises the offense? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it?

My opinion of it is "r-r-r-r-otten"—pronounced as if there were a dozen r's in it.

She couldn't have filed any more objections if she had been a corporation attorney.

He stinks and shines, and shines and stinks, like a rotten mackerel in the moonlight.

She talked about me to my face, just as we do the rest of the world behind their backs.

She announced her intention of bearing heavy complaint against me on the Day of Judgment.

They'd think me a model of reticence and self-control if they knew what I think—and don't say.

If I should call him a man it would be solely in deference to comity, and as a matter of courtesy only.

When she describes a gentleman, she draws a picture that doesn't correspond to any known portrait of me.

If you'd murder him, they would have no more claim against you than a sheep would have against a butcher.

He has the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of all those who have more.

The hearse, after depositing its occupant at the grave, immediately hurried away, as if ashamed of its employment.

Guilty of disorders, affronts, indignities, omissions, and trespasses for which there are no remedies by any form of law.

I can think of a dozen people right now (names and addresses furnished on request) whom I would rather kick than any dog that ever bayed the moon.

I do not know in what language the devotees of higher criticism would couch their verdict, but there is only one word in the English language that completely expresses mine, and that one word is "rotten".

Stars keep on shining no matter how many people throw stones at them. To censure doctrines or facts, persons or things, which we don't like. After exhausting the possibilities of the English language in denouncing. I am afraid they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves.

There is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction.

To speak worse of anything than it deserves, does only take off from the credit of the accuser.

While not finding fault with creation, this earth should be much larger, or should have fewer people on it.

The most perfect donkey that ever flourished under the protection of an indulgent republic.

She would shove her into the oven and roast her as she might any other hen.

If she ever used a perfume to match her personality, they wouldn't let her on a bus.

101

ANGER

DISLIKE HOSTILE UNPOPULAR INDIGNATION

Crimson fury.
Mute with anger.
Vibrant animosity.
A poison ivy look.
Fuse-blown disgust.
Swelling with anger.
Instinctive dislike.
A corrosive contempt.
Bristling resentment.
Smoldering hostilities.
With unrestrained fury.

Pursued with his hatred.
Swollen with resentment.
Bloated with indignation.
Foaming with indignation.
And then she caught fire.
He was mad enough to bite.
It didn't make me chuckle.
He had his ears laid back.
An unconquerable aversion.
He snorted with indignation.
She has a low boiling point.

She takes fire like a match.
 He exploded like a skyrocket.
 He seemed about to blow a fuse.
 In a state of insubordination.
 Her temper went out of control.
 The doghouse is yawning for him.
 She has a temper like fireworks.
 She only swells and says nothing.
 His voice shook like a taut rope.
 She flared up like a flashlight.
 She screamed till the roof blew off.
 She is always ready to take fire.
 Drawing herself up to her full width.
 Weakness betrays itself by anger.
 Bore herself like an outraged queen.
 Left in the highest state of mutiny.
 Saying with more heat than judgment.
 Have you been eating raw meat again?
 She came near bursting a blood vessel.
 His mere presence retards my digestion.
 Do you believe in hate at first sight?
 I would like to serve as his undertaker.
 Anger is just another form of insanity.
 She severed diplomatic relations with me.
 He made the name sound like a cussword.
 It's enough to make a tomcat talk French.
 She let down her hair, and spoke her mind.
 She sang a few verses of her hymn of hate.
 I would like to push her sunny face in.
 He was swelling and snorting like the wind.
 Another girl whose face you want to smack.
 He stormed, begged, threatened and implored.
 She became indignant because I

had said she was what she was.
 His anger grew till his skin became tight.
 Those who are now his enemies were always so.
 In a voice that quivered like a fiddle string.
 A universal chorus of hatred and proscription.
 I wouldn't like her, if wrapped in cellophane.
 He ought to go on a diet of more cooling food.
 What has happened to cause such a thunderstorm?
 Swollen with rage, which increased her ugliness.
 She turned uglier by half than she was naturally.
 In a voice charged with at least a thousand volts.
 If I never see him again, it will be soon enough.
 They are standing in line to take a punch at him.
 It is difficult to nourish animosity against him.
 Announced her intention of coming to see me hanged.
 I'm going to leave before I lose my sense of humor.
 She couldn't speak of it without spoiling her looks.
 Every eye was full of hate, every finger threatening.
 The proposal made the noble blood swell in her veins.
 He is about as much sought after as double pneumonia.
 What I said didn't have any Ha, Ha, on the end of it.
 I wouldn't sign a petition for his parole from prison.
 Kill anyone you please, if it can give you any pleasure.
 He was so satisfied he was running a temperature from it.
 His brow is never contracted by resentment or indignation.
 As indignant as if someone had proposed some crime to him.

If I ever give her anything, it'll be a sack of fertilizer.

What I said didn't have any funny cracker on the end of it.

You look lovely when you smile,

but really ugly in a passion.

I have the same natural antipathy to that as I have to a cat.

He boils over, like milk, at the least increase in temperature.

There are people whom it is necessary to detest without compromise. Like a bulldog—they are tame no longer than they are not offended. He waited for me with an outstretched arm, and with a clenched fist. I should rather suffer from the paw of a lion than the hoof of an ass.

He can go home and hang himself by his necktie, so far as I am concerned.

He is the most even tempered man I ever knew—he is mad all the time.

There's one good thing about an enemy—he never asks you to lend him Ten.

I know of no reason for disliking him—it must be the result of reflex action. He was so hot and bothered I began to look for the steam to come out of his ears.

I saw at once that she had an arrow concealed on her person, and had come there to shoot it.

Her white hand, which, thanks to the care taken of her nails, might on occasion become a claw.

He likes that, just like a bull pup would back up to have another inch of his tail lopped off.

He made a list of his grievances against me, as the department of Vital Statistics does of mortality.

We have an antipathy to one another, and engage when we meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros.

102

INSOLENCE

RIDICULE

IMPUDENT

IMPERTINENT

TOUGH

A bilious sneer.

Scorching looks.

Withering irony.

Flippant comment.

Native arrogance.

A derisive snort.

In a jeering tone.

Withering disdain.

A peremptory tone.

Brazen effrontery.

A disdainful nose.

Studied insolence.

Faltering modesty.

Withering accents.

Casehardened brass.

Concealed snickers.

A flippant creature.

Cynical raspberries.

A flaunting boldness.

Crusty impertinence.

A torrent of insults.

A contemptuous sniff.

She is a saucy wren.

Inherited haughtiness.

A presumptuous donkey.

She is a tough cookie.

Incorrigible impudence.

A presumptuous upstart.

She's as fresh as paint.

Exasperating effrontery.

She's as tough as hickory.

An incorrigible creature.

- As tough as a buck's horn.
 He has the gall of a burglar.
 The last degree of insolence.
 All the batteries of ridicule.
 He has a talent for insolence.
 As tough as a vitrified brick.
 Don't speak in that big voice.
 He's as fresh as a country egg.
 He's so tough he eats concrete.
 Unchecked by any false modesty.
 With a take it or leave it air.
 He has more crust than rye bread.
 His insult is a title of nobility.
 Shouts in a rising scale of scorn.
 She should have listened to mother.
 I suffered many things of many men.
 A gratuitous and unprovoked insult.
 He's about as shy as a traffic cop.
 Looks upon it with an eye of scorn.
 Talking like a gangster in the movies.
 When in doubt, mind your own business.
 More remarkable for impudence than wit.
 Guilty in contempt of heaven and earth.
 Bullies eventually meet their Waterloo.
 His sarcasm spattered like nitric acid.
 The offense does not come under any law.
 He thinks he can spit wherever he likes.
 She ought to be visited by a missionary.
 Looking me over as if I were a curiosity.
 The only rule there is: Moy up the blood.
 He talked to me as if he were the sheriff.
 An insult which there is no law to punish.
 To it is paid the tribute of a horse-laugh.
 She always speaks in the imperative voice.
 It was said with somewhat of a bullying air.
 A girl that needs no protection from heaven.
 He's so tough he drinks lysol as a beverage.
 She dared the devil wherever she found him.
 I'm not sure, but I think I've been insulted.
 She acts just as if it were nobody's business.
 With his limited means, and his unlimited gall.
 She acts as if she had just had her nose lifted.
 She looked at me as she would look at an animal.
 She's another village belle that should be told.
 Doesn't that come under the head of my business?
 His effrontery could be subdued only by grapeshot.
 His gall and arrogance are beyond all computation.
 Their nerve is colossal; no rebuke restrains them.
 From ridicule to disloyalty there is but one step.
 He's so tough you couldn't dent him with a hatchet.
 He's so tough he couldn't be scratched by a harrow.
 Distilled his wrath and his contempt, drop by drop.
 The bestial manners of the man made me a beast too.
 Envied his impudence and despised his understanding.
 If that be contempt of court, then send me the bill.
 As ill an action as any that comes before the judge.
 Where he lives, it's so tough the canaries sing bass.
 If you want to run my business, you'll have to buy it.

He now knows how it feels to be
insulted by an expert.

He may not have any bread, but he
has plenty of crust.

Without the slightest deference to
the rest of mankind.

She is so brazen even the lightning
wouldn't shock her.

Either I misunderstand you, or you
are pretty impudent.

If I had his crust and my brains I'd
soon own the mint.

With an attention so close as to
be somewhat impertinent.

A place that seemed to be a branch
establishment of hell.

He claims to be wicked just for the
honor and glory of it.

He's so tough a hit-and-run driver
couldn't even dent him.

She gave me a look that seemed to

widen the distance between us.

When they get too tough for you,
they're just right for me.

She was neither young nor beautiful,
but bold and impudent.

Some people think they are clever,
when they are just sassy.

She behaves at times like a queen,
at times like a fishwife.

He is pretty stale in one sense, and
pretty fresh in another.

You couldn't snub her—you might
as well try to snub a baby.

Tell me what you are laughing at,
and we will laugh together.

Is it to have the pleasure of insulting
me that you say that?

She thinks she is strong minded
just because she is insulting.

They ridiculed it, which saved the
trouble of comprehending it.

A lot of girls who wear wrist watches don't care what time it is.

When all Gaul was divided into three parts, he sure got his share.

Everything she wants to do is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.

There is another rule—never choose an improper subject for ridicule.

If you stick your nose in my business you are liable to get it bent.

When you get thoughts like those, why don't you keep 'em to yourself?

I don't care what you think of me, so long as you are not on the jury.

Better get your nose out of my business, and take it home and wipe it.

He is like a motorcycle—he makes a lot more noise than the results warrant.

One of those tough places where anything can be done, undone, or done
over again.

I tenaciously cherish my inalienable right to laugh at anything or anybody
I think is funny.

Some people think they are modern just because they are tough, just as
if there were not tough people in all ages.

She says her mother doesn't understand her, and she is right—she is worse
than her mother thinks.

103

IRASCIBLE

CROSS

Sour and crusty.

A withering frown.

In a militant mood.

PERVERSE

WHINE

Monosyllabic grunts.

Whines and whimpers.

She's a sour pickle.

SCOLD

Bilious and crabbed.
 He is quick to bite.
 A sultry personality.
 As grim as a convent.
 A vociferous croaker.
 Beef, bellow and bawl.
 A grim-visaged female.
 A bilious temperament.
 Jaundiced and perverse.
 She poisons everything.
 She is as cross as "X".
 He's a smoky old fellow.
 They scratch as cats do.
 An ill-natured pleasure.
 A jaundiced disposition.
 Muttering some complaint.
 Howling like a lone wolf.
 A virgin armed with claws.
 She was an alarming person.
 Nothing made her feel well.
 The grouch of the universe.
 Saying in venomous fashion.
 I see you're pouting again.
 He is as grumpy as a gander.
 Just a bark from a Pekinese.
 She's as tart as grapefruit.
 A sullen sort of satisfaction.
 Snarling like a wounded leopard.
 With a brow like a thunderstorm.
 She has a temper like a meat-ax.
 She wears a curdled countenance.
 Something must hurt her terribly.
 I'm not a lady—and you know it.
 In a state of chronic resentment.
 Perpetually perspiring bad humor.
 She acted either sick, or sullen.
 He never did anything for anybody.
 To her everything is out of focus.
 This natural perverseness of temper.
 He has a grudge at the whole world.
 As ill-humored as a dinnerless dog.
 When he howls, he howls to be heard.
 Did you get a bad egg for breakfast?
 He throws bricks merely for exercise.

He's as grim as a state penitentiary.
 Has a strange and stormy temperament.
 The frowning masterpiece of creation.
 There was no guilt on my frame of mind.
 She stormed till the shingles rattled.
 Making a disturbance for its own sake.
 Displayed a bark that was not Peruvian.
 Keep your temper, nobody else wants it.
 She loves and hates she knows not why.
 Lifted up his voice and began to croak.
 Her countenance was as dark as a cloud.
 He laughed, but at the end of his teeth.
 "Good" she cried, evidently meaning bad.
 She's enough to give a man constipation.
 She is in the habit of issuing manifestos.
 Wouldn't she be a lulu to take on a hayride.
 She knows every cross word in the dictionary.
 He had a wire edge on the tones of his voice.
 She sticks pretty close to the vinegar bottle.
 She opened her mouth, like a fish on dry land.
 Growled out from the very bottom of his chest.
 She refused to laugh at anything that was said.
 She can't be kind to anybody without straining.
 A taste so coarse, and a temper so overbearing.
 As much as to say, I dare you to make me laugh.

She finds fault with the colors of the rainbow.
 She acted just as if her liver were upside down.
 She may be without teeth, but not without claws.
 She snatched the thing as if she were mad at it.
 A man who looks as if he dared you to insult him.
 He seemed to owe a grudge to the whole human race.
 She looks as if she had never tasted home cooking.
 He looks like a nice, disagreeable sort of fellow.
 If she once got the trick of knowing how to laugh.
 Her satisfaction appeared to have ill-nature in it.
 She is dissatisfied with the whiteness of the snow.
 I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured.
 Had a face in which starch and vinegar were decidedly employed.
 The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable.
 They have a habit of talking at one another, and not to one another.
 The peculiarity of ill-temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous.
 She does not appear even to like herself, which is easy to understand.
 A woman whose heart had allowed a portion of its love to escape from it.
 Nature bestowed upon her a personality about as ingratiating as a sand burr.
 Her mouth was as little suited for smiling as a frying pan for musical purposes.
 Like the peevishness of children who, when they cannot get all they would have, are resolved to take nothing.
 Caustic declarations, sharp commands, and nasty insults were vomited pell-mell in a staccato voice as if she were loaded with them.
 Her meanness must be hereditary; she couldn't get that mean in one generation.

She laid the cloth as if she were punishing the table.
 I accepted her acrimonious disposition as an Act of God.
 Everything had to be left to her decisive determination.
 With the gracious smile of a cat that is going to scratch.
 She is as insulting to all men as she is to her own husband.
 A few women take up the law, but not as many as lay it down.
 She goes about like a very neat she-wolf, imperfectly tamed.
 She's always careful never to say a civil word about anybody.
 He acts as if everyone he met was just so much poison to him.
 To hear you talk, one would suppose that you were a cannibal.
 A sort of satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it

104

MISANTHROPY

ENVY

MALICE

VENGEANCE

RETRIBUTION

CYNICISM

PROFANITY

A spiteful runt.
 Wretched rapture.
 Cynical asperity.

Vicious diatribes.
 A malicious pigmy.
 A curdled outlook.

Singular brutality.
 A corrosive remark.
 Sombre misanthropy.
 Tinged with malice.
 A malevolent baboon.
 Exuding misanthropy.
 As pitiless as fate.
 A malignant purpose.
 Decimating vengeance.
 Hisses of execration.
 A thirst for revenge.
 He's a venomous toad.
 Intent upon vengeance.
 Hissing me to revenge.
 Sweating irascibility.
 A sulky misanthropist.
 An ill-natured shrimp.
 Sophisticated cynicism.
 Industrious spiteful.
 Muttered a malediction.
 As relentless as death.
 You brute—you brutus.
 He swears like a pagan.
 As hard as a jail door.
 This cat was a panther.
 As savage as a meat-ax.
 Execrations without end.
 Goaded me to vengeance.
 As pitiless as panthers.
 She swears like a sailor.
 The argument of a jackal.
 With malice aforethought.
 As inexorable as destiny.
 As vindictive as a queen.
 Gloats at human suffering.
 Cries aloud for vengeance.
 The malcontent of creation.
 People who delight in blood.
 The croaker of the universe.
 How they like to cut throats.
 She was cankered to the core.
 As pitiless as predestination.
 He looked like a chained lion.
 With the gentleness of a tiger.
 Night is the time for vengeance.
 A barrage of blistering epithets.
 With the ferocity of a wild beast.
 Envy was beginning to snap at him.
 With a sullen sort of satisfaction.

The unreasonable malice of mankind.
 He steals among them like a plague.
 She is as venomous as a young snake.
 A smile that had a hint of cruelty.
 Blasted the enjoyments of the happy.
 He blew out a tonsil calling me names.
 Has the amiability of a Siberian wolf.
 Lolling there like a surfeited python.
 Screaming vengeance and recriminations.
 It was no longer hatred, but vengeance.
 They cursed each other like pick-pockets.
 Like the caressing smile of a crocodile.
 I resisted the solicitations of revenge.
 His extraordinary powers of vituperation.
 He enjoys pulling off butterflies' wings.
 Letting her cat instincts out of the bag.
 She got a perverse satisfaction out of it.
 He disoblige somebody every day he lives.
 She is about as gentle as a mountain lion.
 I have a tenacious memory, and a long arm.
 She mews like a cat, and bites like a tiger.
 They agreed to upset everything that exists.
 He called me names that could not be printed.
 Brooding over the hour and method of revenge.
 He delights in being a messenger of ill news.
 My vengeance was not measured by Troy weight.

He swears according to the rules of rhetoric.	Now I will show you life with the discount taken off.
Clapping the spurs to the steeds of vengeance.	She finds fault with me because I delight in sunshine.
Used words a lady shouldn't know, even by sight.	His slogan seems to be: Let 'em take the consequences.
He would be safer with a blood-hound at his back.	Society is not more indulgent than the God of Genesis.
He seems to have been born an enemy to the world.	Has the soft personal attributes of the Numidian Lion.
Was done feloniously and with malice aforethought.	Reminds me of the bats and owls from the caves of doom.
He speaks two languages — the English and profane.	How can a heart as small as she's got run a dame so big?
She used expressions that I considered actionable.	Incapable of assuming a reverential mood toward anything.
It was shocking the way he spluttered blasphemies.	With the ferocious joy of the tiger that scents his prey.
He's always in an ugly mood when enjoying himself.	Now that I have drawn your teeth, viper, bite if you can.
She strained through her teeth and lips, the words.	Continued their reprisals long after the battle was ended.
She made a noise like the crunching of sour grapes.	I saw through the transparency of her vinegar at a glance.
Victory is not sweet unless flavored with vengeance.	There exists no imprecation she did not utter against you.
Goes about telling children there is no Santa Claus.	She not only does not love anybody, but she hates everybody.
A man who kicks his children for daring to be hungry.	They seem to think the whole world is in a plot against them.

He called me every simple and compound name he could think of. She spoke as a woman, but concealed the instincts of a panther. He despised the whole universe from the height of his ignorance. A malignant spirit who could not endure the happiness of mortals. She has the face of a cherub, and the soul of a man-eating shark. Exposed to the execration of the world, and the vengeance of God. The same instinct that bids the tiger leave no morsel of his prey. Let the world come to an end — I can get along very well without it. We are more pitiless than God — we ought to be — we are more feeble. A laugh which astonishes the simple, and makes the thinking shudder. The events of life have taught them disbelief in all human affection. Regards everybody with that suspicious jealousy born of little minds. One of those who imagines that life was made for worrying one's self. She cast at my feet the bile she had been collecting for thirty years. He talks as if there is hardly any man alive that has not injured him. She has no spirit but that of envy, and no language but that of malice. For everybody knows there is a certain charm in giving vermin to people. I called him things that would never have been accepted by Western Union.

There would be a bigger turnout to see you hanged than to shake your mitt.

Reminding one of Nero who set fire to Rome for his private entertainment. He told me where to go, and supplied a road map showing just how to get there.

Some women enjoy getting their pictures in the paper, and the others enjoy talking about how homely they are.

Some people are mean simply in obedience to the laws of their constitution.

He can use more cuss words than I can think of—with my limited experience.

Half the people will come to see you hanged, and the other half to bury you.

When the worm turns, all he accomplishes is this—he gets his head kicked off.

He has evidently made an extended study of comparative Greek, Roman, and Egyptian profanity.

The sentences of Justice and Retribution, known to many simpletons as the misfortunes of life.

He looked like a man of revengeful disposition, who had hung all his enemies, and was enjoying himself.

I would follow him to hell and that is not saying a little, as I believe him quite capable of descending there.

So strong was my feeling of vengeance, had I known where he was buried, I would have gone to the cemetery, and dragged him out of his grave by the heels.

He believes that wars have been divinely ordained as a means of ridding the world of its weakling peoples, and making the earth the heritage of the strong.

105

THREAT

DANGER

WARNING

UNSAFE

SAFE

Ominous clouds.

A warning clang.

As safe as a church.

Threatening shadows.

A yawning precipice.

Hazardous adventures.

A crumbling precipice.

A threatening sentinel.

Encountered its menace.

He spoke out of his turn.

Heaven will be his next stop.

He scented gunpowder at once.

Thirsting for my destruction.

It will only get you an obituary.

It was like leveling a gun at me.

They can't say I didn't warn 'em.

There's no trifling with bullets.

He ought to have a life preserver.

Showed him a picture of Sing Sing.

You will be as safe as in a temple.

A comfortable haven from retribution.

Showed them the semaphore of danger.

I'm going to make a ghost out of you.

If he does that, he's as good as pork.

- She shook her viperous forefinger at me.
You come here with menaces in your mouth.
The finger is again moving upon the wall.
She threatened to drown herself in a pail.
That fear hovered over her like a vulture.
I haven't killed anyone for several weeks.
They are just coaxing a bear out of a hole.
Is that the suit you want to be buried in?
He shook his fist with a gesture of menace.
Don't you know you are within gunshot range?
Gave him an unexpected but needed face-lift.
The safety of his head depended upon a hair.
They will have to take him home in a bucket.
Those who took it will be taken, that is all.
I should have strangled you in the first place.
Surrounded, till not even a mouse could escape.
He tried to intimidate me by noise and threats.
As safe as sailing the painted seas of a stage.
If you do, you'll have to take the consequences.
The word warning was printed in capital letters.
Threatening to bring the subject before Congress.
That is no more dangerous than war in the movies.
- He asked that question with a sword at my throat.
Get gone to the highway, before I kick thee there.
Men in extreme peril are quick to believe in rescue.
Will thrash him till he is as flat as his photograph.
His words were equivalent to an order for his coffin.
That will get you in trouble, unless you get a lawyer.
She threatened to jump off the curb, and kill herself.
You do that, and you're another case for the coroner.
Was warned that his ears should answer for his tongue.
I'll hit him so hard it will register on a seismograph.
I intend to get out of here before the sky falls on me.
In no more danger than a star in the jaws of the clouds.
Say, do you expect to live long enough to get a pension?
I'll tell you a bit of his fortune—he won't be drowned.
A throat that looks as if it were expressly made for hanging.
What will be left of him will be of little use to his family.
He might as well step up, and sit down in the electric chair.
I wouldn't advise him to start reading any continued stories.
Suffering is the warning given by nature to all its creatures.
Better be careful, or you may not live as long as you expect to.
He threatened that the largest piece left of me should be my ears.

You'd better take your hat and go while you got something to put it on.
She threatened that if I did not do her bidding I should die in a jail.
Does your insurance policy cover Double Indemnity for Death by Accident?
May find himself the center of a crime mystery, feet up in a deep well.
If you see a woman walking around without a head, you'll know who it is.

Tomorrow they will be dragging the lake for my body—but it won't be there.

He found it was just as dangerous as to chase a leopard through the forest. It would be as hazardous as going to sea in a barrel with the bunghole open.

He ought to be reminded that a bullet is the shortest distance between two points.

I had no weapons except that used by Delilah, a pair of scissors, and a tenpenny nail.

I shall find means of making him harmless, even if the devil himself should take sides with him.

Better not order your breakfast in the morning till you have seen me—it might be an unnecessary expense.

You had better look out for another world, for if you stay upon this earth, I will most certainly rip the wind out of your carcass.

106

PUNISHMENT

SLAP

KICK

HIT

INJURE

A formidable smack.

Wholesome severities.

Waiting to mince them up.

He got blown into powder.

Hung him up by the heels.

He got run off the planet.

He got hanged upside down.

He got his bib pulled down.

Suffered a damaged anatomy.

He got bisected by a razor.

Hung, drawn, and quartered.

He was chopped into cutlets.

He was butchered like a sheep.

I'd like to hang him a little.

He got cut-up and salted down.

A slap that carried conviction.

He got shoved off the premises.

He got cut too short to hang up.

He was carried home like a mummy.

He got sent home packed in straw.

Made him roll like a wagon wheel.

He will have to pay with his skin.

He was tipped over like a ninepin.

He got his nose dented by knuckles.

He got hung out to feed the ravens.

Put him to sleep before his bedtime.

Lamming into him with fists and foot.

His skull was crushed like a filbert.

They cut him down like that much pork.

Put him out like an empty milk bottle.

I'd like to hang him up till he dries.

They slapped each other like brothers.

He proved it to her in black and blue.

He was crushed to undiscoverable atoms.

He got cut with one stroke in two halves.

I could have strangled her with pleasure.

They had to send him home on a stretcher.

He got knocked right through the skylight.

There won't be enough of him left to bury.

He needs an operation just below the chin.

I kicked him harder than any donkey could.

Somebody is likely to take his motor apart.

Be careful, I'm made of dust, not concrete.

In the friendly shelter of some dark night.

He hung suspended between heaven and earth.

His body was converted into a bloody jelly.

I'll have him hanged at my window casement.

The next instant his heels were in the air.

He shook her till her false teeth fell out.

He got a few inches of his skin ripped off.

Has the instruments of revenge in his hands.

Hit him so hard it would upset his ancestors.

He got strung up like a hind-quarter of beef.

Shook him till his bones rattled in his skin.

He got spread all over the road like asphalt.

They gave him a free grave in the Mississippi.

He got his ears knocked down, like a poodle's.

They put him where the dogs wouldn't bite him.

It's his blister, and he'll have to sit on it.

He was carried off like a butchered gladiator.

He is likely to get some holes put in his skin.

They put him in a jail, the first they came to.

He got his head sliced clean off, like a turnip.

Followed, tracked, and caught like a wild beast.

His soul was not in danger, but merely his life.

He didn't know where he'd gone, till he woke up.

He got his skin pierced through,

and rubbed off in all directions.

I reflected that blows are not dealt by contract.

He got hung up on the highest tree in the forest.

Such another blow, and his soul would be in Hades.

He got kicked where a man is supposed to be kicked.

A blow that well nigh drove out the divine particle.

Shook him, till his money rolled out of his pockets.

Attracted my boot to the broadest part of his person.

He'll be taken home with his shoes filled with blood.

They struck off her head from her poor little throat.

Would shoot them just as if they were so many rabbits.

And their bones were found in the nests of the wolves.

A lady should never be kicked in an unorthodox place.

He got his legs cut off in the region of his umbilicus.

They sent him out of the house with his heels foremost.

Ran a knife through him as though he were made of lard.

There would not be skull enough left to hold his brain.

He is sure to need first and second aid to the injured.

The bandit stuck a gun in his ribs by way of ultimatum.

I would like to put my arms around her neck and twist.

They ought to take them both, and hang them nose to nose.

He was thrown out the window, just like a bale of cotton.

When he got through that fight, his skin hung in ribbons.

They are no more difficult to strangle than other people.

He was stabbed—you might call it compulsory vaccination.

He looks as if he spoke when he should have been listening.

They turned up their sleeves to
hang him on the first post.

He had less than a minute to settle
the affairs of his soul.

Bring him back alive—I want to
shoot him at sunrise myself.

There won't be enough of him left
to make a railway sandwich.

With not enough skin left on his

face to make a worm for a carp.
Under the law that gives us the
right to exterminate menaces.

That part of the anatomy where
schoolboys used to be punished.

He had a knife that looked as long
as the steeple on a church.

The punishment he got was cruel,
unusual, and unconstitutional.

He ought to be hung as high as Haman, and till he is twice as dead.

He is likely to get his ears slit, if it hasn't been done too often.

I took him where his pants hung loose, and threw him over the fence.

I could shoot him with as little remorse as I would a buck in season.

They left him hanging to a tree with the crows picking off his sidemeat.

If a man makes a mouth at me I'm likely to knock the teeth out of it.

If God were to play a joke on the world and stay away at the
Last Judgment.

Gave him a scientific kick, which is slightly below where the suspenders
cross.

I gave him such a blow on the nose, I felt bone and cartilage go down
like biscuit.

Although human laws punish actions, the human mind spontaneously
attaches guilt to intentions.

He was looking in the muzzle of a gun—that little hole, black and deep
which spits out death.

Two days hence his soul will be in Hades; and then, if souls preserve
memory and the gift of thought, he will know for the first time how
I loved him.

I have no objection to killing him, but should wish to do so quietly, in
some snug remote place, where he will not be able to boast of his death
to anybody.

RESOLUTION

WILL

Fixed resolution.

Amazing tenacity.

Iron determination.

Acid determination.

Unbending resolution.

Undeviating firmness.

He stuck like a leech.

A determined blackbird.

I could, I would, I did.

As persevering as a spider.

As fixed as the Polar Star.

PERSISTENCE

DETERMINATION

Without haste or hesitation.

Starched with determination.

Final, decisive, irrevocable.

I'll do it, or eat no supper.

It is not an end, but a halt.

That is what I exist for now.

As unbending as predestination.

I did it, and I can do it again.

As unconquerable as chewing gum.

Undismayed by the blows of fate.

He has a chin like a corner stone.

No one can suspend his resolution.

Finding a way with her own elbows.

He sticks to it like cobbler's wax.

Will do it by cunning, or by force.

The blind persistence of a hungry pup.

He has a backbone like a railroad tie.

His jutting chin suggests a pile driver.

Went about it as if it were a campaign.

I'd do it if it were a capital offense.

I'm going as far as the road is cut out.

As fixed as the movements of the planets.

With the perseverance of military tactics.

As fixed as the adamant decrees of fate.

She knew what she wanted, and when, and why.

Determined to do it before he was any older.

I took matters into my own uncalled hands.

Has neglected no possible, or impossible means.

Even a genius must lay his bricks one at a time.

Will get to heaven, hell, or — in 24 hours.

Like a man who advances slowly, but yet advances.

Though the universe should perish to the last man.

I was in now, and must either swim across or drown.

Would do it if I had to kill a whole regiment of men.

He would extinguish the sun if the sun antagonized him.

Will do it, if I never get my picture on a postage stamp.

That's something I'm going to do before my teeth fall out.

A man must then stand erect, and not be kept erect by others.

When you reach the end of your rope, tie a knot, and hang on.

I would do it, even if a dozen men were ready to shoot me down.

I'll never take anything lying down — till I get in my grave.

I hold as a principle, that whatever another man tries, I can do.

He can take a bull by the horns, and drag him wherever he pleases.

What a person begins he should finish, or else not have commenced.

Many a man with a will of his own has a codicil added by his wife.

When he says a thing, he puts a period after it, and the forms are closed.

For my part, all is fixed, as if the notary had already set his seal upon it.

She kept at her task as monotonously as an hourglass might have poured out its sands.

By pushing steadily nine-hundred and ninety-nine people in a thousand will yield to you.

I had reasoned myself into the belief that heaven had called me into existence with that object.

Some have a will of their own—and often their relatives are just waiting for a chance to probate it.

IRRESOLUTION

HESITATE

LINGER

DAWDLE

INDECISION

Idle resolves.
 Feeble designs.
 Fatal indecision.
 Gloomy indecision.
 Wavering advances.
 Alarmed advances.
 Visible hesitation.
 A languid hesitation.
 Unsteady resolution.
 Somber irresolution.
 A hesitating dawdler.
 A floating intention.
 Drifting with the tide.
 Tormented by indecision.
 As various as a rainbow.
 He who hesitates is lost.
 A puff of wind directs him.
 He who hesitates is bossed.
 As unstable as quicksilver.
 The crossways of indecision.
 As fickle as a weather vane.
 As reliable as a dollar watch.
 Teetering between two opinions.
 He's as spineless as spaghetti.
 As changeable as a dollar bill.
 Wavering between right and wrong.
 Never gets beyond the wish stage.
 The intersection of uncertainties.
 His course of action runs in zig-zags.
 I wouldn't say yes, I wouldn't say no.

I'll do it, before I'll be shot down.
 He wouldn't stick to a porous plaster.
 Moves in the line of least resistance.
 In the midst of this state of suspense.
 Changes her mind like a traffic signal.
 Incapable of a thought or a resolution.
 Floundered in a fog of talk and wishing.
 Cracks began to show up in my resistance.
 He who hesitates loses the parking space.
 He divides his time between a smoke and a flame.
 Cannot resist solicitation, importunity, or example.
 Tossed it about in his mind like a ball of feathers.
 He had not yet arranged his ideas as to what was to be done.
 Everything comes to him who waits—including the ambulance.
 Was a clumsy aim to hit it if a deer, and miss it if a calf.
 He never does anything on time, except when he buys an auto.
 Tomorrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified.

He has no more will of his own than a boat towed by a steamship.
 He would postpone it, if he could, till the conversion of the Jews.
 Something I have a mind to put off till another winter is over my head.
 It seemed to him he had been there ever since the sixth day of creation.
 Human nature is prone to hesitate on the threshold of an irrevocable step.
 When a plunge is to be made in the water, it's of no use lingering on the bank.
 Don't tell me there is time enough, for I, and you too, grow older while we are yet talking.
 When a woman has made up her mind, there is no power on earth that can keep her from changing it.

That bird acted as if he had no idea of where he was going, and had no intention of coming back.

Hesitating, like a person who is inventing, or suppressing, some feature of the story he is relating.

109

COURAGE

BRAVERY

DARING

CONFIDENCE

Spartan spunk.
 Quiet fortitude.
 Titanic courage.
 Headlong daring.
 Wavering courage.
 As bold as brass.
 Reckless courage.
 Insolent bravery.
 Singularly daring.
 Sublime fortitude.
 As bold as a wolf.
 Prodigies of valor.
 As brave as Caesar.
 Impudent rashness.
 Indomitable daring.
 As brave as a lion.
 As bold as daylight.
 Braved with impunity.
 His legendary bravery.
 Confidence is catching.
 Pull yourself to pieces.
 Fortune favors the brave.
 He's as brave as a bulldog.
 She was as bold as a lioness.
 With the courage of vagabonds.
 He fears neither man nor devil.
 He has a chin like that of Brutus.
 I'm not afraid of the big bad wolf.
 He has the courage of bravado only.
 He knew not what the color of fear was.
 Turkeys fly in gangs—eagles fly alone.
 Don't give up till the hearse comes round.
 He is always willing to cross the deadline.
 He exudes confidence as a lamp gives off light.
 He would go if he knew that Satan

himself were barring his passage.
 A kind of appetite for difficulties and dangers.
 He is one of those iron men who never fall dead.
 Dread will make them bold, like rats in despair.
 She has the nerve to spit in the eye of a wildcat.
 I stood firm, and let no breath of fear pass over me.
 Fortune always favors those who possess some audacity.
 He took the bull by the horns and spit in both his eyes.
 Even a sheep will face about a little when she has lambs.
 Courage does not fear crime, nor honesty the authorities.
 A hero is a man who is afraid to do a thing, and does it.
 She has no doubt of herself, nor of God, nor of the world.
 Some of us are good losers — and the rest of us can't act.
 He is not afraid of all the fellows this side of judgment.
 He had the wisdom to conceive, and the courage to preempt.
 There is heroism and hardihood, danger and daring in this.
 His wrists and hands are hairy clear down to the fingernails.
 Faint heart never won fair lady, nor wrote any life insurance.
 All sublime contests are more or less the rewards of boldness.
 Even the few courageous ones who did go made their wills first.
 Was afraid of no created object—masculine, feminine, or neuter.

He was so brave his courage was nearly allied to that of wild beasts. Success requires more than a wishbone — it takes jawbone and backbone. Some men are cool in the face of danger — others merely have cold feet. We admire a man who stays chesty at the top while caving in at the bottom.

Give him a red necktie and a raw hamburger, and he'll chase a tough guy up a tree.

Nature is no respecter of persons, and most persons are no respecters of nature, either.

110

COWARDICE

AFRAID

TIMID

UNEASY

MODEST

Wild panic.
Coy modesty.
Goaded by fear.
Unshaped fears.
A cowardly cur.
A stir of panic.
Benumbing dread.
Haunted by dread.
As pale as ashes.
Bashful timidity.
Blushing shyness.
Restless anxiety.
Tormented by fear.
Wavering timidity.
A palsy of terror.
A tremor of dismay.
Altruistic concern.
Stimulated by alarm.
Panting with terror.
Shakes like a jelly.
Magnified by terror.
As timid as a mouse.
Sheepish diffidence.
Exaggerated by alarm.
Uneasy apprehensions.
A scared countenance.
He wilted like a lily.
Hesitating diffidence.
Benevolent solicitude.
Violent consternation.
Palpitating with dread.
Staggering with terror.
Timid and conservative.
Threw him into a panic.
He's afraid of thunder.

Hypocritical solicitude.
Only fools have no fear.
About as bold as a sheep.
He trembled like a jelly.
He's as timid as a rabbit.
A flutter of consternation.
He is the shyest of the shy.
He shook like a Ford fender.
He shook like a loose window.
He is as harmless as a rabbit.
He's afraid to strike a match.
Modesty seldom gets an encore.
She was of the color of ashes.
A heifer-like look of shyness.
He ran till his ankles smoked.
Ran away like a startled deer.
The magnifying power of fright.
He'd be afraid of a locomotive.
It made him swallow his larynx.
He wasn't afraid of her — much.
The timid bleatings of a coward.
He turned the color of a corpse.
He was at the front coming back.
Vibrating between hope and fear.
It made him swallow his tonsils.
He's as easily scared as a bird.
I nearly swallowed my back teeth.
He acted like a frightened mouse.
He'd rather meet his God than her.
It dried the spittle in his mouth.
As frightened as a hunted chicken.
His tongue was glued to his throat.
Fear is a thing independent of will.
Like a child, frightened by shadows.

Apprehension always paints in black.

He acts like a fugitive from justice.

Fastened his house up like a bastille.

Her countenance was as pale as ivory.

He was scared into grammatical errors.

You could scare him with a fire-cracker.

He has a strong mind, but is weak-kneed.

More modest than the regulations require.

He acts like a fugitive from a chain gang.

He got nervous and plucked at his buttons.

It terrified them as much as annihilation.

He's a coyote lacking the courage to kill.

He made them all swallow their chewing gum.

I saw his Adam's apple go up, and then down.

It made the marrow in my bones turn to gravy.

He swallowed his pride as fast as it came up.

Enough to frighten a man of bronze or marble.

He acts just as if a constable were after him.

He hasn't the courage to say "boo" to a goose.

Eating cheese sandwiches has made him a mouse.

This incident tightened the pressure of dread.

He pursued them as if he wished them to escape.

He felt like a man getting ready for execution.

Frightened at the most distant shadow of danger.

A faint streak of saffron turned to canary yellow.

Like those timid dogs who run after those who fly.

Fearful of every puff of wind and puddle of water.

He felt as if he were being measured for his coffin.

He has a yellow streak as big as the state of Texas.

So terrified he seemed literally to shrink together.

He showed as many white feathers as a flock of swans.

He's so timid he ought to be sent home to his mother.

With that terror which always accompanies the unknown.

He has some one hold his hand when he crosses the street.

If he had the spirit of a mouse he wouldn't stand for it.

He has no more intention of fighting than a stuffed dove.

In pronouncing these words he seemed to gulp down something.

A screech owl at midnight would alarm her as much as a robber.

He breathed again, as if he had just been taken out of a coffin.

I forgot my fallen arches and the fields of battle on which they fell.

She's so masculine it is difficult to believe she'd be afraid of a mouse.

It is a form of cowardice in not demanding what we have a right to expect.

He might, by spurring his mouse-like courage to the utmost, slap you on the wrist.

He was as scared as if he had seen a ghost walking over a graveyard by moonlight.

He looked timidly about, like a dog that has got into a strange kitchen and expects a kick.

ACTION

WORK

INDUSTRY

EAGER

SPEED

Exacting toil.
 Feverish haste.
 Indecent haste.
 A shotgun start.
 Incredible speed.
 A skyrocket rush.
 Amazing exploits.
 Unremitting zeal.
 Devouring energy.
 As quick as wings.
 Ran like a mustang.
 Assayed 98% ginger.
 Flew like a swallow.
 Came in with a bang.
 As busy as a button.
 Staggering velocity.
 As nimble as a goat.
 He ran like a rabbit.
 Singularly energetic.
 A devouring activity.
 As fleet as the wind.
 Persevering diligence.
 An outburst of energy.
 As active as the light.
 Volcanic precipitation.
 But what I could I did.
 Appallingly industrious.
 Phenomenally industrious.
 Never slumbers nor sleeps.
 She was worn to a shadow.
 She does things in bunches.
 Like a hen picking up corn.
 He stuck to it like a burr.
 She passed me like a breeze.
 Working like a galley slave.
 Darted away like a telegram.
 Was working like a bird dog.
 Panting like a chased animal.
 As silent and active as ants.
 As busy as a fiddler's elbow.
 Excuse my attack of industry.
 Uniting practice with theory.
 His work had chained him down.
 Busier than a bootblack's elbow.
 More mechanical than voluntary.

They ran for it like antelopes.
 As busy as rats in a corn crib.
 With the agility of a squirrel.
 Walking up the sidewalk on high.
 He ran straight before his nose.
 Was working like a steam tractor.
 Travels with the zip of a bullet.
 She rose as if moved by a spring.
 She is so miserly of her minutes.
 She's just saturated with powder.
 With the fleetness of the clouds.
 Are you working, or killing time?
 He ran like a startled jackrabbit.
 Runs like a well-oiled taxi meter.
 He puffed and blew like a towboat.
 I am never idle enough to be uneasy.
 As limber as a yard of fresh tripe.
 She went about like her own shadow.
 Was working like a broken windmill.
 He can overtake the ordinary winds.
 She's the spark plug of that family.
 An ostentatious display of industry.
 He got his hand in, up to the elbow.
 What do you do to earn your spinach?
 He could be both prompt and specific.
 With the abruptness of a pistol shot.
 Without waiting till I get any bigger.
 Passed him like he was standing still.
 This world is too swift for slow folks.
 With the speed of humming birds' wings.
 As rapid as the flight of a pestilence.

He seemed to be going faster than time.
He times everything on the split second.
A little woman with a very high pressure.
As busy as a can opener in a kitchenette.
Crowded alike with the busy and the idle.
They came back like swallows on the wing.
Its shadow could scarcely keep up with it.
Not still long enough to get a flash-light.
He went, his mind flying ahead of his feet.
He was going fast enough to overtake events.
He can twist his legs around like a pretzel.
She walks but little better than a kangaroo.
He will go with any dog that's ready to hunt.
He was breathing like a blacksmith's bellows.
Breathing like a stag pursued by the hunters.
This is a new day—and it's time to begin it.
The insipid way which time uncultivated passes.
It was done as quickly as you can recollect it.
He walked with the long stride of a wading bird.
Did the census enumerator list you as unemployed?
You'll think you are traveling in a runaway comet.
Tell me what you did, besides saying a lot of words.
Burn no daylight about it—we have no time to spare.
At twelve, I spit on my hands, and really get going.
Waving his arm till I thought he would cut the clouds.
He slept with one eye open, and one foot out of bed.
Went flying as if he had been discharged from a cannon.
He was obliged to do something besides wagging his head.
I could do all of his work, and not get enough exercise.
I have already spent too much of my Daylight Saving Time.
There is always time for those who know how to employ it.
A crust well earned is sweeter far than a feast inherited.
For each irrevocable moment I feel religiously accountable.
Moved like a frightened reveler going home past a graveyard.
Nothing ever happens there in a hurry—except the shootings.
So you see, I have something to do besides talking to myself.
I have not half the time I need to do half the things I want.
He has so little manual dexterity he could hardly lace a shoe.
There are just two classes—those who work, and the bystanders.
I am doing all I can to hasten the lagging footsteps of destiny.
We eat in rapid fire restaurants, and catch our food on the fly.
I've tried all the ways there are, and all the ways there ain't.
What do you do for a living, and when is the last time you did it?
Does the least possible amount of work for the utmost possible pay.

He thought nothing done while there was anything left for him to do.
I have my plan; there is nothing left to do but set it in operation.
They talk about a 40-hour week—I am trying to get in a 40-hour day.
The difficult we do immediately; the impossible takes a little longer.
What shall we do today; today which passes while we are yet speaking?
All last night I thought of what I would do; what remains is to do it.

There is no occasion for debate, but only prompt and affirmative action. It is not always easy to do what we like — we can only do what we are able.

He bounded to his feet as if the angel of Habakkuk had taken him by the hair.

I shall only consider whether it is right to do this — and, if it is, to do it. Even if you are on the right track, you will be run over if you just sit there. The time a bald headed man saves in combing his hair he loses in washing his face.

The fellow with his nose to the grindstone isn't sticking it into somebody else's business.

There are just two classes — those who work, and those who explain how work is done.

Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow — you may never have to do it at all.

If one always began by seeing things in their worst light, one would never attempt anything.

Time has swallowed up all we did yesterday as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antediluvians.

To observe what was their ordinary manner of spending their time, is the best way of judging of any one's inclinations and genius.

He ought to be told the parable beginning: A certain man had two sons; one of them worked, and the other didn't.

He is so busy he has to hire an ambulance to get to all his appointments on time.

No one is more solicitous than I to fill up every space of time with something useful or diverting.

112

INACTION

IDLE

LAZY

SLOW

INERT

Sleepy inertia.
Inherited sloth.
A lounging pace.
Languid inaction.
Dreamy indolence.
Listless dawdling.
A drowsy existence.
Incurable dawdling.
Congenital inertia.
Hereditary indolence.
In her loitering way.
Stay there and ossify.
Invaded by stagnation.
As passive as a priest.
Is a vile loss of time.
A sappy lot of dawdlers.
He's as slow as justice.

Constitutional indolence.
He is in a state of coma.
He's as slow as eternity.
In a state of stagnation.
Are you making your will?
Dearly loved to do nothing.
He is slower than a hearse.
Stirred from her catalepsy.
Growing moldy from inaction.
He stood as stiff as a post.
My Daylight Squandering Time.
He's alive only in his roots.
Spends too much time coasting.
He must have blown out a fuse.
Don't stand there like a pump.
He does as little as possible.
He crawled along like a turtle.

Living in a tasteless indolence.
Without stirring foot or finger.
He'll never set any river ablaze.
Does little but go out for lunch.
As careless and indolent as cats.
He sat there like a graven image.
Things seem to be on dead center.
Idleness is the rust of the mind.
Living a drowsy, torpid existence.
In a state of suspended animation.
He arises at the crack of sundown.
In the tempo of the "Volga Boat-
man."
He aimed at nothing, and missed it.
Cemeteries take what is given
them.
Time is the most irretrievable loss.
Then he promptly went back to
sleep.
Idleness is the slumber of the mind.
His inertia was fixed and incur-
able.
Moves about like a barge on a
river.
He moves about as fast as a
glacier.
As idle as a water wheel on a
desert.
As slow as a man working by the
hour.
He acts as if he had the place
rented.
He ought to get an order to be
buried.
He'll never burn out his main bear-
ing.
Don't stand there like a fire hy-
drant.
He makes more noise asleep than
awake.
He is too lazy to do more than
smile.
As immovable as a pump or a
lamp-post
Are you changed into a pillar of
salt?
It would take him 100 years to mo-
bilize.
He has a rule to do but one thing
a day.

Without moving a hand, foot, or
feature.
Their son rises at ten, and sets all
day.
Another beggar whom we hire to
sit still.
He appeared to be waiting for his
coffin.
He finds rest more agreeable than
motion.
He has made a lifetime career of
loafing.
If you are dead, why don't you fall
down?
Living a life of dull and dreary in-
action.
He is almost too indolent to feed
himself.
He goes about as if he were a som-
nambulist.
He's so slow he must be coming by
dog-team.
If you don't hurry I'll have to shave
again.
She's too indolent to get into much
trouble.
I want to see you work — it will en-
tertain me.
He has been out of work ever since
he was born.
Belongs to one of those spit-and-
whittle clubs.
We are never so slow as when we
are in a hurry.
Standing there like a man waiting
for his wife.
Not living but simply staying above
the ground.
His tired feeling was not acquired
legitimately.
By temperament he is a diffident
procrastinator.
Irritated that anyone could doze
during the day.
He is as slow as the hour-hand of
a great clock.
He continued to act only by the
force of momentum.
Enjoys an ease of mind, and a
pleasing indolence.

He ought to go and make a down payment on a grave.

All I did today was to sit around and lose weight.

There was nothing to do, and he did it charmingly.

What I did may be expressed by the word "nothing."

He seldom makes a mistake; he seldom makes a move.

He seems to think it a man's business only to live.

He does nothing but pick his teeth when he is idle.

I have nothing to do, and lots of time to do it in.

With nothing more to do than a Rotarian on vacation.

He is a conscientious objector to all forms of work.

The idle and vicious are first cousins of one another.

They'll never have to give him ether to slow him down.

It never progressed beyond that stillborn opening phase.

The strongest of the human in-

stincts is the impulse to sit down.

He gets up at 7, but he is really never awake till noon.

He hasn't made an unnecessary move in the last 20 years.

He dropped into his hole in the country like a spent bullet.

He ought to be reminded that nothing was ever done tomorrow.

He acted as if he expected to live on what fell from heaven.

If you're dead, tell me so, and I'll send for the undertaker.

I would not exchange my bed for all the thrones in the world.

I have nothing to do, and can scarcely find time to do it in.

I get up so late, I'm ashamed to look a timepiece in the face.

All we did was just to let the sun come up, and go down again.

There is hardly any one person without some alloy of idleness.

He never did anything in his whole life that was his own fault.

He has done nothing today toward his first million besides sleep.

There is nothing to him, but an appetite and a genius for sleep. In this climate you do not want to do much—I was doing nothing. He may be said to suffer his time to pass rather than to spend it. His life consists only in the mere increase and decay of his body. Too many people itch for what they want, but won't scratch for it. Wanting nothing of the butterfly save its innocence and its grace. He'll never have to slow down for his shadow to catch up with him. He was always to be found where there was something to lean against. There are two things he will not tolerate—idleness is both of them. Without a birth certificate he could not prove he had ever been born. He works so little I sometimes wonder if it isn't only for amusement. The only time he is busy is when he has a knife and fork in his paws. A parasite is a fellow who goes through a revolving door on your push. I was so tired, I wouldn't have moved out of the way of a cannon ball. Took as much time to do that as Columbus took to discover the New World.

If you can't get what you want by honking, you should go to work for it. All they know of life is the present instant and do not taste even that. I had nothing to do but delve into my soul and wrestle with my complexes. He is willing to try anything once, with the possible exception of work. If everybody does his part, it will make no difference if I don't do mine. He is never so happy as when he is scratching his back on some brick wall. The only big row he ever kicked up in his life, was the day he was weaned.

If I ought to do something, I claim I ought to have something for doing it.
Those who apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

He will never be the victim of spontaneous combustion, or blow up with a bang.

He was needy and idle; and of those two bad things, worse things sometimes come.

The chief trouble with a time killer is that he doesn't care whose time he kills.

He sleeps at the office during the day, but I don't know where he hides at night.

He apparently expects his food and raiment to be provided by the Lord God of Hosts.

I am at present so unfortunate as to have nothing to do but to mind my own business.

The best place for him is where there is the least to do, and the handsomest clothes to wear.

She goes slouching about the house, doing the work she does by accident, rather than on purpose.

There is little discernible difference between being buried alive in the town, and buried dead in the graveyard.

At his present rate of speed I estimate he may get it done in about ninety-nine years, counting from his next birthday.

113

MOTIONLESS

STILL

Stood like a statue.
As still as a stump.
As motionless as death.
As still as a wax model.
As motionless as a mummy.
She stopped as if scared.
As calm as a landlocked lake.
She moved no more than a stake.
As motionless as a plumb line.
As motionless as locked waters.

STOP

Standing there like a semaphore.
He stood there like a tree stump.
It was as motionless as a statue.
They were as still as if petrified.
Sat there as quiet as a dove on a nest.
As motionless as though time did not exist.
As motionless as carved Chinese figures.

CALM

Sat as motionless as though a thunderbolt had changed him into a corpse.
A figure so still, it appeared to have neither motion, nor breath, nor thought.

She sat so still, a casual observer would have bet that she was a stuffed figure.

He looks like a chess player, figuring out the move he expects to make an hour hence.

HEALTH

WELL

ROBUST

SICK

UNHEALTHY

Insolent health.
 Radiant vitality.
 Reeks with health.
 As pale as a corpse.
 As sound as an apple.
 As white as a pullet.
 As pallid as a specter.
 He has a graveyard bark.
 As wholesome as spinach.
 Bursting with horsepower.
 On the verge of eternity.
 A cadaverous appearance.
 She has a drug store pallor.
 He awoke as fresh as a rose.
 He is as healthy as a goat.
 As pale as a winter morning.
 It was the hay fever sneason.
 He had the backache in front.
 I'm feeling better than I look.
 She is as yellow as a sunflower.
 Swollen like a drunkard's nose.
 As easy to him as his own skin.
 She was pretty much dilapidated.
 As worn out as a cracked cannon.
 He looks like a walking epidemic.
 He's always roaring for raw meat.
 He's dead, but he won't lie down.
 She was as colorless as an Albino.
 Slumber is the best medicine known.
 She has grown as yellow as a lemon.
 Looking as yellow as a corn-cob pipe.
 He reminded me of a wounded squirrel.
 Befogged in mind and fatigued in body.
 Has the constitution of a rubber doll.
 Not enough germs left to hold a caucus.
 I'd rather be all right than president.

She looks so antiseptic in her uniform.
 He has no more than about one corpuscle.
 As healthy looking as a basketball team.
 He is already more of a ghost than a man.
 He wouldn't rate very high as an acrobat.
 She hasn't enough blood to color a freckle.
 Has as many pimples as the spring has buds.
 She seemed dead as soon as she ceased to move.
 As pale as if he had just issued from his tomb.
 But what is left of me is certified to be sound.
 He ought to live as long as the Cedars of Lebanon.
 He is no more, and his wife is only a little less.
 He doesn't look as if he needed a blood transfusion.
 He complained that he had lost his roast-beef stomach.
 Here is a sure cure for insomnia—get plenty of sleep.
 As well preserved as though she had been kept in brine.
 She's so pale, she looks as if she had just been dug up.
 She is as well preserved as though she had been pickled.
 She employed a doctor to tinker with her nervous system.
 She ought to get out of camp before she falls to pieces.
 He looks as if he might be playing hookey from a graveyard.

It's better to have halitosis than to have no breath at all. He seemed surprised to find me at home, and not in the cemetery.
 If I had your troubles, and were as proud of them as you are. I had not strength enough to fetch my breath back, if it left me.

As pale as any ghost that ever walked over a graveyard by moonlight. His constitution has been used up, and now he's living on the by-laws. She was as well as she was ever known to be since the day of her birth. So healthy, he couldn't be injured by microbes and all their relations. He looks as if he were about to fall into the clutches of an undertaker. At the end of thirty days I was cured, and as sound as a fish in the water. I am determined to keep my sky line clear, my waist line trim, and my heart young.

She is so old and thin she is in danger of being carried away by the next hard frost.

I found myself as wholly free from those infirmities as though I had been born again.

Some people wonder, I suppose, how I can get into an auto without thinking of a hearse.

He was now in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his constitution.

She looked like a corpse, permitted by some friendly gravedigger to quit her tomb for awhile.

115

GOOD

RIGHT

HONESTY

JUSTICE

SYMPATHY

Iron virtues.

A pious mien.

Blunt honesty.

A pious sheep.

Shabby virtue.

A saintly air.

Wavering pity.

August justice.

Enduring right.

A shining model.

Ferocious virtue.

Offended modesty.

He's a good risk.

Excessive honesty.

Untarnished morals.

Inalienable rights.

A gloomy decalogue.

As solid as bricks.

As chaste as a gem.

As modest as a nun.

As impartial as God.

Invincible chastity.

Cold-blooded equity.

Irritating sympathy.

Instinctive sympathy.

Singularly indulgent.

Inflexible integrity.

As straight as a line.

As virtuous as Scipio.

An incombustible prude.

In harmony with equity.

Consonant with justice.

A pattern of rectitude.

A paragon of perfection.

Generous commiseration.

As innocent as an infant.

Noble to his finger ends.

An intermittent goodness.

A murmur of commiseration.

He is honest—frequently.

He is as honest as the sun.

It is as innocent as bread.

- An irreproachable existence.
 As straight as a gun barrel.
 As standard as American gold.
 It is 99.44 per cent perfect.
 Act well, and let people talk.
 Was made indulgent by reflection.
 He's as straight as a tight rope.
 Exasperatingly candid and honest.
 Invulnerable to vulgar temptations.
 Modesty, that epidermis of the soul.
 He is as good natured as a house dog.
 Just a boy scout doing his kind deed.
 She had an innocence almost vegetable.
 Was forced to pause, and moved to pity.
 He's renowned for his incorruptibility.
 Make virtue legible in the countenance.
 The worst of all faults is to have none.
 You must learn to be good in moderation.
 He's so upright he leans over backwards.
 My heart says yes, but my orders say no.
 That which is actually good never alters.
 He's as straight as the Ten Commandments.
 What did I do—kill a fly out of season?
 I do my duty; other things trouble me not.
 I am willing to go bail for his innocence.
 She was more than innocent, she was stupid.
 As innocent as sitting in a public library.
 His heart was ever stronger than his brain.
 He has no vices concealed about his person.
 Would never pass for half his current value.
 Entertains no malevolence toward any mortal.
 Everything was as strictly kept as a ledger.
 All beings from the meanest to the most high.
 Pretty women, and rich men, are rarely wrong.
 Never played anything beyond tiddle-de-winks.
 That's no more of a crime than killing a bear.
 Be not too good or too wise—why be desolate?
 If she wants to do it, she decides it is right.
 He is a man of high principle, and no interest.
 A doctrine much preached, and seldom practiced.
 We shall be most severe by being strictly just.
 She seemed to be pickled in vinegary innocence.
 He is the possessor of only a limited godliness.
 She should conduct herself properly now and then.
 Do right to all men—but never write to no woman.
 He never was known to harm anything that had ears.
 Does what is laudable without noise or ostentation.
 Those who find their duty and pleasure inseparable.
 Tell me something good—I know all about the rest.
 He exercises his noblest power, that of doing good.
 As simple and upright as the grass beneath the dew.
 According to her peculiar notions of jurisprudence.
 I don't know enough about deviltry to understand it.
 She understands what is good, but seldom practices it.
 She looked like an angel on the earth just for a visit.

That did more honor to your heart
than to your judgment.

She was pious, and on excellent
terms with the good God.

As those tender twigs are bent, the
trees grow afterward.

So bad, it is new, or ought to be
new, to her experience.

Everybody wants to go to heaven—
but few want to go now.

He learned that virtue isn't paid
even the minimum wages.

I gratify my own humor without
controlling other people's.

Has the spirit of an angel, but the
judgment of a jackass.

He is a good man, without being
at all repulsive about it.

He has noble aspirations, but he
is weak in his logarithms.

He is so rough upon the surface,
but so gentle at the core.

The laws of Moses have never been
declared unconstitutional.

Why is it that the good are so sad,
and the wicked so happy?

He soon learned that virtue is
triumphant only in the movies.

He cannot wrong the innocent, or
see the guiltless condemned.

Simply because it cannot be weigh-
ed in the scales of justice.

The most austere morals united
with the tenderest affections.

He that would long be an old man,
must begin early to be one.

If you cast your bread upon the
waters, it may come back cake.

If everything in this world is not
good, everything is not bad.

It does not follow that all men are
honest because they are poor.

He has a heart of gold, although
his manners are of tin and brass.

Qualities that may be all right for
heaven, but unsuitable for earth.

Where kindness flows as easily and
silently as the blood in the veins.

The meek shall inherit the earth, but they can't borrow anything on it
right now.

Always do right—this will gratify some people, and astonish the rest.

If we came into the world to help others, what are the others here for?

You are justified in having perfect confidence in any man who is broke.

Most of us try to get pity, till we are in need of it, and then we get mad.

He has qualities rare and lovable, but not of a high commercial rating.

Many a man looking for sympathy, needs two swift kicks properly placed.

Behave, so that ten years hence, I may still think of you what I think now.

Everybody will get justice, but many will not get it till the Judgment Day.

We owe our ancestors a lot—and the best part of it is we don't have to
pay 'em.

According to somebody's theory, and nobody's practice, honesty is the
best policy.

Only bad times will make people good—they will be bad as long as they
can afford it.

Nobody is perfect—and it is only occasionally you meet anyone who seems
to want to be.

Principles, which were stamped in him as firmly as a fossil is embedded
in the solid rock.

The generality of the world are fettered by rules, and move by proper and
just methods.

It is well to be a little narrow-minded—there really is a slight difference
between right and wrong.

He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as
if it were to be followed by bankruptcy.

Being conscious of no guilt, he was not afraid to be remembered by posterity.
 Act well their part, according to the condition of life in which they are posted.
 There is a strict affinity between all things that are truly laudable and beautiful.
 How could she feel the needs of others, and not feel, above all, the needs of the nearest.
 His idea of justice goes no further than this—that innocent men should not be electrocuted.
 He had never done an act of murderous cruelty, even to the smallest animal that could utter a cry.
 He values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind.
 You may not have quite as much fun in the present if you act right, but your fun will last a sight longer.
 A conscience that thrives on a charity expenditure of six bits per annum, cannot be very much of a monitor.
 In that home they are all virtuous, beginning with the master, and ending with the poultry in the hen house.
 She carries her prudent conduct with so much ease, it looks more like the result of instinct than of choice.
 As a mark is not set up for the purpose of missing it, so neither does the nature of evil exist in the universe.
 She should discharge her duties close at hand, before she sweeps the horizon with a telescope in search of others.
 That is more laudable than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of mankind does, that good actions proceed from bad intentions.

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BAD

EVIL

MEAN

WICKED

INJUSTICE

Brutally gay.
 Dirty morals.
 A gay frenzy.
 Kennel morals.
 Rancid morals.
 Despicably mean.
 Crumbling morals.
 A lascivious goat.
 Clandestine evils.
 Adult delinquency.
 Conscious turpitude.
 Hereditary venality.
 A boundless amorist.
 A bacchanalian song.
 Babylonian gayeties.
 Filthy conversation.

Nameless iniquities.
 A trace of innocence.
 Incarnate cussedness.
 She's bad to the bone.
 Unspeakable depravity.
 The air holes of hell.
 A dash of ungodliness.
 A remnant of rectitude.
 She's mean to the core.
 Scientifically depraved.
 Almost as bad as gimlets.
 Some trifling peccadillo.
 Utterly and incurably bad.
 The fetid torrents of vice.
 She's as mean as a bulldog.
 He's a monster of meanness.

- The morality of the barnyard.
 The ventilators of purgatory.
 The enemies of the human race.
 A crime too odious for a name.
 Start some malicious mischief.
 The impersonation of meanness.
 He is lower than a well digger.
 Is a part of Satan's curriculum.
 There is a strain of Cain in him.
 This is so much the work of hell.
 That sentiment has no benevolence.
 It is hard to be bad without help.
 His money gave wings to his vices.
 He broke his word three times a day.
 They will declare a holiday in hell.
 Was jaywalking on the primrose path.
 Managed to detour on his way to hell.
 He's lower than a snake's belt buckle.
 Virtues are rarely at home with vices.
 This is no place for a minister's son.
 Bending under the weight of injustice.
 Undisciplined and self-indulgent brats.
 He's so tough he's almost bullet proof.
 Hardened beyond all hope of redemption.
 Whose actions will not bear examination.
 To be wicked does not insure prosperity.
 Would deal with the devil's grandmother.
 That does not chime with the beatitudes.
 The brutal triumph of instinct over duty.
 He sets an example no one should follow.
 He is corrupt to the marrow of his bones.
 They know what a crook he is— I told 'em.
- A crime without a motive is inconceivable.
 The lurking places of crime refuse nobody.
 As irregular as a bootlegging transaction.
 He's about as level as the Rocky Mountains.
 She's so mean she'd burn down her own house.
 Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt.
 Skating close to the edge of the penal code.
 I would rather be wrong than vice-president.
 Sensuality has devoured all greatness of soul.
 He is as wild and worthless as a fellow can be.
 The law never touches him for his malpractices.
 All the sense he seems to have is that of lust.
 For which the English language has yet no name.
 Where the good grow bad, and the bad grow worse.
 If you lie down with dogs, you'll pick up fleas.
 The leopard follows his nature as the lamb does.
 He soon found out that the jail door was honest.
 She'll have to go to the devil at her own speed.
 She hasn't much of a future, but oh, what a past.
 He has the ethical standards of a starving hyena.
 A man whose honor has been a hundred times pawned.
 Have their capital and central government in hell.
 Twenty years is not a sentence—it's a paragraph.
 He has reason to shun the curiosity of the police.
 She does everything she wants to do, and shouldn't.

About as straight as a poker game
with sixteen Aces.

He looks as if he might be a near
relation of Hamlet.

He was injured by an accidental
discharge of his duty.

The wages of men's sins often
linger in their payment.

The only way to reform him is by
the use of a shotgun.

Some people go to extremes; others
go far beyond that.

Bad habits will one day begin fore-
closure proceedings.

He not only got into bad company,
he sold stock in it.

As heinous as the dishonest ac-
quisition of a hamburger.

He thinks everything legitimate that
escape a lawsuit.

Let the trouble fall on the guilty,
not on the innocent.

He never does anybody good—at
least not intentionally.

He soon got rid of the brine in
which he had been pickled.

She acted as if she needed the at-
tention of a missionary.

Has no more heart, or brains, or
character than a rag doll.

Delay indicates reluctance, and re-
luctance indicates guilt.

He thinks a habit is bad only when
it begins to cost money.

Those who are converted into
monsters by their own industry.

An owl can bum around all night,
but it is no good next day.

A man's sins may find him out, but
he'll be back in a minute.

He has been arrested more times
than he can tell you offhand.

Taking away one man's dinner to
make another man's breakfast.

To him the pleasure of doing a bad
action was its own reward.

I have submitted to everything
from this man but a blood test.

The time will come when he will
be shaking hands with the devil.

I fancied he had a cloven foot and
a strong smell of brimstone.

The crimes of this man, which are
not even decorated by ability.

Burning the candle at both ends, at
least makes a lovely light.

He is the man that opened, widened and repaved the primrose path.

Men who fly from temptation leave landmarks to find their way back.

She came from a good family, and stopped at nothing to disgrace them.

Many a man who wants to be called a thoroughbred acts like a jackass.

How much more knavery there is in the little village than is talked of.

Which is ever in his mouth, but never in his heart, nor in his practice.

A lot of folks will do as the Romans do, if it's the wrong kind of people.

If you know everything bad, then wicked people can't teach you bad
things.

Those who never pass any of their time innocently but when they are
asleep.

Are to be looked upon as the pests of society, and the enemies of mankind.

Finds that forbidden fruit is not so tasty as something out in the ice box.

She seems to think that prudent behavior is the result of a bad education.

Most people quit their bad habits only when they are too old to enjoy
them.

She had faults common to all old maids, as well as those personal to her-
self.

She would be mean, if she had a chance—that's what I call negative
meanness.

That is a course which both invites and deserves the reproaches of
posterity.

If he ever did fall into the path of rectitude, it was momentary and accidental.
 If you lead a fast life, you get through a lot quicker, if that's any satisfaction.
 All created things, beside himself and devils, are following the order of providence.
 A degree of depravity that is rarely found, from the highest angel to the lowest worm.
 Eliminating its objectionable features is like removing the barrel from the bunghole.
 He is traveling the road that leads to the gallows, and leaves men hanging in the air.
 She is one of those who seems to say to the devil, "Return tomorrow; Today I am God's."
 He ought to go some place where he is not known, and not to the devil where he is known.
 She is determined she is not going to become ridiculous by becoming a well-behaved woman.
 The gun toter should not carry his gun on his hip—it might go off and shoot his brains out.
 I told her she was the meanest woman I had ever met, and I added that my experience was wide.
 He expects that on the Day of Judgment the case against him will be dismissed without costs.
 There is no difference, says Cicero, between advising a crime, and approving it when committed.
 It is worse to tolerate wrong than to do it—those who do wrong at least get some fun out of it.
 The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but they make a lot better time when somebody gets after 'em.
 Those who have no regard for anything that is of itself sacred and inviolable.
 She thinks she is acting all right because she knows one girl who is acting worse.
 It is easy to train us to do wrong, but acting properly comes rather left-handedly.

117

DISHONESTY

ROGUE

THIEF

CROOKED

CONFISCATION

A seasoned outlaw.
 Finished rascality.
 Bilked so cleverly.
 Successful knavery.
 Machine gun bandits.
 A roost of vultures.
 An unhung scoundrel.
 Congenital rascality.

Larcenous activities.
 A brood of assassins.
 A rendezvous of robbers.
 As crooked as a rainbow.
 He's comparatively honest.
 As stealthy as a gas leak.
 A variant of confiscation.
 Came back laden with loot.

Done with larcenous intent.
 Why buy, when one can take?
 He's as crooked as a wishbone.
 He's a blood brother of Barabbas.
 As crooked as a barrel of pretzels.
 He's as crooked as a scenic railway.
 Anticipating plunder or confiscation.
 Many who go for wool come back shorn.
 Preaching the gospel of indirect extortion.
 He was as crooked as a barrel of fishhooks.
 He is so crooked he can hide behind a corkscrew.
 He's so crooked he could sleep on a spiral stairway.
 Some considered it confiscation; others restitution.

Robbing people, as if they were just picking berries.
 He is so crooked he could not sleep in a roundhouse.
 The signs of his horoscope showed he couldn't be trusted.
 He thinks it is all right to steal, if you do it honestly.
 The specific variation of piracy alleged against them was.
 Wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane.
 He has a faculty of keeping on the windward side of the law.
 A rogue does not laugh in the same way that an honest man does.
 If you give him the desert, he will be the king of the jackals.

He's so crooked a straightedge would cut him in a thousand pieces.
 Wherever he transports his carcass, he carries a rascal in his skin.
 A promoter is a man who tries to sell something he hasn't got to someone that doesn't want it.

CONSCIENCE

A torpid conscience.
 An uneasy conscience.
 A tattered conscience.
 A calloused conscience.
 Undisturbed by remorse.
 Dissected his conscience.
 An inflexible conscience.
 A reproachful conscience.
 A guilt-edged conscience.
 A chloroformed conscience.
 Held council with himself.
 A convulsion of conscience.
 Puritanically conscientious.
 The capitulation of conscience.
 The insomnia of the conscience.
 The hardening of the conscience.
 While thus diving into his soul.
 At the demand of his conscience.
 He has a sole leather conscience.
 Her conscience must nag her a lot.

I had a tussle with my conscience.
 He sure has a nimble conscience.
 Before the tribunal of conscience.
 The agony of an accusing conscience.
 His conscience seems to be all gone.
 He made a trade with his conscience.
 He has the conscience of an assassin.
 I'll trust nothing to his conscience.
 He has no more conscience than a tiger.
 In spite of the cries of his conscience.
 Conscience embarrassed him with whispers.
 Nothing ever registers on his conscience.

I must make this sacrifice to my conscience.
 He follows the instructions of his conscience.
 Do you ever have trouble with your conscience?
 You should go into caucus with your conscience.
 Trying to clean his conscience with a toothbrush.
 Unsupported by anything but the testimony of my own conscience.
 Has a conscience adjusted to heat, cold and position.
 It's a good thing his conscience doesn't talk out loud.
 He is so conscientious he walks as if he had wooden legs.
 He said to his conscience, you go your way, and I'll go mine.
 Be sure you have a conscience, before you let it be your guide.
 I told a lie, but my conscience isn't bothering me—nobody has found it out yet.
 Conscience is what makes a man tell what he is afraid has already been found out.
 Conscience merely tells you to stay out of trouble, but cold feet actually keep you out.

119

SMOKING

She was smoking like a fire.
 Smoking like a factory chimney.
 She was smoking like Vesuvius.
 She's always in a tobacco trance.
 They may smoke in hell but not here.
 She was puffing emphatically at a cigarette.
 She was smoking like an exhaust valve.
 Intrenched under a cloud of his own raising.
 Blowing out a cloud of smoke
 thick enough to hide a destroyer.
 He uses a pipe the size and the shape of a saxophone.
 Blowing out little puffs of smoke, like a roman candle.
 A gilded youth, breathing forth clouds of upspoken truths.
 He was sitting in his easy chair, smoking to himself.
 Two whiffs of a cigar would curl me up like an autumn leaf.
 Smoking cigarettes, and trying to look as if they liked them.
 Had it been intended for man to smoke, he would have been made with a flue.
 He smokes a cigar so long, he could stand in the lobby and smoke in the rain.
 The smoke poured from her mouth and nostrils; even her ears seemed to give forth smoke.
 Those who cannot convey their thoughts to each other without the interposition of clouds.
 Some inflammatory female announcing to a startled universe that the savior of the world is a cigarette wrapped in cellophane.

DRINKING

LIQUOR

TEMPERANCE

INTEMPERANCE

Vinous loquacity.
 Preserved in rum.
 A high-octane drink.
 Ballasted with booze.
 Fill up on 3-2 and folly.
 A bottle-scarred veteran.
 As thirsty as a Scotchman.
 He talks dry and acts wet.
 He had a list to starboard.
 They were giving a beer bust.
 He drinks like a bell ringer.
 A kind of roaring hospitality.
 She had her skin full of wine.
 Stupid, noisy and drunken bums.
 Bootleg sleep is most profound.
 The companion of drunken clowns.
 They were drinking like cisterns.
 A drink that's spiked with ether.
 He is as temperate as a butterfly.
 He's a very good bottle companion.
 Fined today—In the cooler tomorrow.
 He was having an uncorking good time.
 He never required liquid accelerators.
 He that's drunk is as great as a king.
 He uses corn whiskey, "bottled in barn."
 He would rather be tight than president.
 Looks for solace in the neck of a bottle.
 He prays in Latin, and drinks in American.

He always goes under after the first drink.
 He lay in the gutter in his vomit like a dog.
 Let's go home before we become unconscious.
 He thinks water is to put only in a radiator.
 He was wrecked on the shores of rock and rye.
 A drink that was like a draught of lightning.
 It will make a man see double, and feel single.
 He drank some liquor that kills on the premises.
 Here is something that will make you walk backwards.
 They think that corn comes only in cans and bottles.
 When he went out nights he often forgot where he lived.
 He used lamp-posts for support rather than illumination.
 These insults, vomited by a voice made hoarse by brandy.
 With a confused idea of his name and place of residence.
 He likes to look on liquor when it is red, white, and blue.
 He was so drunk, he didn't know the heavens from the earth.
 Life may begin at 40, but it's certain it isn't night life.

Women used to drive men to drink—now, they lead them to it.
 A drink made in a tannery, a silo, or an insecticide factory.
 The liquor poured down his throat like rain through a gutter.
 He got drunk, and threatened to kick the props from under the world.
 He never interrupted his talk except for the purpose of pouring out wine.
 She doesn't drink and swear—there's a backward child in every family.
 Nothing to recommend them but a certain technique in punishing cock-tails.

We generally conclude that man drunk who takes pains to be thought sober.
 His greatest problem seems to be to find the shortest distance between two pints.
 You can trace him to his lodgings by a range of bottles thrown by the way.
 Lots of folks have never used glasses—and many young ones drink out of bottles too.
 Liquor can't hurt him—it goes right to his head where there is nothing it can harm.
 A face to which something besides water and exercise had communicated a rather inflamed appearance.
 All was a blank—and in the morning, the blank was filled up at the police station with the word "drunk."
 Infested by a lot of people who encourage one another to moisten their lips, and grow immortal by drinking.
 Those coarse, rough people, who gauge your capacity as they do that of a cask, according to the quantity it can hold.
 Drinking as if they were trying to put an end as fast as they can to that little particle of reason they have when they are sober.
 Next morning, in his memory, there was a confused mixture of soft music and hard liquor, black eyes and blue uniforms, heads and heels, black mud and white lights, wooden clubs and stone paving.
 Some people improve their minds so they can carry on a conversation, others just drink liquor and let it talk.
 Nothing ever comes out of that sort of place but hangovers and beach-combers.
 All my life bars, beer parlors, and cocktail lounges have been definitely out of bounds.

121

IMPORTANCE

TRIFLING

UNIMPORTANT

COMMON

UNIVERSAL

WORTHLESS

INSIGNIFICANT

Jingling toys.
 Midget proportions.
 A big league event.
 On a penny-ante scale.
 As common as brick dust.
 Only an amusing trifle.
 As common as pig tracks.
 As common as shoe polish.
 Is making a national noise.
 Stars of a minor magnitude.
 That's a petit larceny job.
 It is of unlimited importance.
 As common as sand on a desert.
 A matter worthy of a footnote.

With nothing worth cataloguing.
 An issue of the first magnitude.
 As commonplace as a butter mold.
 More universal than vest buttons.
 The greatest in the solar system.
 Should be chalked up in Neon Lights.
 It is the main stem of the universe.
 Everything important is complicated.
 Here's something that has a message.
 It has a small cash and carry value.

A matter of world shaking dimensions.

As commonplace as second lieutenants.

It is just a little old two by twice.
The best one South of the North Pole.

Worth about as much as an old transfer.

Worth their weight in Confederate money.

I wouldn't give a cigarette butt for it.

As universal as catching cold in the head.

I wouldn't trade a child's scooter for it.

That's what turned the trick, my children.

Not unworthy the attention of philosophers.

As unimportant as the ashes of a rye straw.

As if the fate of nations depended upon it.

As inseparable from my life as my own head.

I value it no more than a button on my coat.

Means no more to me than a sack of confetti.

Nothing like it was ever seen on land or sea.

I shall treasure it as a miser does his gold.

As unimportant as yesterday's weather report.

Was a mere straw upon the surface of the deep.

Ought to be capitalized, as one does the Deity.

Was worth writing in indelible ink on your cuff.

The finest that is to be found between the seas.

Took rise from beginnings so mean and unpromising.

It looks like something you buy at the dime store.

You might as well compare a molehill to a pyramid.

Preparing for the event as if it were a coronation.

Worth about as much as a bale of illustrated money.

Makes no more noise than another Hollywood divorce.

The earth is a mere speck on the flywheel of space.

Compared with whom he was no more than a grasshopper.

About as important as an old almanac, or hotel register.

It's as well known in the community as the Union Station.

Means no more to me than a drink of water does to a whale.

I would rather be a milepost on the Missouri Pacific than.

Nothing like it since the Sphinx first looked upon the Nile.

What he saw wasn't worth taking down at a coroner's inquest.

Where will you find anything to put in the scale against it?

It will certainly outlive the common fate of ordinary things.

The matter had assumed the proportions of an Egyptian pyramid.

It's worth about as much as a few marbles and a skipping rope.

Here's something for them to boast about in their geographies.

The most important thing in the morning, next to breakfast, is.

I felt I was at the beginning of something, or at the end of something.

But the winds that pass unheeded over the soil leave seeds behind them.

There's something to live for besides bridge, bonbons, and batting averages.

I know not why anyone but a schoolboy in his declamation should whine over that.

The greatest of times past, of times present, and probably of times to come.

The most stupendous objects in nature are but vast collections of minute particles.

As if those were the only objects for which it is worth while to be born and to live.

What I'm going to do will make the matters and things set out in the first chapters of Genesis look like small town stuff.

122

USEFULNESS

FUTILE

ABSURD

USELESS

UNNECESSARY

Enduring usefulness.

A lasting convenience.

As useless as the appendix.

It ought to be plowed under.

As useless as a handful of ashes.

As useless as a candle at noonday.

That's like fighting with shadows.

He took good care not to be useless.

That is not necessary to salvation.

It was as useless as a pulled tooth.

About as useless as kicking the wind.

About as useless as bombarding a fog.

You might as well go bark at the moon.

As useless as grooming a bronze horse.

As useless as to try to grasp a shadow.

It was as useless as rain on the ocean.

As useless as a water wheel on a desert.

Like tethering an elephant to a tent peg.

Combing a dog is a non-essential industry.

As useless as a hip pocket in a nightshirt.

As useless as to try to teach fish to swim.

It is as useful as a broomstick to a witch.

As useless as putting a raincoat on a duck.

As absurd as putting a saddle on a Pekinese.

We might as well get together, and say, boo.

Might as well put up a glass window to hell.

As useless as shaking your fist at the rain.

As useless as to ask Mt. Everest to move over.

As useless as to attempt to scale the clouds.

As useless as breathing against the West wind.

Neither resistance nor lamentation could help.

You might as well fight him with a squirt gun.

As useless as to put a weather vane in a vacuum.

You might as well storm a fortress single handed.

You might as well ask for a passport to the moon.

It is impossible to know, and idle to conjecture.

Might as well try to fill the river with buckets.

As useless as to cover a volcano with tissue paper.

You might as well try to turn locks with fine words.

He might as well have used an atomizer on a gorilla.

She promises to become both troublesome and useless.

Have no more use for that than I have for a bootjack.

As useless as to work a rich embroidery upon a cobweb.

Like searching for mushrooms at the bottom of the sea.	It has as little effect on him as hammering on cold iron.
As out of place as a Cardinal riding a scenic railway.	As useless as to try to sell electric fans in the Arctic.
You might as well preach a sermon to a flock of crows.	I have no more use for it than I have for an empty bottle.
As useless as to pass a law to make owls sleep at night.	An epic is not as useful as the broth of a charity kitchen.
I have no more use for that than a mermaid has for hose.	That is comparable to skinning a flea for the hide and tallow.
It's about as practical as a house made of tissue paper.	As incongruous as putting a stained glass window in a hen house.
I have no more use for it than I have for a diving bell.	As futile as arguing with a country priest about a local miracle.
You might as well ask the name of every cloud in the sky.	With no other effect than that of increasing their blood pressure.

That's as useless as for her to butt her head against the pyramids.
 As useless as to try to beat back the advancing billows of the sea.
 It had as little effect on him as red hot balls alighting in a lake.
 As useless as for an angleworm to try to bite the nose off a swordfish.
 The wine and the sun will make vinegar without any shouting to help them.
 As ineffective as combatting the powers of darkness with a feather duster.
 It would have about as much effect as I would have on the tide if I were to spit into the sea.
 It was as useless as standing on the shore and trying to hold the tides back.

123

DIFFICULTY

EASY

HARD

TROUBLESOME

IMPOSSIBLE

Crammed with puzzles.	That's as easy as to swallow an oyster.
An inextricable labyrinth.	Me and Einstein sure have our problems.
Gorged with dilemmas.	You might as well try to reach the sky.
Bristling with difficulties.	As difficult as to sell ice to an Eskimo.
As easy as trailing a skunk.	As difficult as to sell rain at a picnic.
God himself couldn't do that.	That's just like shooting fish in a barrel.
That is insurmountably difficult.	It would be like blasting the Rock of Ages.
Would as soon start to hell afoot.	Sometimes the impossible becomes necessary.
As difficult as to imitate Lincoln.	
As hard as putting sox on a rooster.	
More easily than a man falls asleep.	
As easy as eating a pineapple sundae.	
As difficult as to dig a hole in water.	

As difficult as to plow a furrow in the sea.

The scheme has one fault—it is impossible.

As difficult as to get rid of an un-owned dog.

That's as easy as spilling gravy on your vest.

There are many knots I know not how to loosen.

When that happens, fowls will cut their teeth.

As difficult as to hold your head under water.

It was as far out of reach as the moon itself.

As easily as a whale paddles around the globe.

As difficult as to drain a lake with a siphon.

The easier a life is the more irksome it grows.

As easy as pushing little ducks into the water.

That job will be as easy as sucking a fresh egg.

As easy as sliding down a lubricated cellar door.

As easy as to raise Pike's Peak on my shoulders.

It is so difficult, it would take two men to do it.

As impossible as for an icicle to give out a spark.

You, who can see a man wink when you are behind him.

As difficult as to make out your own Income Tax blank.

It would be easier to pluck a bone from a hungry bear.

That would be as easy as finding the fourth dimension.

If you can do that, I pronounce you the devil himself.

As difficult as to get a mummy to tell its middle name.

As difficult as to train a cauliflower to climb a pole.

There may be a way, but it has not yet been discovered.

As difficult as to yoke a lion and a wild boar together.

As difficult as to pick the lock on a tightwad's pocket.

But there is a condition that renders it far from simple.

As easy as to coax a church subscription from an infidel.

It would be as difficult to do that as to bring down the sky.

As easy as for vagabonds to arrange themselves for the night.

You might as well try to turn aside the winds with a feather.

What takes place beyond the clouds is not readily controlled.

It would be easier for the sun to pierce the walls of a prison.

It would be as easy for snow to become animated, or marble warm.

As difficult as to keep a burning coal in one's breeches pocket.

Nothing is impossible to a full purse or a well-lined pocketbook. Those who have undertaken to do so have undertaken a large order. That method of resolving the difficulty seems too easy to be safe. As easy as to place the Lake of the Ozarks on the palm of my hand. As difficult as to vaccinate a ballet girl where it would not show. About as easy as borrowing a \$1000 from the bank without collateral. Would have to contend with the winds of earth and the fogs of ocean. When anything cannot be done, you pay double, and it is done immediately.

As difficult as to dry up the Missouri River with the use of a pitchfork. As impossible as that a man should walk in procession at his own funeral. It would be easier for the truth to penetrate the skull of a hippopotamus. Difficulties would be encountered which would be formidable, if not insurmountable.

He thinks that all the troublesome matters in the universe can be got rid of merely by saying, phooie.

As unapt to do that as the dry sand of the desert to return the cup of water which the pilgrim spills upon it.

Great people only thank you for doing for them what's impossible; what is possible, they say, they can do themselves.

That is just another way of saying that the leopard must change its spots.

124

CLEAN

PURE

FRESH

DIRTY

SPOTLESS

As fresh as dew.

Hereditary dirt.

Incredibly dirty.

Blowsy dinginess.

As pure as a tear.

A reservoir of dirt.

As fresh as the day.

As fresh as the dawn.

As clean as a clinic.

As clear as a sunbeam.

As clean as a snowdrop.

As spotless as sapolio.

As stainless as a lily.

As clear as a winter's star.

As clean as a hound's tooth.

Spangled with smoke and dirt.

As clean as a dog's dentistry.

So dirty it can't be laundered.

It is as clear as Venetian glass.

When he dies he'll sure die dirty.

Not a speck was to be found on her.

It is reeking with mold and manure.

She looked freshly washed and ironed.

Too dirty to be touched by a rag-picker.

As fresh as a dew covered morning-glory.

He ought to go through a vacuum cleaner.

As slick and clean as a carload of whistles.

As pure as the latest snow on the highest Alps.

Had the depressing medicinal odor of a hospital.

No persecution of the spider had been organized.

It looked as fresh as a morning-glory at sunrise.

The filthiest place in the two halves of the world.

A lot of people buy perfume when they ought to buy soap.

She looked as if she had just been dragged out of a well.

She is as clean as if she had been scrubbed and polished.

You can clean, polish, wash and drain till the sea runs dry.

There were enough flyspecks about to punctuate an encyclopaedia.

There I had to contend with the ungodly; here it is the unwashed.

As clean, and fresh, and bracing as frosty air on an autumn morning.
Pays enough toll to the laundry to cover a Chinaman's entire upkeep.

125

NECESSITY

DESTINY

FATE

CHANCE

FORTUNE

As chance directs.
 The fiats of fate.
 A curious fatality.
 An ill-natured fate.
 The targets of fate.
 The whims of chance.
 A malicious destiny.
 The caprice of fate.
 Inexplicable caprice.
 Overruling destiny.
 Threatening fatality.
 The malice of chance.
 An indulgent destiny.
 The malice of fortune.
 Unavoidable necessity.
 Irresistible fatality.
 A biological necessity.
 Singled out by destiny.
 A fugitive before fate.
 The decrees of destiny.
 The claws of necessity.
 The vagaries of fortune.
 The caprice of accident.
 The footballs of destiny.
 As inevitable as sunrise.
 Inexorable predestination.
 Fate loves a shining mark.
 Fate is not a moral agent.
 As inexorable as necessity.
 A cross-grained providence.
 The malevolence of fortune.
 Nature does nothing in vain.
 The inevitable is inevitable.
 The battering-ram of destiny.
 Let the river take its course.
 The fatal fulminations of fate.
 The gloomy sport of providence.
 The inscrutable decrees of fate.
 It is hard to spit against the wind.
 Was shaken out of destiny's dice-box.
 I always get the neck of the chicken.

The remorseless grinding of creation.
 The unaccountable freaks of fatality.
 The somber malice of the unseen powers.
 When I find I must do a thing, I like it.
 Every man must be obedient to his nature.
 Had a vague presentiment of impending doom.
 The gods have not yet written the last act.
 Chance directs a man as the wind does a leaf.
 In it could be seen the hand of predestination.
 That was one count in her grievance against fate.
 As natural as the meeting of the different sexes.
 That is not in the nature of providence to recall.
 Whatever the past compelled or the future ordained.
 The unconscious accomplice of the pranks of destiny.
 He is always fortunate in his collision with events.
 The Government, like fortune, gives to those who have.
 Destiny never opens one door without shutting another.
 Things will have to take their own way—or his wife's.
 Good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave.
 They are just submissive executors of the commands of destiny.
 You cannot stop night from falling by turning the lights down.
 My good luck must have been an oversight on the part of destiny.

Man shoves his boat into the sea, but God and the wind do the rest.

He soon learned that destiny does not always pay on Saturday night. It seemed as if destiny had made an appointment with him on a fixed day.

This is not chance—for chance, in this case, resembles providence too much.

I had no more thought of rebelling against it than I would against bad weather.

It is as culpable to murmur at the established order of creation as it is vain to oppose it.

126

NUMBERS

FEW

TRACE

FULL

CROWD

MANY

QUANTITY

EMPTY

MULTITUDE

A lurking trace.

A luminous trace.

Gorged with people.

A shadowy indication.

It's bung full of it.

Too many is not enough.

An irreducible minimum.

Too numerous to add up.

As empty as the desert.

So full the walls bulge.

Jammed with a multitude.

As empty as our ice box.

A promiscuous collection.

They are as thick as bugs.

In 57 different varieties.

There were 4/12 of a dozen.

Not enough to hold a caucus.

A miscellaneous aggregation.

Outnumbered Caesar's legions.

As empty as a beggar's wallet.

Thinning them down to a stand.

Everything under the Milky Way.

Became a perpendicular sardine.

The place was paved with heads.

As many—as there are stars.

The house was full to the eaves.

When they stood up to be counted.

Almost as numerous as taxpayers.

That's the roll call of the crew.

There is not a chemical trace of.

As plentiful as beer in a brewery.

When I get another, I'll have one.

The turnout proved to be a wash-out.

As many—as the spring has buds.

Will have to put on the sideboards.

As rare as a five dollar gold piece.

As numerous as stars in the Milky Way.

I felt as if I were in a cotton compress.

The house was as full as a rabbit hutch.

Pouring in, one after another, in shoals.

They are to be found there in battalions.

I want your telephone number, not your age.

As many as there are guns on a dreadnaught.

Merely adding by way of a final spade full.

Massing like bees at the entrance of a hive.

Less than little—the sum total of nothing.

There were enough present to hold a convention.

A list that would reach from here to Hongkong.

There were as many as were coming from St. Ives.

There were enough people there to watch a parade.

Labeled separately, like the insects in a museum.

As great a crowd as would come to see a man hanged.	You couldn't get any more people in, even with a shoehorn.
Will have to get an adding ma- chine to keep the score.	To estimate the number, count ev- erything that has a voice.
The sum total is expressed in arith- metic by a circle.	He has as many of them as he has buttons on his Sunday suit.
As many as there are grains of sand in a river bottom.	They came tumbling out, as if they were falling out of a trap.
They were packed in with the ef- ficiency of a hay baler.	I don't like statistics—they make me feel like a bookkeeper.
Ten thousand naked maidens make less impression than one.	He got caught and imbedded in the crowd, like a raisin in a cake.

Those are not financial figures—they are astronomical calculations. Some statistician, having the idleness to indulge his curiosity, may figure it out.

A figure, followed by an agglomeration of zeros, will soon exceed all the resources of the universe.

A country so small, and a population so large, there is scarcely room for a cradle and a grave for each.

Everybody was there—from babies who had but a week or two of life behind them, to old men who seemed to have but a week or two before them.

127

SIMILARITY

ALIKE

VARY

EQUAL

FIT

RESEMBLANCE

CHANGE

CLOSE

DIFFERENCE

A vague resemblance.

A capital distinction.

Another slice off the same bacon.

As contrary as light and darkness.

At least some remote analogy.

Changes, as the winds do in au-
tumn.

As close as a wet and dry election.

As much alike as two drops of
blood.

They look as much alike as gos-
lings.

As far apart as midnight and high
noon.

They fit like a nose and a handker-
chief.

It's a short street that has no fill-
ing station.

It would take a chemist to detect
any difference.

It's a funny lane, if it doesn't either
turn or stop.

Has changed as much since then,
as the value of a dollar.

The difference is so slight that it is
not visible to the naked eye.

I saw the same mountain shadows, on the same valleys, as I saw then.
We still resemble the men of the past, more than we differ from them.
If all men are born equal, why do they deny it as soon as they can talk?

Resembles it no more than a gasoline filling station resembles a cathedral. They don't look any more alike than the Metro-Goldwyn lion looks like me.

Amidst all the flux of human things, there is more of sameness than of change.

It would take the enterprise of a Christopher Columbus to discover any difference.

So night and day pass away, and tomorrow comes, and the old home is the same no more.

There is one thing that doesn't seem to change a bit—the way a dog scratches his fleas.

128

ADVICE

COUNSEL

Thorny advice.

Cataracts of advice.

Recommend, urge, and insist upon.

Now listen to some words of wisdom.

I get my advice where I get my salary.

Well, I make no extra charge for that.

Telling me what to do, and what to don't.

I don't want a pointer, I want a retriever.

The recommendation of what is praiseworthy.

I promised you some counsel, and this is it.

It's free, it's gratis, it costs you nothing.

ADMONTION

Told me how to behave all the rest of my life.

Such guideposts become so much useless lumber.

What have you to say for the good of the cause?

I am going to give you some bare-knuckled advice.

That ought to be a lesson to somebody about something.

If you ever feel in need of another lecture let me know.

If I need a guardian, I'll get the court to appoint one.

When I want sermons I don't have to listen to amateurs.

I can tell you what you intend, or what you ought to intend.

He asked my advice with as much freedom as if he had paid for it.

Advice is the only thing of which you can get something for nothing. She is a sort of voluntary counsellor—always giving advice unasked. The more money a man gets, the louder he talks when he gives you advice. Free advice is the kind that costs you nothing—unless you act upon it. I'm going to preach you a sermon though I have no license to preach one. I told her what little business I had with heaven I would attend to myself. That didn't do any good, and so I thought I'd try a new kind of vaccination.

Here is a rule for dealing with such people that I ought to charge you money for.

It takes genius to convey instruction to the ear of a queen without offending it.

He was now willing to listen to the dictates of reason, and hear me in cold blood.

This advice I know you will follow, as young men always follow the advice of their seniors.

To have you thus lean on me is almost as delightful as if you yourself were to lean against me.

We ask other people advice just to flatter them; when anybody asks our advice, we think he really means it.

She deplored my ignorance of the intention of the Eternal, which she strove, nay, felt herself compelled, to impart to me.

129

SCATTER

SPREAD

Scattered like chaff.
 Spreading like an epidemic.
 It spread as fast as scandal.
 Is spreading like the plague.
 They were scattered like dust.
 Scattered from here to there.
 Was spread all around like gravy.
 It spread like fire in a straw stack.
 Scattered around like a Sunday paper.

DISPERSE

Scattered like sunshine in a hymn book.
 Divided from one another by seas and oceans.
 Spread around like the yolk of a broken egg.
 Scattered like chickens in front of an auto.
 Spread farther than sight could reach in every direction.

130

VANISH

DISAPPEAR

Disappeared like smoke.
 Popped out like a light.
 It vanished like a breath.
 Amalgamated with the night.
 Disappeared like a phantom.
 Vanished like an apparition.
 He rode away into the sunset.
 Vanished like a whiff of smoke.
 Almagamated with the invisible.
 It vanished, p-s-s-st, like that.
 Disappeared as if by enchantment.
 It vanished like a mist at twilight.
 Wiped out like a dewdrop in the sun.
 Was dissipated like a cloud of smoke.

DISSOLVE

FADE

Vanished, like smoke before the wind.
 Vanished like the steam of an engine.
 Were all gone, like yesterday's waves.
 Vanished with the swiftness of lightning.
 Flew away, like so many frightened crows.
 Will dissolve, like salt cast into water.
 Was lost in it like smoke in the darkness.
 Disappeared like a gopher popping into its hole.

Where the visible blends with the
invisible.

Vanished like words of smoke in a
wind-swept sky.

Vanished like a paper dollar on
Saturday night.

Disappeared like artificial streams
in a desert.

He plunged into the night as if he
had made a hole in it.

Vanished like the furrow cut by a
ship's keel in the sea.

He dropped out of sight, like a peb-
ble cast into the ocean.

Disappeared as though it had gone
into the shadow of an eclipse.

With no more track behind him, that anyone can trace, than a deserted
infant.

They passed from the knowledge of men, as utterly as if the sea had swal-
lowed them unseen.

131

DISTANCE

FAR

As far as from here to yonder.
Somewhere in the suburbs of space.
I was so close I could have spit on
it.

About as far as I could kick a bat-
tleship.

I thought you had gone to Jericho
at least.

It's just a hop, skip and a jump
from here.

To the farthest confines of the
known world.

It's a longer road to ———, than to
Tipperary.

Between Portland, Maine, and

NEAR

Portland, Oregon.

As wide apart as the islands of an
archipelago.

As far removed as the stars I see
from my window.

I'll go so far it will take \$9 to send
me a postcard.

So far away a Paul Revere is need-
ed to carry them news.

Over the vast spaces of heaven
that the rainbow spans.

The difference between them is
something more than vast.

Bent on some perilous mission to
some far corner of the earth.

We dote on a foreign accent, and relish the thing that comes from afar.
Would have gone away to the remotest summits of the Himalaya Moun-
tains.

I'm so far away, I sometimes wonder if you are under another sun and sky.
A vista that seemed to have no other limits than the limits of the earth.

132

SUCCESS

PROSPERITY

The darling of destiny.
The pet of predestination.

PROGRESS

He always falls on his feet.
Had a toe hold on the future.

LUCKY

Nothing recedes like success.
 As prosperous as a brick mason.
 Set it afoot and made it march.
 He's as hard to hold as a carp.
 Made his business pay like a bank.
 Even the winds are his messengers.
 Flourished like the green bay tree.
 No tree ever quite reaches the sky.
 Having won, he could afford to
 laugh.

Had the golden keys of birth and
 education.

Luck had given him a push by the
 shoulders.

He didn't carve his career—he
 chiseled it.

He is making money like they do in
 the mint.

Was the beneficiary of a partial
 providence.

He has no advantage over me but
 that of luck.

Fortune knocks when she ought to
 ring the bell.

He expects to start at the top, and
 stay there.

I am going to find out where they
 keep his goat.

I held nothing but deuces; I want to

go where I can hold some Aces.
 See nothing in the situation to
 warrant a parade.

Some survive; others go into the
 chicken business.

Having become prosperous and in
 no need of the gods.

That plan will go as easily as if it
 were on wheels.

Fortune had taken him by the hand
 in this decided way.

Opportunity has a forelock only for
 him who will take it.

He went through it like he would
 through a pillar of smoke.

You've got to be able to read and
 write to get ahead of him.

Wealth and station, added to these,
 soon floated her upward.

If you want to grow into a good po-
 sition, stay where planted.

Are you getting plenty of butter
 and molasses for your bread?

It seems sometimes that the good
 God is good only to the wicked.

If he is a self-made man, he ought
 to be arrested for malpractice.

Fifteen years ago he had \$17—today
 he owes three million dollars.

Fortune sometimes knocks at the door, and sometimes she kicks it in.
 I am not such a fool as to fatten a goose for other people to feed on.
 If he is a self-made man he could do a better job if he had to do it again.
 For some people it would be great progress to get back where they started.
 The line between success and failure is less formidable than a barbed wire
 fence.

To be successful keep an open mind, a closed mouth, and a chloroformed
 conscience.

It rains on the just and the unjust alike, but they don't all plow their corn
 alike.

I have neither gone forward nor backward; I have either stood still or
 moved sideways.

May there be no clouds on your sky; or if there be, let them have the color
 and the odor of roses.

Appearances have a lot to do with success, but not nearly so much as suc-
 cess has to do with appearances.

It is a mortifying reflection for any man to consider what he has done
 compared with what he might have done.

When the time comes when everything is done by machinery, people
 won't have anything to do but get in trouble.

Just about the time you think you are going to make both ends meet,
someone comes along and moves the ends farther apart.

133

FAILURE

UNLUCKY

He made bad.
Sure shipwreck.
A monumental bust.
As dead as Caesar.
Ruined airstables.
Bingo, it's a bust.
He was a total loss.
He sank out of sight.
Unlicked to the last.
Bad luck is catching.
Ruined beyond rescue.
He's a self-unmade man.
All roads lead to ruin.
Had to pawn his dreams.
It broke like a bubble.
He got blown into space.
He went into a tail spin.
He got slowed up to a stop.
He's on the downhill coast.
Night brings out the stars.
Holding on by his eyebrows.
They were taken like foxes.
If ruin is possible at zero.
Expired with a quick gurgle.
Came down like a guillotine.
Destiny has him on the ropes.
That made him an ex-champion.
Curled up like an autumn leaf.
Was shuffled into the discard.
Holding on by his last anchor.
Adversity has taught him wisdom.
He got a cease and desist order.
It fell like the walls of Jericho.
He was washed up and slapped
down.
When he was born, he was done
for.
In its veins runs embalming fluid.
He encountered another stop order.
He is headed for the last round-up.
Troubled in body, mind, and estate.

MISFORTUNE

TROUBLE

Whatever he built up fell upon
him.
He will either have to quit, or stop.
He's not in a rut, he's in a trench.
He has a brilliant future behind
him.
He is gradually working his way
down.
It was the last stop before oblivion.
He started from taw, and got no-
where.
Society is in a conspiracy against
me.
The future seemed walled up be-
fore me.
Gasped once or twice, and went to
rest.
The prospect of being ruined and
undone.
Several thousand just sank out of
sight.
Misfortunes fell on him as thick
as hail.
The probability of success is micro-
scopic.
He found the stop lights were
against him.
Is living mostly by artificial respir-
ation?
He made a nonstop flight from bad
to worse.
He felt as if he had been trimmed
with an ax.
Everything has fallen on him ex-
cept the sky.
That was the blow that put him
in the morgue.
There was no refuge for him but
in the grave.
There was nothing left but to turn
to larceny.

He started at the bottom, and
worked sideways.

He assisted as an accomplice in his
own murder.

All men seem to be in a confeder-
acy against me.

Things were torn up till the world
looked level.

In this world of wars, woes, and
warranty deeds.

I was between the devil and the
deep blue-network.

They had three strikes on him the
day he was born.

In those days he made hay; later he
had to eat it.

He took misfortune like a man —
blamed it on his wife.

He stepped off the deep end, with-
out even a farewell bow.

He got one leg hooked into the
other, staggered and fell.

The world had come to an end, but
I didn't know it, then.

All he conquers in the six days, he
loses on the seventh.

The darkest hour is while your
chickens are being stolen.

When the fatted calf is passed
around, liver is all I get.

He is always wearing a hunted
look, and talking to himself.

Looks like a broken-down doctor
who has turned gravedigger.

He has a bright future before him
—he is on his way to hell.

If my ship ever does come in, it is
sure to sink at the dock.

It has already gone off at a tangent,
and tumbled into space.

Every birthday is the start of twelve
more months of bad luck.

The minute I start anything, some-
body puts a rock crusher on it.

There is no hope of amendment when men are pleased with their ruin. They were knocked down like mechanical rabbits in a shooting gallery. Were stopped on the very threshold of everything they attempted to do. Proving that if his plans did not succeed, they ought to have done so. Trouble seems expensive, but still you get plenty of it for your money. Troubles are exceedingly gregarious in their nature, and fly in flocks. Still, he may be having more fun here than he would have in a graveyard. He gets himself into trouble, laughs his way out, and then hunts for more. He is one of those chaps who, manifestly, has always exercised his own judgment.

He has so many troubles it takes a card index system to keep track of them. I have many times heard Job and me named together, just as if we were twins.

When it is all over the village sexton will be patting his face with a spade. I found myself on the shores of a sea which I had been commanded to wade through.

It doesn't take brains to get into trouble, but it takes all a man has to get out.

One of those reverses of fortune which have always been so popular in our family.

He is so unsuccessful, it would have been money in his pocket had he never been born.

Friends cannot help it if I meet with misfortune, but they need not be glad of it.

There's many a man that can repeat the strophes of Virgil who can't bring home the bacon.

Many a person who thinks he is just about out of the woods, suddenly finds himself up a tree.

Before talking to a friend about your hard luck, you should ask him if he is interested in it.

People set out to leave footprints on the sands of time, but most succeed only in leaving a few fingerprints.

Today, men are not looking for new worlds to conquer — they are too busy trying to conquer the one already found.

The tempest clouds may often cover and cause a star to disappear, but which, when the winds sweep the firmament, reappears more brilliant.

134

WEALTH

MONEY

WAGES

INCOME

INHERITANCE

Disgustingly rich.

Pompous affluence.

I am still solvent.

Real folding money.

A tower full of gold.

Overstuffed splendor.

He's as rich as gravy.

The residuary legatee.

Ostentatious opulence.

As rich as a gold mine.

An astronomical fortune.

He looked usurious and rich.

We took our glittering hoard.

He draws a microscopic salary.

He is rich enough to be honest.

As solvent as the Federal Reserve.

Her financial figure is attractive.

Money lightly won is lavishly spent.

He inherited nothing but light hair.

Shared the fragments of his opulence.

You can't live fast on a slow income.

The long green with the short future.

I am still working on my first million.

He has so much money he stinks with it.

Has money enough to buy the Union Station.

The money was immediately sent into exile.

I do not carry silver on me like a prince.

He has money enough to buy Ireland a navy.

Are you still able to balance your budget?

To whom riches come as easily as the light.

I don't have my money long enough to count.

He has money to scatter, squander, and waste.

I wish I had enough money to buy an elephant.

He is not worrying about the coming of winter.

He owned as much land as his eyes could survey.

Nine-tenths of his wealth existed but in rumor.

A man has never enough till he has a little more.

I have enough money to buy my socks and sausages.

Riches may have wings, but they never flew my way.

He'll have to get a job, or go on a reducing diet.

It is more money than I can say, without stuttering.

I'd rather have his business than a license to steal.

Money coming in, in chunks as big as a battleship.

Do you suppose I could live on what falls from heaven?

The margin of profit isn't as thick as a postage stamp.

The meek shall inherit the earth — but not in our time.	one-half the town into the shade.
He has a washtub full of green- backs and negotiable bonds.	I will always think that anything over \$9 is a lot of money.
Tell me what you have, and I will tell you your opinions.	Waited for his reward to come to him on the broad wings of time.
Those who regard money as more to be desired than morals.	I found that my money was still slumbering in its hiding place.
A rich man, whose palace threw	He's so rich he can pick up a night club bill without a shudder.

When the money came into my pocket, a thought came into my head. I have a lot more money than I need, and almost as much as I want. It's just three generations from the Master Bedroom to the doghouse. If the meek get anything in this world, they will have to inherit it. One of those who believes that solvency is the result of luck or larceny. Money that I have earned, fingered, and had a personal acquaintance with. The wonder is how the fool and his money got together in the first place. The wealth of the country should not be divided; it should be multiplied. My salary kept at a distance those ills attendant upon superfluous wealth. No matter how much money talks, no one is ever bored by its conversation. Those who give up everything else when it stands in competition with riches,

If, as they say, riches have wings, then all my dollars are migratory birds. We do not have a family budget — my salary isn't large enough to be divided.

When I have money it seems as if I absorb a double quantity of air and sun.

I'm not afraid of the germs on my money, for no microbe could live on my salary.

She waited so long on her inheritance, she had to spend it all on having her face lifted.

I wish they would move the decimal point in my bank account just one space to the right.

Five hundred dollars is a lot of money, if you get it; and it's a lot, if you don't get it.

He left her a legacy, to be sure that she would think of him at least once after he was dead.

Most men have two incomes — one they brag about, and the one on which they figure their income tax.

When he sets down his income, there are as many ciphers after the figure as a liner has portholes.

Congress is always talking about making the currency more elastic — they ought to make it more adhesive.

When the time comes for the meek to inherit the earth, real estate taxes will be so high they won't want it.

POVERTY

BROKE

BANKRUPT

LOSS

INSOLVENT

Unsheltered want.
 As poor as a church.
 An impecunious youth.
 Gaunt with privation.
 Emaciated with hunger.
 Bent, busted and broke.
 Unrelieved wretchedness.
 Defenseless destitution.
 Nobody loves a flat man.
 She had to hock her tiara.
 Picturesquely impecunious.
 They were as poor as birds.
 Losing 500 bucks is no tonic.
 All they had died with them.
 Tottering towards bankruptcy.
 It had a poverty stricken smell.
 He has no molasses for his bread.
 Living in the most forlorn estate.
 His whole existence was a scuffle.
 He lost everything but his appetite.
 I am in need of financial first aid.
 He hasn't enough permanent endowment.
 In a forlorn and destitute condition.
 The harrowing struggle for existence.
 Teetering on the brink of bankruptcy.
 The ravens had somehow always fed them.
 Like the cadaverous remains of opulence.
 He went broke, like a sweepstakes winner.
 I wonder what ravens are feeding him now.
 He has always lived on the corn husk diet.
 He keeps about one day ahead of the sheriff.
 Life there is reduced to its simplest terms.
 Remember, I'm a friend and not a rich uncle.

Contemplated crime under the excuse of want.
 He's a good loser — the result of experience.
 He couldn't buy a dog on the installment plan.
 He talked to me just as though I were solvent.
 They are in the upper crust of the bread line.
 I am about to go into the hands of a receiver.
 I don't feel exactly like declaring a dividend.
 My bank account is about one degree above zero.
 When he died he left just what he took with him.
 He seems to have a settled ambition to die poor.
 He could not buy the legal title to a gingersnap.
 To him a dollar bill looked like a horse blanket.
 They had nothing left to them, except their souls.
 He is beckoning for the commissioner in bankruptcy.
 Putting his property beyond the reach of creditors.
 There is no grace to the poverty that reigns there.
 His property will never exceed the exemption clause.
 Dire, parsimonious, concentrated, threadbare poverty.
 He had losses of a size which makes smiling difficult.
 Being poor wouldn't be so bad if it didn't last so long.
 When you have nothing, you are in no fear of losing it.
 He has renounced civilization, and now lives like a bear.

In a condition that can't be distinguished from bankruptcy.

His cash reserves had dwindled close to the vanishing point.

He spoke of going through bankruptcy, as if it were a tunnel.

She put her money into something permanent—a permanent wave.

They are so poor they have never even heard of the income tax.

They had nothing left to them but the breath of their nostrils.

He can't take in a picture show without financial inconvenience.

The high cost of living has given him a hard contest all his life.

One of the innumerable with a chinchilla mind and a coney income. Some men are known by their deeds—others by their deeds of trust. He had to decide between having nothing to eat, and just half enough. My money would not go far toward the liquidation of the national debt. No man is more alone than he who has just parted with his last dollar. There's one advantage in being poor—temptations don't bother you much.

He is thoroughly familiar with the ninety-nine plagues of an empty purse. Misery seems the more terrible when it appears in the remnants of luxury. He thinks a sinking fund is to get all the money you can—and then sink it.

He did not have far to fall financially—he was just pushed out of the basement.

He wore threadbare clothes, at first from choice, and at last from necessity.

They were so poor they had to pay for everything they got, and do without the rest.

He felt as if he had been on the outside of the Mississippi Bubble when it burst.

He looked so lean and shabby that he passed without difficulty for a repentant sinner.

Expects his friends and relatives to care for him, just as Elijah was fed by the ravens.

The life of a dollar bill is seven or eight months, but I never had one die on my hands.

Her face, being without rouge, was deprived of all means of concealing grief and poverty.

If the railroads reduced the fare to one cent a mile, I haven't enough to get out of sight.

Society forgives a man if he breaks the Ten Commandments, but never if he goes broke himself.

So indifferent, careless and ruthless in handling personal property that it amounts almost to sabotage.

A dollar bill may have a million microbes on it, but I never kept one long enough to count more than ten.

His whole capital to which he was entitled, either in possession, reversion, remainder, or expectancy, after paying his rent, etc., did not exceed \$1.45.

136

DEBT

CREDIT

The debtor hates his creditor.
 I want your autograph on a check.
 Lending him money is a bad precedent.
 He refers to his debts as his deficit.
 He pays like the Federal Reserve Bank.
 She has everything that credit can buy.
 He didn't come to see, he came to touch.
 Bought on the perpetual installment plan.
 It was necessary to declare a moratorium.
 He got his watch released from captivity.
 They call him Titanic—he sinks everybody.
 Borrowing is a disease; lending is insanity.
 When a payment is due on his car or his baby.
 I have installed the pay-as-you-enter system.
 She had her face lifted to fool her creditors.
 He owes about as many people as he doesn't owe.

BORROW

INSTALLMENTS

His debts were of the magnitude of a bond issue.
 He owes me \$200, but I'd settle for a ham sandwich.
 Never give up—tell them to come around next week.
 In two or three years it will be his in fee simple.
 Had debts that would frighten a minister of finance.
 You might as well be owed by France as to be owed by me.
 No debt worries us so little as the debt we owe society.
 I may get my debts paid by the time the Government does.
 A preferred creditor is one who never asks for his money.
 Most people think no debt could be due to a man who is dead.
 Go into debt when they can, and live shabbily when they can't.
 He tried to trade me a little conversation for a lot of money.
 She uses the sign language—signing for this and signing for that.
 I can't lend you Ten, but I can give you the name of a money lender.
 A loan to a friend is not a frozen asset, but a petrified persimmon.

It is more blessed to give than to lend, and it seldom costs any more.
 It's a sort of heirloom—it's been in the family for 10 easy payments.
 He borrowed \$100, and, by way of retaliation, he never was friendly again.
 He owes so much it seems to him that he is in the world to work out a fine.
 When he wants money, he just runs over the list of his solvent acquaintances.
 The best is none too good for many—so long as they don't have to pay for it.
 We are in pretty bad shape financially, but not in as bad shape as our creditors are.
 He buys what he wants on credit, if he can, and then lets the dealer get his money, if he can.

Science has prolonged human life ten years, making 520 more installments we shall have to pay.

There are two bad paymasters — the one that doesn't pay at all, and the one that pays in advance.

A lot of folks who buy on time do not seem able to tell when time leaves off and eternity begins.

In the good old days people spent everything they made — now they spend everything they expect to make.

A few get credit for what they do, but most of us get credit for what we buy.

Men hate those whom they have injured; men love those whom they have benefitted.

He learned that simple and compound interest on money loaned are not mere problems devised to fill an arithmetic.

"Jesus paid it all" will probably always remain the favorite hymn of churchgoers, and others who refuse to pay their bills.

137

CHARITY

GENEROSITY

BENEVOLENCE

PHILANTHROPY

Munificent benefactions.

Unrestrained intolerance.

I wouldn't give him a wet match.

With his usual careless generosity.

I'll give you anything you can get.

Come on over, and meet Santa Claus.

I dropped only a nickel on the drum.

I wouldn't give him the correct time.

Has a heart big enough for everybody.

He never fails to register generosity.

Played the part of a beneficent fairy.

They gave with both hands to the church.

Welcomed him as a savior from utter ruin.

Rejoicing in the starvation of the needy.

A philanthropist is a man who gives it back.

Has no more sense of gratitude than an infant.

I wouldn't give him the sleeves out of my vest.

He hasn't got a philanthropic bone in his body.

People never mind giving or lending to the rich.

When the poor give to the rich, the devil laughs.

I wouldn't give him my interest in the North Pole.

Heaven can help you, if the Government will help me.

Sent by you it will seem like a guardian's attention.

The world doesn't treat me — I have to pay for what I get.

He is very free in giving away what belongs to other people.

His idea of generosity is to give away a new buffalo nickel.

We are doing more for posterity than they will ever do for us.

I have given you all I have, and that is the bottom of my sack.

One is making a gift to the present, and a legacy to the future.

It gives one even greater satisfaction to be helpful than to be helped. His charity extends no farther than this — he excuses in others the wickedness he enjoys himself.

A lot of folks will give three cheers for a cause, but nothing else. A lot of charity extends no farther than giving away what cannot be used or sold.

The only boost he got from his family was a parting shove of their cold shoulders.

The charity of most folks extends no farther than to give to those who do not need it.

People won't go to much trouble to help you, unless they find out you don't need any help.

They have no more idea of the uplift complex than if they belonged to the vegetable kingdom.

They stood at his back at such a long distance they could scarcely see his bosom caving in.

I went away, keeping my generous impulses well under control; for I have frequently had occasion to observe that when benevolence does no harm to him who gives, it is the ruin of him who takes.

138

PRODIGALITY

WASTE

Wanton waste.

Lavish prodigality.

A confirmed spendthrift.

Unrestrained prodigality.

He saved nothing but daylight.

High living, and low thinking.

The riotous extravagance of a courtesan.

Those who spend too fast never grow rich.

He shouldn't be in charge of a toy engine.

Everybody wants to go bankrupt his own way.

Was surrounded by a lot of smiling coyotes.

Today, you are to be extravagant at my expense.

EXTRAVAGANCE

This was a funeral oration over his last Ten.

I have no intention of drowning my cat in cream.

Thinks money was made for spending purposes only.

Scattering money about him as heaven scatters hail.

She's just a pretty baby, who loves to go buy, buy.

Knows no more about thrift than a sailor on pay day.

She does her bit to put money back into circulation.

Always spending his money like a farmer sowing oats.

It was like pushing dollar bills into a corn sheller.

Spending money is a good way to make friends — and debts.

SPENDTHRIFT

The checks I've been drawing almost constitutes a run on my bank. This money is for you to save, spend, waste, squander, or destroy. His inheritance was soon all lost, spent, wasted, pawned and sold.

She's an artist in the great American pastime of finding new ways to spend money.
 The Government says a new dollar bill ought to last a year, but with most of us it's all gone by sundown.
 The spendthrift argues that money was made round so it would roll; others that it was made flat so it could be piled up.
 Most folks have no business foolin' around with money — they should be given spools, or scissors and paper dolls to play with.
 He seems to think the first regular step to become rich is to commence a spendthrift.

139

ECONOMY

TIGHT

CLOSE

THRIFT

AVARICE

As tight as an egg.
 An amiable tightwad.
 A lovable skinflint.
 He's as close as wax.
 The dictates of avarice.
 He's as close as a vise.
 As tight as a gooseberry.
 He's so tight he squeaks.
 He's as thrifty as a beaver.
 He is tighter than a new boot.
 He's as tight as an iron boiler.
 He has the heart of a pawnbroker.
 He is closer than the next second.
 He's tighter than an acrobat's suit.
 He's as close as the shell on a nut.
 He maintains a one-way bank account.
 He never spends anything but the day.
 He always parts with money unwillingly.
 He never listens save when money talks.
 He is economical to the point of nausea.
 He has joined the conservation movement.
 He would rather be tight than president.
 You couldn't dynamite a dime out of him.
 She pounced like a vulture upon the money.

He's shorter than the fraction of an inch.
 He is as small as a dime's worth of radium.
 He never spends any money without a struggle.
 If he is liberal, then Solomon was a bachelor.
 He often rattles his money but never spends it.
 Their slogan seems to be: Something for nothing.
 The only thing I ever got from him was a nickname.
 She smelled the money in it as a rat smells tallow.
 He has a cash register where his heart ought to be.
 A miser is a man who lives poor so he can die rich.
 Avarice dries up the heart, and prodigality drowns it.
 He ought to have plenty of money — he never spends any.
 Always snapped his purse, like the jaws of a crocodile.
 You know how it is, when Scot meets Scot, one must lose.
 He's so tight he makes Shylock look like a philanthropist.
 It is hard to be popular and economical at the same time.
 People who had an interest in getting him under the ground.

Breaking a dollar bill hurts him as much as breaking a leg.	To get any money out of him would require the aid of a poultice.
Save for the rainy day, but not as if you expected a flood.	It would take a surgical operation to separate him from his money.
Like all weak minds, he was miserably wanting in generosity.	To him, the love of money is more powerful than self-preservation.
To get money out of him, you'll have to give him an anaesthetic.	Looking at his client as if he were making a lingering meal of him.

He learned economy the way a man learns to swim when pushed off the dock.

The ocean is the one thing I know of which there is enough for everybody.

Remember, a dime will buy all the pork and beans you can hold in both hands.

Has a certain finesse in keeping her dressmakers busy and her creditors at bay.

He is one of those left-handed men that keeps his change in his right-hand pocket.

Save your nickels so you will have something to eat when you get to the end of the rainbow.

The time to practice economy is when you have money — anybody can practice it when he is broke.

When I put money into the savings bank, it would take a magician to get me to drag it out into the daylight again.

All the money that can be sequestered from circulation, I propose to put into solitary confinement in some national bank.

The only interest his relatives had in him was in reading a certain legal document of his beginning with the words, "I give and bequeath."

140

BUSINESS

SELL	PRICE	CHEAP	MERCHANT
Robust prices.		I wouldn't give a Lincoln penny for it.	
A bun-fed typist.		Come back prosperity — all is forgiven.	
Cruelly expensive.		Sold like hot cakes on a frosty morning.	
Running a flyblown store.		Nobody but the liars are making expenses.	
Sells like circus tickets.		A dinner at that place wrecks a \$10 bill.	
It would cost a king's ransom.		Money used to talk — now it only whispers.	
As these rotten times limp by.		I'd buy it, but I'd hate to break a dollar.	
He could sell rain at a picnic.			
That's hardly enough to ring up.			
He couldn't sell water on a desert.			
Was worth about as much as a bulrush.			
His weekly bill looks like a war loan.			

He knows as much about business
as Shylock.

Business is in a state of suspended
animation.

Even the people who won't pay
have quit buying.

It's cheap — it won't taste so much
like money.

He can sell anything that has a
hockable value.

If it came as a gift, I'd consider my-
self stuck.

It looks like something you buy at
the dime store.

That buccaneer ought to be chased
off the high seas.

They get you coming, and going —
and standing still.

Business was so bad they arrested
the owner for vagrancy.

Before a thing can be bought it
must be offered for sale.

To end a depression, all you have

to do is to pension the suckers.

He bought it one fine day, when
he happened to be solvent.

I did not create these times, and
I do not answer for them.

One of those traders that will ask
pounds and accept ounces.

A depression is when two live
cheaper than one formerly did.

If things get no better we'll have
to take to the lifeboats.

If not satisfied they will refund
your money without a struggle.

It was so small a consideration that
a microscope went with it.

Things are likely to improve, since
they couldn't be any worse.

A fellow doesn't have to have a
spiritual adviser to lay bricks.

There are only a few things left
that an unaided nickel will buy.

It wasn't a sufficiently low price to
call the affair a fire sale.

When an ad says, "Send no money," it means they will come after it.

Well digging is the only business in which one can begin at the top.

A store where you have to exchange a first mortgage for what you buy.

His only notion of business is to sell things for more than they cost.

Money still talks but the dollar is getting so weak it can hardly whisper.

Those whose souls are not in their bodies, but in their places of business.

The charge, which was not much more than a day's pay of a lieutenant
in the army.

If the Lord will help me through this depression I'll meet the rest of 'em
by myself.

And to think, for such a picture as that, bankers and millionaires would
bid against princes and kings.

We can't understand how anybody can pass a worthless check — we have
a hard time passing a good one.

When the bottom dropped out of everything, most of us were not hurt
much — we didn't have far to fall.

It's a good thing some people saved money in recent years — now they
can spend it supporting those who didn't.

Our wonder at their ever having been bought is only to be equalled by
our astonishment at the idea of their being sold again.

Things go in cycles: The world was once thought flat, then round, then
crooked, and now everybody knows it's flat.

AUTHORITY

BOSS DOMINEERING LIBERTY INDEPENDENCE

Peremptory manner.
 Imperative demands.
 Peremptory exactions.
 The village hoosegow.
 A Zenegambian sentry.
 Tyrannical restraints.
 The victims of tyranny.
 The dupes of despotism.
 Appearances of coercion.
 A trip hammer executive.
 An Ethiopian doorkeeper.
 As independent as strikers.
 He talks like a rent collector.
 You talk like a section foreman.
 He has the sternness of a judge.
 He rules by cheers instead of brays.
 He talks too much like a straw boss.
 Don't give me that Simon Legree stuff.
 In the threatening attitude of a judge.
 He talks like the attorney for the prosecution.

He orders everybody about as if he were a king.
 Acted as if he had been commissioned from on High.
 His voice will not carry far beyond the bulrushes.
 He wore a badge as large as a locomotive headlight.
 More don'ts than you could find in a book on etiquette.
 Whose obedience was as blind as that of an executioner.
 He who has the power needs neither to hesitate nor argue.
 If you appeal to heaven, then it is out of my jurisdiction.
 Assuming his police court style of threatening and bullying.
 They take from people what they have, and give it to themselves.
 He used the expression, "I have decided," as if he kept it on ice.
 If you let your orders be disputed, you are no longer a commander.

She gave me another paragraph from her declaration of independence. I would rather be the sovereign of a molehill than the highest subject of an emperor.

He found that his influence reached hardly as far as he could spit out of the window.

POLITICS

GOVERNMENT

Blatant radicalism.
 Bellowing fanaticism.
 A speculative statesman.
 Made politics pay like a bank.
 Those unsinkable politicians.
 Has a lusty appetite for pork.
 Now Barabbas was a Republican.

CONGRESS

He's a cracker barrel statesman.
 He couldn't carry his own family.
 The jobless and the disinherited.
 Not an election, but a ratification.
 The dogs began to fight over their bones.
 The sly, calculating words of politicians.

Many who run for office have to walk back.	Many a politician goes from talk, talk, to Sing Sing.
As thoroughly American as the Liberty Bell.	The deadly, grinding, destroying struggle for existence.
An amateur student of political legerdemain.	It is hard to live under the paws of those hungry wolves.
He does a very good impersonation of a statesman.	I have more faith in a good man than in a good politician.
Many who run for office get nothing but exercise.	They will not have a celebration — it will be a post-mortem.
Everything which is not eternal is unendurable.	I propose to hope for the best, and prepare for the burst.
I met two Democrats — and one of them could read.	Joined the wing of the party that had the most feathers on it.
It means just that much pork for their barrel.	He might be blown into the White House on the winds of chance.
Taxes is what the government charges you for living.	Some men would rather work for a living than go into politics.
No private knave can be trusted as a public servant.	If the Democrats were not fooling us, the Republicans would be.

Nepotism is a highbrow word meaning to keep the gravy in the family. He was brought up to believe a Democrat was a close relative of Satan. His father was a politician — and he wanted his son to be a villain, too. All Democrats are not horse thieves, but all horse thieves are Democrats. He went to the devil in his youth, but he got back in time to run for office. They propose to take civilization apart, and then put it back together again.

He may be a wheel horse of the party, but he looks more like a Shetland pony.

The law of compensation is one of the few whose enactment cannot be laid to Congress.

Those who are rather adapted to have the care of hogs than the government of men.

Will then have nothing to do but sit on the tombstones and sell souvenirs of greatness gone.

It is difficult for a bishop and a politician to look each other in the eye without winking.

I have never yet seen any chalk marks on political reasons to tell me which are false, and which are true.

Many politicians seem to think that political economy is the science of buying the most votes for the least money.

Before governments were instituted among men, the strong took everything from the weak — and it seems it's that way yet.

Politicians have always pointed with pride to their issue of economy in government ever since Saint Paul was a small boy.

The election is over, and we can now sit down at our radio with the assurance that there will be no campaign speech to agitate the evening air.

Does the record support the omniscience which his eulogists attribute to him?

He thinks you can enforce brotherly love with the heavy end of a sawed-off pool cue.

He talks as if he could go fishing with his right hand, and run the country with his left.

143

LAW

LAWYER LAWSUIT LEGAL ILLEGAL COURTS

He is a judge, as Death is Death.

If he lives till his lawsuit is finished.

Where there is a will, there is a lawsuit.

The lawyers were banqueting on human flesh.

The claims of justice precede those

of affection.

With that modesty characteristic of the legal profession.

Suffer any wrong that can be done you, rather than come here.

Lawyers will sometimes forget their training, and tell the truth.

Though his briefs were often remarkable, his remarks were seldom brief. The lawyers ought to pay the inheritance tax, since they get the inheritance.

The judge charged the jury, but not as much as the lawyer charged his client.

Instead of adapting themselves to the law, they adapted the law to themselves.

Makes the majesty of the law look like something you buy at the ten cent store.

He practices law in a manner, that if a client ever comes back he brings a policeman.

It may not be wrong to cheat a lawyer, but it is too difficult to pay for the trouble.

Was broke just twice in my life — once when I lost a lawsuit, and once when I won one.

One of the first things a lawyer learns is to say a thing in as many words as possible.

One of those lawyers you pay to keep his eyes open, and then always find him fast asleep.

Laws are like spiders' webs — the big flies get through, while the little ones are caught.

After an accident, many people cannot tell whether they are hurt, till they see their lawyer.

He knows so little about law, he thinks a statute is something you put at the entrance of a park.

As a cross-examiner he is a dud — he couldn't make Napoleon admit that he was at the battle of Waterloo.

Without living to the age of the patriarchs, a person who commences a lawsuit has some hope of seeing it to the end.

The law assumes you are innocent till proven guilty; the public assumes you are guilty, and that a jury will prove you innocent.

He's a cross-examiner who can make a reluctant witness not only divulge things he remembers, but make a revelation of things he has forgotten.

RELIGION

DEVOUT

Howling hypocrites.
 An uninspired parson.
 A stained glass saint.
 Skeptics and scoffers.
 The scenery of religion.
 Savoring of the cloister.
 Since God has been abolished.
 As atheistical as a mathematician.
 Salvation is more than a fire escape.
 He experienced religion up to the hub.
 Gave his benediction to the faithful.
 A fixed and settled hope of immortality.
 She never cracked the enamel on her knee.
 Pouncing upon evils and wiping them out.
 No accusations were mingled with her prayers.
 He is as good a Catholic as the Pope himself.

ATHEISM

HYPOCRITES

Preaching sermons to a slumbering congregation.
 He talks as if he were offering suggestions to God.
 Her destiny keeps her religion in a state of siege.
 He directed more prayer than thought to the subject.
 Avoid doing on Sunday what it is folly to do at all.
 Kept religion and morality in water-tight compartments.
 Paying no heed to the admonishing finger of a church steeple.
 They were very severe, both as to this life, and the next.
 He thinks the dead live again, only when we think of them.
 Through a microscope one can see neither God nor the devil.
 Those who call their rigidity religion, and their liver love.
 They must have approved of his sermon — they were all nodding.

Many talk of the Almighty with less respect than they do of the devil. He doesn't think religion is something to live, but something to argue. You can't abolish hell by passing resolutions, or holding an election. A Christian doesn't seem as enthusiastic as one on his way to perdition. He talks as if he had long since been let into the secrets of providence. If he is the voice of God, then my jackass is the voice of the Devil. It is not religion that sours a man's temper, but his temper that sours his religion.

I never indulge in any useless curiosity concerning the nature of God and the universe.

He is an atheist, as a dog is an atheist; he has not thought of the matter at all.

Preaching that frightened the very babies into laying down their wicked baubles.

People begin thinking of the next world when they are not getting much out of this.

How many people, including yourself, do you know who can repeat the Ten Commandments?

As philosophy was taking the place of religion, satire was fast substituting reverence.

He was in the habit of committing by prayer all who had nothing to eat to the care of providence.

They have abolished hell in the hereafter; now let them lend their hands to abolishing it here on earth.

Who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not?

Many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done good service between the handles of a plow.

She spoke of God as though he were an old man, kind-hearted and well known to her, who lived somewhere near by, and who could do everything he wished, but most frequently did not do what he should.

She is good, but never cheerful. She is marching sadly to heaven as if it were a prison.

It's hard for a rich man to get to heaven, but that is no guarantee that a poor man can slip in without credentials.

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NATURE

WORLD	RAIN	SEA	AIR	SKY
EARTH	STORM	OCEAN	WINDS	DRY
STARS	WATER	WAVES	BREEZE	MATTER
COMET	RIVER	SHIPS	CLOUDS	WEATHER

A spangled sky.
The wide earth.
Crisping winds.
A slashing rain.
A pelting storm.
The bracing air.
Tumbling clouds
A thin rain fell.
A lazy afternoon.
A splashing rain.
A whistling gale.
A babbling brook.
The luminous sky.
Prowling zephyrs.
A caressing wind.
The slanting rain.
The snatching sea.
The searching cold.
A beating downpour.
The driving clouds.
Seething cataracts.
A prattling stream.
The snarling waters.
The sun-parched sky.
The blazing heavens.

A meandering breeze.
A chattering rivulet.
The glittering stars.
God's bending temple.
Pomp and magnificence.
The roar of the abyss.
The inscrutable ocean.
As vast as continents.
The spangled firmament.
As airless as a hearse.
The perils of the deep.
A slumbering landscape.
In the suburbs of space.
The obscure is majestic.
The splendor of infinity.
The grandeur of immensity.
The softly lapping shores.
Persecuted by the winter winds.
The endless song of nature.
The monologue of the storm.
That vastness and immensity.
The gaping mouth of the sea.
The serene and tideless sea.
The hurricane wants no help.
When the earth swims in rain.

- Those leviathans of the deep.
A zephyr on tiptoe passed by.
The powerful voice of nature.
A soft breeze rippled the sea.
The song of the morning stars.
The sun-filled skies of summer.
Divers perils by land and sea.
The ripples of the night wind.
A day too fine to end in night.
The architecture of the clouds.
The firm land and unstable sea.
A panorama of unending splendor.
The vastness of the cunning sea.
The sky was mottled with clouds.
The clouds, tattered by the wind.
Was like the tumult of a tempest.
The brutish howl of the universe.
Battalions of clouds sailed above.
Rain water gurgled in the gutters.
The water was as pure as sunlight.
The speckled shadows of the trees.
My nostrils widened to the breeze.
Lying at the mercy of sea and wind.
Upon the shores of the noonday sea.
Nature's most exquisite stagecraft.
The groves were God's first temples.
The deep-toned song of the infinite.
Which cuts the horizon like a blade.
The foaming appetite of the breakers.
The hissing turmoil of the hurricane.
The tree tops shone rosily in the sun.
The mournful crying of the autumn wind.
The everlasting soliloquy of the waves.
The idlest breeze or the fiercest gale.
The fierce clarions of space were mute.
When the heavens are filled with clouds.
Such are the antitheses of Almighty God.
- The terrifying grandeur of the universe.
The sky is as blue as the sky of Naples.
The transient architecture of the clouds.
Inhale the voluptuous and cooling breeze.
The sea was as calm as a landlocked lake.
A deluge of water poured rather than fell.
They have many precautions to take at sea.
The sort of a day that tickles your heart.
The malignant whistling of the autumn wind.
Churned into breakers that roar and splash.
A river so small anyone could drink it dry.
Where every bird that flies comes to lodge.
The sky was a sheet of blue without a cloud.
Everything from a pebble to a constellation.
The sea roared as if it were hungry for them.
The only traveler besides the waste of clouds.
Lulled to sleep by the surf's gentle pounding.
A troop of zephyrs fanned me with their wings.
The comet is the incendiary giant of the skies.
Breathing in the incense of the stirring spring.
Spring zephyrs, vernal breezes, and summer suns.
I was alone in the presence of the earth and sky.
Water and air, the most mobile things in the world.
That divine charm which is in the things of nature.
The trees were motionless, as if lost in listening.

Dapple-gray clouds were sprinkled
upon an azure sky.

It wouldn't be any drier in the bot-
tom of a furnace.

As the sun draws the mist from the
sea to the clouds.

The dirty snow was slowly weep-
ing away its grimy life.

A delicate accompaniment to the
endless song of nature.

The stars are the spangles on the
banners of the night.

It was raining hard enough to put
out the fires of hell.

A river so vast it seemed to have
coasts, and not banks.

Like the shadows of clouds drift-
ing over a harvest field.

No one, be it remembered, seeks

the desert as a pleasure ground.
Our imagination is put upon the
stretch to comprehend it.

I seemed to breathe air that had not
changed since my youth.

The open country, swept by the
winds and the wings of birds.

The shadows of the flying clouds
pursued each other swiftly.

The stars shall fade away, the sun
himself grow dim with age.

The elms bent to one another, like
giants whispering secrets.

All the kingdoms of the world are
not half so large as the sea.

God says to the ocean, "Thus far
shalt thou go, and no farther."

Every wind here is a tempest, and
every water a turbulent ocean.

The walls of the Grand Canyon have been worn down to the fabric.
He planned on sowing an acorn in his garden, and raising an oak.
The fog, and the night, and the waste of waters swallowed them up.
We are flung into a pleasing astonishment at such unbounded views.
They found little in the stratosphere worth bringing down with them.
That river would not make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi.
Mingling the immensity of his dreams with the immensity of the ocean.
No matter what you plant nature has a bug ready to eat it when it comes
up.

Where the East winds have kept their playgrounds since the beginning.
The curving hills, peeping over each other's shoulders to the sky line.
After millions of years it will be still new, and still in its beginning.
At night we would lie on the sand, and listen to the ocean taking its sleep.
He was familiar with the woods, with both their sounds and their silence.
Water is a very particular thing — you can't pick it up with a pitchfork.
To dream of rivers lighted by the moon, of glowworms, and of nightin-
gales.

As muddy as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth.
The buildings near it looked so old, and the earth and sky looked so young.
A lively chorus of birds was celebrating one of the first fine days of spring.
The sea has no appreciation of great men, and knocks them about like
the small fry.

The swallows were describing their graceful curves between the heavens
and the water.

He got it into his head that those waters would not drown folk, as ours
do at home.

Winter lingered so long in the lap of spring that it occasioned a great
deal of talk.

Sky, sea, beach, and village, lie as still before me as if they were sitting
for a picture.

The isolated brook, with its faint murmur, sang to no more than a few frogs.

They live many miles away from any voices but their own, and the singing birds.

Nothing was heard but the eternal murmur of the waves — that immense respiration of the ocean.

The earth was heated like an oven by a burning sun, which seemed to hang there for that very purpose.

Avoirdupois was pulling them down; their own weight was their sexton; gravitation was digging their graves.

He who is warm can admire the withered trees, and find a somber charm in the sight of the snow-covered plain.

To keep as a lair of wild beasts that earth which God, by express charter, has given to the children of men.

A confounded country where anybody could have as many acres of land as he wished, and for as little as he pleased.

We feel a delightful stillness and amazement in the soul at the unbounded views of the stupendous things of nature.

I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography said, how any part of it came to be so flat.

There is one spot on this planet where all from the skies to the center of the earth belongs to me and not to any other.

Men know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps creep up and down on the surface of this globe.

Breathing the balmy emanations which were borne upon the wind, which arose from the gardens refreshed by the dews of evening and the breeze of night.

Space, reaching farther than thine eye can reach, or even thine imagination can extend itself.

The heavens and the earth and all that is between, think ye we have created them in jest?

146

LIGHT

SUN

DAWN

MOON

SUNBEAMS

MOONLIGHT

Rosy dawn.

The solemn moon.

The noontide sun.

Crimson daybreak.

Slanting sunbeams.

A blistering light.

The sun shone gayly.

Melancholy moonlight.

The blushing sunrise.

Silvered by the moon.

The sun shone royally.

Merrily the sunbeams played.

The jubilant rays of the sun.

The struggle of night and day.

The dawn came and blew out the stars.

As the sun splattered over the low roofs.

In the dazzling, dewy dawn, or dreamy dusk.

The moon, inquisitive, came from behind a cloud.

God is God above all things, be-
cause He made light.
The moon lighted the country with
its silver beams.
We watched the sun plunge, di-

minish, and finally disappear.
Finally, Providence remembered
that there was a sun.
The angel of the dawn, as he trav-
eled with broad slow wing.

The morning was as perfect as though God had just created light.
Caressed by the warm air of spring, and inundated with sunlight.
The impertinent moon unfurls a silver ribbon across the rippling river.
The rays of a beautiful spring sun pierced the woods with golden light.
The same indiscriminating sunshine which matures peaches and pump-
kins alike.

When the sun shines here, you may lay a pretty heavy wager that it is
shining brightly in an open spot.

The clear cold sunshine glances through the half naked trees, and approv-
ingly beholds the sharp North wind scattering the leaves in every di-
rection.

147

DARKNESS

NIGHT

SHADOW

DUSK

EVENING

Solemn midnight.
The somber night.
As dark as an oven.
The mask of shadow.
The alluring night.
The lonely midnight.
Nocturnal glittering.
Impenetrable shadows.
In the sooty darkness.
As dark as a cathedral.
Overshadowed by evening.
The noises of the night.
Night was made before day.
It was as dark as a pocket.
The loquacity of the night.
The sun put on its nightcap.
Dusk deepened into darkness.
It was drowned in deep night.
The slippery shadows of dusk.
The sky was daubed with black.
The darkness was inexhaustible.

The night was as dark as a pit.
It was as dark as the den of a fox.
As dark as the inside of a tar bar-
rel.
The myriad murmurs of the coming
night.
Night flung out its observatory
dotted with stars.
Night had spread its peace over
the silent country.
As black as the internal economy
of a fountain pen.
It was just a proper setting for a
ghost to appear in.
The point of utter darkness in
which all things disappear.
It was so dark I could see neither
the heavens nor the earth.
Such places were left entirely to the
mercy of the moon and stars.

One of those evenings which impart happiness to mind and body alike.
The silent wonders of a starlit night appeared to their minds in vain.
In the nights, when the moon charged herself with the lighting of the
earth.

Night displayed to the eyes, and the soul, all its calmness and all its dignity.
The night falls, but it never breaks; and day breaks, but it never falls.

148

CITY

TOWN

A jog trot place.
A broken-down tank town.
The old-world look of the place.
I lived ten years one summer in that town.
That town may not be dead, but it is sure unconscious.
From the heart of the torpid city there came no sound.

STREETS

In November the town dies, or rather returns to normal.
A little narrow street, closely bricked in like a tomb.
The streets of that town were as dead as those of Pompeii.
This place is the first cemetery I've ever seen with lights.
Living in the city, and still immersed in sin and coal smoke.

He came from a town so dead, he'd get a thrill if he went to a morgue.
One of those towns where a dog fight suspends business for three hours.
One of those towns where nobody does anything after 9 o'clock but snore.
A town whose whole population might be imprisoned in its railway station.

In his town they put the lamp-posts in pairs to keep them from getting lonesome.

There isn't much to be seen in a little town, but what you hear makes up for it.

A village so quiet you wouldn't think there was a town within a hundred miles of it.

A village, seven miles away by road, and about seven centuries in manners and appearance.

A town of 6,000 people — ten times as large as your home town, if that gives you any idea.

Streets so dark and deserted one does not know whether it be better to travel alone, or meet somebody.

A small town is one where everybody knows not only what men beat their wives, but which wives need beating.

A town big enough to have metropolitan pretensions, and small enough to have village ethics, morals, vision and range.

149

FISHING

Was your fish big enough to swim?

When I get another fish, I'll have one.

He can bribe fish to do whatever he wants them to do.

I wasn't fishing — I was just giving the worm a bath.
 When I go fishing all the fish keep their mouths shut.
 If fish are biting here, they must be biting each other.
 I have to wear a mask to hide my identity from the fish.
 I was hanging around the lake, trying not to smell the fish.
 I can get more fish out of a bathtub than I can get out of a lake.
 Fish from all over the world swam contentedly in my aquarium, never knowing the difference.

150

AUTOMOBILE

TRAVEL

ROADS

DOGS

A baronial estate.
 The fraternity of vagabonds.
 I now own a Henry the Eighth.
 The cars were as thick as bugs.
 He drives an asthmatic flivver.
 Even Queen Elizabeth had her Essex.
 He walked on the suicide of the road.
 Caesar crossed rivers by means of Fords.
 Slow down, before you become a statistic.
 He drives as if rehearsing for an accident.
 It's an ill wind that escapes from the tire.
 Did you travel on round wheels or flat feet?
 It's a short road from overtaker to undertaker.
 The road went up and down like a scenic railway.
 Those pleasures that are to be purchased by travel.
 He found the payments on his car too close together.

I am always curious to know what lies over the horizon.
 I know the road down there as well as if I had made it.
 At that, I'd rather hear an auto horn than Gabriel's horn.
 His father gave him an automobile, but failed to endow it.
 The boughs were loaded with almost as many birds as leaves.
 When opportunity knocks too many people are out in the car.
 The cars, following each other, looked like a string of geese.
 You can look farther and see less than anywhere else on earth.
 He might be persuaded to feed a dog, but he never would buy one.
 The very largeness of the view increased the sense of solitude.
 He wasn't driving his car too fast, he was just flying too low.
 The highway ran straight across the landscape like a ruled line.
 It's so poor a country, it ought to be given back to the Indians.

Climbing a path that was more troublesome than getting up a ladder.
 If I furnish the rolls, the other fellow has to furnish the coffee.
 Dogs capable of making a meal off one, and spitting out the pieces.
 The way was thoroughly examined by me, bush by bush, stone by stone.
 He found it was more expensive to run his car than a pocket lighter.
 You can pin your ears back, step on the gas, and go 80 miles an hour.
 The expense of an auto starts running up when the down payment is made.
 Better be late for a date in this world than on time for one in the next.

One of those pooches that's half a dog high, and a dog and a half long. He tried to make me think his dog could understand Einstein's equations. A road-hog is a person that tries to crowd you out of the center of the highway.

There are so many drivers who take their half of the road out of the middle. It is up to you whether travel broadens your mind, or just flattens your feet.

The automobile ruins young people, but not as fast as the young people ruin it.

A path which none but lizzards and polecats could have imagined to be an open road.

Most of those who exceed the speed limit have nothing to do when they get there.

Many motorists drive with one foot on the accelerator, and the other in the grave.

I love the extended view; there is no more expense in a long vista than in a short one.

It's better to get home 60 seconds too late than to get to heaven 60 years too soon.

If the girl you have out enjoys your speeding, it's a sign she isn't very bright either.

It is foolish to refuse charity to people who have cars — they need it more than anybody.

Is your auto stuck in the mud? No, my engine died, and I'm just digging a grave for it.

It's dangerous to drive an auto with one hand — many a man has run into a church doing it.

High speed autos have eliminated the demand for milestones, but have increased the demand for tombstones.

The traffic jam resulted when a woman in her automobile signalled to turn to the right, and she did it.

Has an engine that has to be coaxed, bulldozed, and wheedled, and talked to, before it shows any signs of life.

Some pedestrians walk along as if they owned the street; and some motorists drive around as if they owned the car.

Since the advent of the automobile the walking public is rapidly dividing itself into two classes — the quick and the dead.

The world must be bigger than any geography makes it appear, for after traveling all day, and then looking at the map, I find I have gone but a couple of inches.

I am interested in all creatures that walk the earth, wing the air, and swim the sea.

I am going to get out of this country before someone tries to give me a part of it.

151

WIT

HUMOR

Feeble wit.
 Raucous humor.
 A soiled joke.
 Tainted humor.
 A filthy jest.
 A mouldy joke.
 Pool-room smut.
 Tiresome quips.
 Synthetic humor.
 Crackling humor.
 Coarse ribaldry.
 Howlingly funny.
 A curbstone wit.
 Venerable hokum.
 Dazzlingly witty.
 A venerable jest.
 Small town comedy.
 A club-footed joke.
 Unbecoming levity.
 Roughhouse comedy.
 His adolescent wit.
 Unadulterated hokum.
 A jaundiced anecdote.
 A river of applesauce.
 An unwashed witticism.
 Guttersnipe burlesque.
 A prehistoric witticism.
 Brimming with wisecracks.
 Lapsed into the burlesque.
 Scintillates with witticisms.
 An infectious sense of humor.
 Many mistake noise for humor.
 The foundation of wit is logic.
 He has a good line of horseplay.
 He became wittier and more witty.
 He laughed at his own small joke.

JEST

JOKE

The suave and polished wise-cracker.
 He tries to be funny by being cruel.
 The most exquisite low humor imaginable.
 Puts out a very appetizing type of baloney.
 He is funny, in a funny paper sort of way.
 No matter how you slice it, it's still baloney.
 How did that joke ever get by the censor?
 A refined wit, gentle, penetrating, and elegant.
 Beware of too much levity as it deadens the mind.
 To you he may be funny; to me he is just annoying.
 A witticism that ought to be confined to the kitchen.
 He loved a joke, if by good fortune he understood it.
 He can't see a joke without plans and specifications.
 Wherever she goes, she is the ring-master of the hoop-la.
 If they speak Nonsense they believe they are talking humor.
 False humor differs from the true as a monkey does from a man.
 He is in the habit of adorning his statements with alleged humor.

Jokes so deep, so profound, you have to catch them on the first bounce.
 If you don't quit being so funny, I'll have to go out and rest my face.
 The sort of humor that touches me off in epileptic ripples of laughter.
 Always drawing trick gadgets out of his pocket to amuse the feeble-minded.

He had a twofold stock of wit — that which he had, and that attributed to him.

He opened at once his great eyes, and little mouth, to inhale better the joke.

The sort of comedy that gives more frequent occasion to move sorrow and indignation than mirth and laughter.

152

DULLNESS

TEDIOUS
TIREDSOMEYAWN
BOREDMONOTONOUS
UNINTERESTING

A royal pain.
A beefy time.
A muffled yawn.
Deadly boredom.
Grimly prosaic.
Dolefully dull.
As dry as dust.
Senseless tedium.
Stale experiences.
Mildewed memories.
Cumulative tedium.
Incurable dullness.
Stave off a yawn.
Ponderous and dull.
A Grand Canyon yawn.
Suffocating dullness.
As dry as excelsior.
Meaningless monotony.
Lumbering jocularity.
Chloroforming dullness.
Concentrated monotony.
Rubber-stamp monotony.
As dull as ditchwater.
It would bore one blue.
Moldering reminiscences.
An infection of dullness.
As poetic as baked beans.
Moth-eaten recollections.
He's as funny as a crutch.
He made everybody languid.
He is as dry as prohibition.
You can see he is a headache.
He has that worn-out trick of.
She ought to change the record.
Gaping enough to split his jaws.
With the vivacity of a fried egg.
A joke as pointless as a pretzel.
She has but one string to her bow.

As dull as a horn-rimmed essayist.
He caught the joke on the rebound.
It took him a week to think of that.
An idiot fit only to distil dullness.
If he is stimulating, then so is ether.
As dry as the Congressional Record.
As dull as a convention of mummies.
As dull as double-entry bookkeeping.
Two weeks in that place is a career.
He developed his capacity for dullness.
As prosaic as the multiplication table.
Wearied of a scene which had no variety.
As dry as the jazz music in a night club.
She ought to turn a new film into place.
He couldn't be duller if done with design.
His arguments are more or less in one key.
She has about as much magnetism as a spud.
I could have a better time in a graveyard.
In the last extremity for something to do.
It must be an isolation camp for defectives.
It hasn't been a Fourth of July celebration.

- A man of high caliber often means a big bore.
 You have to furnish a diagram with your joke.
 A place dull enough to drive people to think.
 It had the ghostly monotony of the death-watch.
 So many people are dull without announcing it.
 His sense of humor is as lively as a broken leg.
 He ended all his jokes with an explanation point.
- She had no more idea of a joke than I have of Hebrew.
 I could have more fun watching a parade for ten minutes.
 The meeting is likely to be dull as well as distinguished.
 Individually they are dull, collectively they are crushing.
 Inexplicably bleak, obtuse, dreary, dull, reticent, or dumb.
 Nobody could be so careless as to refer to his sense of humor.
 It was so dull that compared with it the Dead Sea is a geyser.

Was playing solitaire — the last lethargic resource of the profoundly bored.
 There may not be anything new, but there is plenty of variety in the old stuff.

Are such a couple of dry sticks, if they were struck together they would make a spark.

He has one long story, the conclusion of which has never been heard by his most intimate friend.

153

SLANG

- Well, sink me.
 Well, tan my pelt.
 Suffering sunfish.
 Well, slap me down.
 Well, burn my body.
 Well, I'll be shot.
 Well, slap my mouth.
 Well, snap my garter.
 Well, strip my gears.
 Well, burn my clothes.
 Well, blast my timbers.
 How simply devastating.
 Well, I'll be a sardine.
 You tell 'em, I stutter.
 Well, I'll be cow-kicked.
 Well, slap me unconscious.
- Well, for cryin' out loud.
 That beats four of a kind.
 Well, suffering Savonarola.
 Well, by the devil's horns.
 You tell 'em, I'm no orator.
 Not on your plucked eyebrows.
 I hope to kiss a warty pickle.
 Well, shut my Fourth Dimension.
 That will be the cat's knuckles.
 Well, by my grandmother's warts.
 Well, by the twelve ragged apostles.
 You can tell the palpitating universe.
 Wouldn't that make a guy forget his algebra?

154

BANTER

RETORT

Rancid repartee.
 Is that a bribe?
 Witty persiflage.
 Trigger repartee.
 Infantile banter.
 Decrepit repartee.
 Listen, flop ears.
 Add it up yourself.
 Get out of my house.
 Listen, you imbecile.
 Come on, be your age.
 Roughhouse repartee.
 Don't kill me unheard.
 Go jump down a manhole.
 Go scratch your ballot.
 Tell me where it hurts.
 What is your real name?
 I hope you return whole.
 Conversational backfire.
 I'll bust in your sinus.
 Have you made your will?
 The fireworks of repartee.
 Were there any casualties?
 How do you like it in town?
 Go and get hanged elsewhere.
 I'm sure you'll die bravely.
 I wish I could lie like you.
 What is your name this time?
 Go on, and give yourself up.
 Run away, naughty little boy.
 Go on, and feather your nest.
 Do you want to try it again?
 What are you so jovial about?
 You'll be sorry when I'm dead.
 Laugh that one off if you can.
 You are, have been, or may be.
 Now let there be no tittering.
 I'll remodel your countenance.
 I'll knock your periscope off.
 I might trade smacks with you.
 Is that a warning or a threat?
 Loan me a can of nitroglycerin.
 Try to think of something else.
 You would look better in a box.
 What is your title around here?

REPARTEE

Don't cuss, or sing Casey Jones.
 It's a wonder they let you live.
 I'll knock you for a round trip.
 Wait tell I wind up my catapult.
 Which way do you want to go out?
 Thy whole back shall be one pain.
 Get out before I assassinate you.
 You had better order your shroud.
 Your wisdom is beyond your years.
 Say, do you want to go to heaven?
 I'll throw you out on your piazza.
 Go count the shingles on the roof.
 She came back as quick as an echo.
 You'll have me cryin' in a minute.
 Come over, and cry on my shoulder.
 Say, you have a mind like Einstein.
 Is that what's the matter with you?
 I believe you are an anthropologist.
 You are as funny as a yard of crepe.
 Run along now, and sell your papers.
 I will cut your ears off as you run.
 You had better start for California.
 I'll jolt the buttons off your vest.
 You might get yourself slapped down.
 Do you feel faint, or shall I go on?
 Go fly around and warm up your motor.
 I've got your number—and it's zero.
 You ought to be made to do that over.
 What if your mother hears about this?
 Shall I slap your face now, or later?
 I'll shake the soul out of your body.
 Come here—I want to break your neck.
 I wonder why I let you do me this way.
 I'll slap the taste out of your mouth.

- What am I to do, write my congressman?
- Have you got any money you want spent?
- Do you know what happened to Rasputin?
- Do your folks expect you home to-night?
- I'll find out what color your blood is.
- Look what the crime wave has washed up.
- I would rather be hanged in my own way.
- Romp over to the sky line and jump off.
- I haven't shot my pistol in a long time.
- Do you think this a fit place to die in?
- Does it make any difference where I hit?
- You had better get your running shoes on.
- She's an expert in throwing bubbles back.
- Come, Judas, on what day am I to be sold?
- Do you believe in the Nebular Hypothesis?
- What is your favorite intoxicating drink?
- You are not going to end it all, are you?
- If you have any last words, utter 'em now.
- You are as ugly as you were the last time.
- Don't make me laugh, and show my adenoids.
- I hope I never have to mention that again.
- Do I have to get a permit to say anything?
- Is that another one of your funny remarks?
- Do you remember when Lincoln was president?
- Your joke is over; do me the favor to scram.
- Say, you want to die unmutilated, don't you?
- Is that a warning, or a piece of information?
- Did I do anything to cause you to dislike me?
- Be careful, or your dreams will not come true.
- Whatever you're selling, I'll take one bottle.
- Regaling me with his usual line of propaganda.
- Why don't you go and make a hole in the water?
- Before you do it you had better make your will.
- Do you expect me to give you a vote of thanks?
- I hope I don't find it necessary to poison you.
- Where have you been, and why don't you go back?
- Yes, you can help me — by keeping out of my way.
- You can do it — I haven't enough life insurance.
- I don't know why I let you bulldoze me this way.
- Listen to me, you good, kindly, innocent jackass.
- I am just the man to lend you a slap in the face.
- Do you want me to die right here on the premises?
- You are a good guy, in spite of what people think.
- You may not know it, but you haven't long to live.
- Have you been doing anything wrong since I saw you?
- It's a pleasant thing to be young and have ten toes.
- You are a good little devil, and shall have good pay.
- You have good health — why don't you take care of it?
- You had better hurry home and play with your tricycle.
- You may be reading your name on the list of survivors.

You make a noise like a couple
of cylinders were missing.
Why do you act like a dummy?
We're not playing bridge.
I have a notion that you ought to
be held on suspicion.
Do you want me to come down to
your level, and be dumb?
Your horoscope tells me you are
going on a long journey.
Now that you've roasted me, when
are you going to eat me?
Are you going to hang around till
you ruin our reputation?
Close your mouth, or I'll shove it
around on the back of your neck.
You're not a villain, but you will
do till one comes along.
You're pretty smart today, though
I hadn't noticed it before.
Your career will be cut short with
most surprising suddenness.
I'll smack you so hard that all your
relatives will drop dead.
For that, you can put on a dunce
cap and go stand in the corner.
Before you bury me, you're going
to cut my head off, aren't you?
I'll give you an address where your
next of kin cannot be notified.

I would poison you, if I weren't afraid you might die in the house.
Did you ever hear the story of the two Swedes who went to Hoboken?
How's your pulse? Let's see your tongue. Now strip down to the waist.
Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room, or I'll blow you up like dust.
You are in just the right position to get your front teeth knocked out.
Close your mouth, or I'll shove it around till it looks like your side entrance.
I'll see that you get a decent burial if it takes the last cent left in your will.
If you are not careful, the village sexton will be patting your face with
a spade.

THE END

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